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THE OLD GENTLEMAN

"In the evening our old gentleman is fond
. . . . of having a game of cards"

Leigh Hunt

M4233

MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE
ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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INTRODUCTION BY
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XII

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THOMAS HOOD.

Hood, Thomas, a distinguished English poet and humorist; born in London, May 23, 1799; died there, May 3, 1845. He was in his fifteenth year apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and acquired some facility as a comic draughtsman. He wrote verses for periodicals while a mere boy. In 1822 he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine." In 1826 he put forth the first series of "Whims and Oddities," illustrated by himself. In 1827 he published "National Tales," and a volume of "Poems," among which were "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Nero and Leander," and "Lycus, the Centaur," all of a serious character. He edited the annual called "The Gem" for 1829, in which appeared "The Dream of Eugene Aram." In 1829 he brought out a second series of "Whims and Oddities." In 1830 he began the publication of the "Comic Annual," of which eleven volumes appeared, the last being in 1842. In 1834 he wrote "Tylney Hall," his only novel. Pecuniary difficulties and impaired health induced him in 1837 to take up his residence on the Continent, where he remained three years, writing "Up the Rhine." Returning to England in 1841, he became for two years the editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." He then started "Hood's Magazine," which he kept up until close upon his death. He was also a contributor to "Punch," in which appeared in 1844 "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," both composed upon a sick-bed from which he never rose. Hood's broken health during the three or four later years of his life rendered his pecuniary condition an embarrassed one; but he accepted the situation bravely and uncomplainingly. The most playful and humorous of poets, there is yet a melancholy in all his numbers that now and then dominates his song entirely, — "The Hostler's Lament" and "The Haunted House" constituting examples. "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" is worthy of the hand that wrote "The Song of the Shirt." He has had more imitators than any other modern poet.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old,
But something ails it now; the place is curst."
HART-LEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted gound;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place, — and yet no habitation;
A house, — but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof — no household creature —
No cat demurely dozing on the wall —
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come;
No face looked forth from shut or open casement:
No chimney smoked — there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.

With shattered panes the grassy court was starred;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after;
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

The flower grew wild and ranky as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the dial.

But, gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn, — within its turfy mound, —
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow, — the pheasant from the woods, —
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard, except from far away,
The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter,
Or now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.

But Echo never mocked the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old building hung,
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher:
In spite of gaps that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums — a wilderness it was
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced;
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labor.

The very yew formality had trained
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
For want of trimming had almost regained
The raggedness of nature.

The fountain was a-dry — neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
Lay like the idol of some bygone race,
Its name and rites forgotten.

On every side the aspect was the same,
All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage:
No hand or foot within the precint came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

PART II.

O, very gloomy is the house of woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling!

O, very, very dreary is the room
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles!

But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood;
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And marched in search of their diurnal food
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue;
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

Howbeit, the door I pushed — or so I dreamed —
Which slowly, slowly gaped, — the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out — bird after bird —
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther!

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And through its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid
The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out,
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver,
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

If but a rat had lingered in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel!
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened:
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perennially had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup, no horn, no hospitable token, —
All social ties between that board and man
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

PART III.

'T is hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only —
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
Of every step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick, and in the upper gloom
The bat — or something in its shape — was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The death's-head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,
And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of art's simulation;
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt;
On every brow the burthen of affliction;
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt
The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken,
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With Scripture history or classic fable;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller;
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out
With vehemence of color!

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken.

The Bloody Hand significant of crime,
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner!

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

The death-watch ticked behind the panelled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That chamber is the ghostly!

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous — no web — no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt —
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement —
O, what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted? —
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!" — HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her —
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity

"Where the lamps quiver,
So far in the river."

(Westminster Bridge, London)

From a painting by Hume Nisbet

Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,

Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest. —
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread —
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

  "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
  And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's O! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work — work — work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,

And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

The Death-Bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

No!

No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no "t' other side the way" —
No end to any Row —
No indications where the Crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognitions of familiar people —
No courtesies for showing 'em —
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all — no locomotion,
No inkling of the way — no notion —
"No go" — by land or ocean —
No mail — no post —
No news from any foreign coast —
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility —
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

I Remember, I Remember.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,

But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Fair Ines.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;

"O saw ye not fair Ines?"

And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near! —
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before:
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore; —
It would have been a beauteous dream,
— If it had been no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you 've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before, —
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

A Parental Ode to my Son, Aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear) —
Thou tiny image of myself!

(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! — that 's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint —
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball — bestride the stick —
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)

With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above!)

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the night,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Hook, Theodore Edward, an English wit and novelist; born in London, September 22, 1788; died there, August 24, 1841. He was educated at Harrow. In 1805 he produced a comic opera, "The Soldier's Return." "Catch Him Who Can," a musical farce, (1806) followed. For ten years he gave himself to the pleasures of London life, and was the wonder of the town. In 1812 the Prince Regent appointed him Accountant-General and Treasurer of the Colony of Mauritius. In 1820 he issued the first number of the Tory paper, "The John Bull," which attained a wide circulation. Between 1824 and 1841 he published thirty-eight volumes, edited "The John Bull" weekly, and for some years "The New Monthly Magazine." He died worn out with dissipation. Among his farces, melodramas, and comedies are "The Invisible Girl" (1806); "Trial by Jury" and "Darkness Visible" (1811); "Exchange no Robbery" and "Tentamen" (1820). Some of his publications are: "Sayings and Doings," three series (1824–28); "Maxwell," regarded as his best novel (1830); "The Parson's Daughter" (1833); "Gilbert Gurney" (1835); "Jack Brag" (1837); "Gurney Married" (1839); "Cousin Geoffrey, the Old Bachelor" (1840); "Father and Sons" (1841).

Impromptu Song on Price the Manager.

Come, fill your glasses up, while I sing a song of *prices*,
And show men's market value at the date of last advices;
For since 't is pretty clear, you know, that ev'ry man has *his* price,
'T is well to make inquiries before the terms are *riz*, Price.

Some shabby rogues there are, that are knocked down at a low price,
Some blockheads so superlative, they can't be sold at no price;
Some, free of soul in youth, sell in middle life at half-price,
And some go when they 're old — why the devil don't you laugh,
Price?

The world is but an Auction; — if to-day we fetch a shy price,
To-morrow turns the lot about, and shows us worth a high price;

You want to know what Learning's worth — you ask me what is
Wit's price?
I answer, "Push the claret here, whatever may be *its* price!"

The shortest actors now contrive to get a rather long price,
And singers, too, although sometimes they're hardly worth a song,
Price;
With fiddlers, dancers, fresh from France, well liking a John Bull
price,
Though some, when they get nothing, may be said to fetch their
full price.

Where'er you sell, whate'er you sell, when selling seek a higher
price;
But times are changed, I need not say, when you become the buyer,
Price;
For then this truth should in your mind be uppermost and clear,
Price,
There are some things and persons that at nothing would be dear,
Price.

Don't buy a politician, don't have him at a loan, Price;
Nor lawyers, when they tell you you may take them at your own
price;
Nor doctors, who, if fashionable, always fetch an even price;
And clear of these, the "de'il himsell" shall never fetch a Stephen
Price.

Your sneaking, sour, insidious knaves — I hope you won't find
many, Price, —
Your Cantwells on the stage of life, don't buy 'em in at any price;
Go, sell your brains, if brains you have, and sell 'em at a fair price;
But *give* your hearts away, my boys — don't sell *them* at whate'er
price.

And be men's prices what they may, I now shall just make bold,
Price,
Tó sing it in your presence,—there is nothing like the Old Price;
As each man has his own, since the days of Madam Eve, Price,
Why, we have *ours* — and here he is! — Your health, my jolly
STEPH. PRICE!

GETTING READY FOR COMPANY.

(From "Maxwell.")

IN a family like Mr. Palmer's the non-arrival of the "company" would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything "nice and comfortable;" she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and therefore they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for *her*, and so Mr. Palmer the night before had a white basin of hot water up into the parlor to bleach almonds, with which to stick a "tipsy cake," after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane-whisk to put on their tops like shining lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper and curled them with the scissors to put round the "wax ends" in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece: and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables, all in honor of the approaching *fête*.

Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself; when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighborhood — not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamps on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity toward the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighboring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the male Pomona of the neighborhood, had just stepped out to the public-house to fetch "the porter." The door was of course opened by the housemaid.

The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back-kitchen door was blown to with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlor, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams — open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the "heads" of the porter-pots into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the every-day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks' trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same time had occasioned. Nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double-knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakespeare has it, "was at the door") as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered, she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her "things" into a dark hole yclept the back-parlor, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvas bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table covers and "master's" great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth, the waiter, coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon the mats in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a "nice gentleman"), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting him. In her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the afore-mentioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

Miss Engelhart of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed, so rapid did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black hole where everything was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance. Here, then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered.

Hiring A Cook.

In the morning the old gentleman received the visits of sundry tradesmen, to whom he had given orders for different articles of dress; and Wilson, who was fully installed in his high office, presented for his approbation Monsieur Rissolle, "without exception the best cook in the United Kingdom."

The particular profession of this person, the colonel, who understood very little French, was for some time puzzled to find out; he heard a vocabulary of dishes enumerated with grace and fluency, he saw a remarkably gentlemanly-looking man, his well-tied neckcloth, his well-trimmed whiskers, his white kid gloves, his glossy hat, his massive chain encircling his neck, and protecting a repeating Breguet, all pronouncing the man of *ton;* and when he came really to comprehend that the sweet-scented, ring-fingered gentleman before him was willing to dress a dinner on trial, for the purpose of displaying his skill, he was thunderstruck.

"Do I mistake?" said the colonel: "I really beg pardon,— it is fifty-eight years since I learned French,— am I speaking to a" (and he hardly dared to pronounce the word) — "cook?"

"Oui, monsieur," said M. Rissolle; "I believe I have de first reputation in de profession; I live four years wiz de Marqui de Chester, and je me flatte dat, if I had not turn him off last months, I should have superintend his cuisine at dis moment."

"Oh, you have discharged the marquis, sir?" said the colonel.

"Yes, mon colonel, I discharge him, because he cast affront upon me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment."

"Artist!" mentally ejaculated the colonel.

"Mon colonel, de marqui had de mauvais goût one day, when he had large partie to dine, to put salt into his soup, before all his compagnie."

"Indeed," said Arden; "and, may I ask, is that considered a crime, sir, in your code?"

"I don't know cod," said the man. "Morue? — dat is salt enough without."

"I don't mean *that*, sir," said the colonel: "I ask, is it a crime for a gentleman to put salt into his soup?"

"Not a crime, mon colonel," said Rissolle, "but it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de world: so I told his lordship I must leave him; that de butler had said dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was to proclaim to de universe dat I did not know de propre quantité of salt required to season my soup."

"And you left his lordship for *that?*" inquired the astonished country gentleman.

"Oui, sir. His lordship gave me excellent character; I go afterward to live wid my Lord Trefoil, very good, respectable man, my lord, of good family, and very honest man, I believe; but de king, one day, made him his gouverneur in Ireland, and I found I could not live in dat devil Dublin."

"No?"

"No, mon colonel: it is fine city," said Rissolle, — "good place, — but dere is no Italian Opera."

"How shocking!" said Arden. "And you left his Excellency on *that* account?"

"Oui, mon colonel."

"Why, his Excellency managed to live there without an Italian Opera," said Arden.

"Yes, mon colonel, c'est vrai; but I presume he did not know dere was none when he took de place. I have de character from my lord, to state why I leave him."

Saying which, he produced a written character from Lord Trefoil, who, being a joker as well as a minister, had actually stated the fact related by the unconscious turnspit as the reason for their separation.

"And pray, sir," said the colonel, "what wages do you expect?"

"Wages! Je n'entend pas, mon colonel," answered Rissolle. "Do you mean de stipend, — de salarie?"

"As you please," said Arden.

"My Lord Trefoil," said Rissolle, "give to me seven hundred pound a year, my wine, and horse and tilbury, with small tigre for him."

"Small what, sir?" exclaimed the astonished colonel.

"Tigre," said Rissolle; "little man-boy, to hold de horse."

"Ah!" said Arden, "seven hundred pounds a year, and a tiger!"

"Exclusive of de pâtisserie, mon colonel. I never touch dat département; but I have de honor to recommend Jenkin, my sister's husband, for de *pâtisserie*, at five hundred pound and his wine. Oh, Jenkin is dog ship at dat, mon colonel."

"Oh! exclusive of pastry," said the colonel, emphatically.

"Oui, mon colonel," said Rissolle.

"Which is to be contrived for five hundred pounds per annum additional. Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman, with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half the sum to live upon."

"Dat is hard," said Rissolle, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Hard? — it *is* hard, sir," said Arden; "and yet you will hear the men who pay their cooks seven hundred a year for dressing dinners get up in their places in Parliament, declaim against the exorbitant wealth of the Church of England, and tell the people that our clergy are overpaid."

"Poor clergie! Mon colonel," said the man, "I pity your clergie; but den you don't remember de science and experience dat it require to make an omelette soufflée."

"The devil take your omelette, sir!" said Arden. "Do you mean seriously and gravely to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services?"

"Oui, vraiment, mon colonel," said Rissolle, at the same moment gracefully taking snuff from a superb gold box.

"Why, then, d—n it, sir, I can't stand this any longer," cried the irritated novice in the fashionable world. "Seven hundred pounds! Make it guineas, sir, and I'll be *your* cook for the rest of my life."

The noise of this annunciation, the sudden leap taken by Monsieur Rissolle, to avoid something more serious than words, which he anticipated from the irate colonel, brought Wilson into the room, who, equally terrified with his Gallic friend at the symptoms of violent anger which his master's countenance displayed, stood wondering at the animation of the scene; when Arden, whose rage at the nonchalance of Rissolle at first impeded his speech, uttered, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood: —

"Good-morning, sir. Seven hundred — "

What the rest of this address might have been it is impossible to say, for before it was concluded Rissolle had left the apartment, and Wilson closed the door.

The March of Intellect.

(A Prophetic View of Socialism, from "John Bull.")

It happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17 Liberality Place (the corner of Riego Street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements; and although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honorable distinctions; although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the Church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his Grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his Grace to the duchess.

"She is making the beds, duke," replied her Grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his Grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hosgflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her Grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his Grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak, without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half-cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice; the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the duchess, "and sent Lady Maria upstairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things; but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them — I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His Grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favorite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his Grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her Ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger, or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his Grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I 'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament" (there was but one at that time); "for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her Grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship. "I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium; however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me, 'There is a lord for you — look at my lord!' and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this moment (what in former times was called) a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things, but it was in fact to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his Grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at he duke with the most ineffable contempt — "you do! — that's capital — what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?"

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way, "his Grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to — "

"Well, duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his Grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him: but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake — and what did he answer? He made a French pun, and said, '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin.*' Now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply; and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it: but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin: "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavor to harness the horses yourself," said the duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree: "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals, which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin: "now I'll go to work merrily; and duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared; and the duke, who was anxious to get the parlor cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell reappeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his Lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far: the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the duke, "has their liberality gone to this? Do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the duchess, "it is merely yea and nay; or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear duchess," said the duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her Grace, "there is but one thing for us to do: let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they become too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who, by extending with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves) the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favor of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THOMAS HOOKER.

Hooker, Thomas, an Anglo-American clergyman; born at Markfield, Leicestershire, England, in 1586; died at Hartford, Conn., July 7, 1647. He graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, took orders, preached in London, and in 1626 was chosen lecturer at Chelmsford. Being harassed by the ecclesiastical courts, he went in 1630 to Holland, where he preached at Delft and Rotterdam. In 1633 he came to New England with John Cotton and Samuel Stone, and was settled at what is now Cambridge. In 1636 he removed to what is now Hartford, Conn. Hooker was a voluminous author, his most important separate work being "A Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline," written in conjunction with Cotton (1648). Some two hundred of his "Sermons" were transcribed by John Higginson, and sent to London, where about half of them were published. A "Memoir of Hooker" was published in 1849.

The Way of the Churches of New England.

(From "Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline.")

Truth is the Daughter of time, was the saying of old, and our daily experience gives in evidence and proof hereof, to every mans ordinary observation. Only as in other births, so here, the barrennesse and fruitfullnesse of severall ages, depend meerly upon Gods good pleasure; who opens and shuts the womb of truth from bearing, as he sees fit, according to the counsell of his own will.

Not that there is any change in the truth, but the alteration grows, according to mens apprehensions, to whom it is more or lesse discovered, according to Gods most just judgment, and their own deservings.

Sometimes God makes an eclipse of the truth at midday, that so he might expresse his wrath from Heaven, against the unthankfulnesse, prophanenesse, and Atheisme of a malignant world.

Hence it was he let loose those hellish delusions, immediately after the Ascention of our Saviour; That though his life and conversation gave in evidence beyond gainsaying, that he was true man: Though the miracles and wonders he wrought in his life and death, resurrection and ascention, were witnesses undeniable, that he was true God: yet there arose a wretched generation of Hereticks, in the first, second, and third hundred years, who adventured not only against the expresse verdict of the Scripture, but against sense and experience, fresh in the observation and tradition of living men, with more then Satanicall impudency to deny both the natures of our blessed Saviour.

Some denied the Diety of our Saviour, and would have him meer man. As Ebrion, Cerinthus, Montanus, &c. Others deny him to be true man, as the Gnostici, Valentiniani, Marrioniræ.

Sometimes when men entertain the truth in profession, but not in the love of it, and that indeared affection, that is due thereunto, the Lord gives men up to the Activity of errour, as the Apostle speaks, because they did not love, that the truth should be truth, they imbraced falsehood instead of truth, that so they might be deluded and damned. This made way for Antichrist, and did Midwife that man of sin into the world, and by little and little advanced him into his throne. For while men did verbally acknowledge the nature and offices of our Saviour, they did begin, though subtilly, yet really, to usurp the honor and exercise of all to themselves.

First, They began to incroach upon the *Priestly Office* of our Saviour, and not only to pray for the dead, but to pray to them, and to attribute too much to the martyrs and their worth; and to derogate from the merits, and that plentifull and perfect redemption wrought alone by the Lord Iesus. The Spouse of Christ thus like the unwise virgins, was taken aside with the slumber of Idolatry, till at last she fell fast asleep: as the following times give in abundant testimony.

Not long after, these sleeps were attended with suteable dreams, for not being content with the simplicity of the Gospel, and the purity of the worship appointed therein: They set forth a new and large edition of devised and instituted ceremonies, coined meerly out of the vanity of mens carnall mindes, which as so many blindes, were set up by the subtilty of Satan, meerly to delude men, and mislead them from the truth of Gods worship, under a pretence of directing them more easily in the way of grace: and under a colour of kindling, they quenched all true zeal for, and love of the truth.

Insomuch that Augustine complained, The present condition of the Churches in his time, was worse than that of the Jews. They were subject to the burthen of legall Ceremonies, laid upon them by the Lord; but we (saith the Father) are pressed with presumptions devised by men.

And thus at once they usurped upon the *Propheticall* and justled our Saviour also out of his *Regall office*, for so they are linked together by the Prophet. He is our King, he is our Lawgiver; it is in his power and pleasure to provide his own laws, and appoint the waies of his own worship.

Thus were the *Offices* of our Saviour secretly and cunningly undermined till at last that man of sin, seeing his time, and taking his advantage, adventured openly and impudently to challenge the chair of supremacy.

Boniface the third obtained by policy and treachery, at the hand of Phocas for himself and his successours, that the Bishop of Rome, should be the head and chief Bishop of all Christian Churches.

But the one sword was not sufficient for Hildebrand. He rested not, untill by his hellish contrivements he had got two swords, to fill both his hands withall, and a Triple-crown upon his head, and carried it with mighty violence against the imperiall Majesty: that whereas no Pope in former times might be chosen without the confirmation of the Emperour: so now no Empereur might be chosen without the confirmation of the Pope: as appears in the story of Henry the Emperour.

Thus while the Pope pretended to be the Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ, to supply his absence here on earth, by being caput ministeriale,: in issue he justled him out of the room and right of his *Headship*.

He makes Canons to binde conscience, and so assumes the place of the chief Prophet; Gives dispensations, sends out Indulgences, sells pardons, retains, and remits sins, improves the treasury of the Church to that end, and so challengeth the place of being chief Priest. Lastly, arrogates the plenitude and supremacy of power in causes Ecclesiastick and Civil, no lesse then two swords will satisfy, to fill both his hands, and a Triple-crown to load his head withall, and thereby arrogates to be head of the Church.

When God had revenged the contempt of the Authority of his son, by delivering up such contemners to the tyranny and slavery of Antichrist, by the space of many hundred years:

That by their own experience they came to know the difference betwixt the service of God, and the slavery of men: the golden scepter of Christ, and the Iron rod of Antichrist; who tortured their consciences upon a continuall rack, held their souls smoaking over the mouth of the bottomelesse pit, put them into hell, and plucked them out at his pleasure, whence men desired to die, rather then to live.

They then began to sigh for some deliverance from this spirituall, more then Egyptian bondage; and being thus prepared to lend a listening ear unto the truth, God sent them some little reviving in their extremities, a day-star arising in this their darknesse.

He stirred up the spirit of Waldenses, Armachanus, Wickliff, Hus, and Jerom of Prage, who openly proclaimed the usurpations of that man of sin, stoutly asserted the fulnesse and sufficiency of the Scriptures, cleared and maintained the deciding authority thereof in all the waies and worship of God, and so set up the Lord Iesus, as the only *Prophet* of his Church.

After them succeeded Luther, who made a spoil of the Popes treasury, marred wholly his market, and the sale of his indulgencies, and so wonderfully cooled and quenched the fire of Purgatory, and the Popes kitchin: that his holinesse, and the wretched rabble of all his black-guard, were forced to improve all their power and policy to crush the credit of that champion, and the authority of that doctrine which he taught, but all in vain.

For the vertue of the bloudy sacrifice of Christ once offered for all, the perfect satisfaction, iustification, and redemption, came so strongly to be received and maintained in many places and persons of note. That now all the unbloudy sacrifices, masses, and multitudes of that trash, which the merit-mongers did studiously set forth to sale, and by which they set up themselves in the hearts of the people, grew to be abhorred of such as were pious and conscientious, and all such who would but suffer themselves to be led by the principles of right reason. And thus the *Priestly* office of our Saviour came in some measure to be acknowledged, and appropriated to him, whose peculiar it was.

Only the *Supremacy of that Kingly Power*, upon which the Pope had encroached, and maintained the possession thereof so long, was yet retained and fortified (as reason would) with greatest resolution, nor could he suffer the appearance of any approach or battery to be erected, that might seem to hazard the safty of that, but he sets him fully and fiercely against Reformation, which sticks like the cunny-skin at the head principally.

Hence for the surprisall of so strong a peice, the Lord in his providence provided many means to make approaches thereunto by little and little. The Councells of Constance and Basill justled the Pope to the Wall, and took the wall of him, made him lower then the councell, but let him enjoy his Headship over all his Officers and particular Churches,

King Henry the eighth, he further clipped his wings in temporalls, shook off and renounced that supremacy that he had arrogated and erected over kings and kingdomes in former ages: Only that is storied of him as his mistake, he cut off the head of Popery, but left the body of it (in Arch-Bishops, Primates, Metropolitans, Archdeacons,) yet within his realm, and the Churches there established.

This power having a double respect: Partly to Ministers, Partly to Churches: The first of these was abated, when a Parity in the Ministery came to be acknowledged and received in the Churches of the reformation. And that the sole and princely power, which was arrogated and exercised by the Bishops and their Officers, over the faithfull Pastors of Christ, was cashiered, as contrary to the government and power bequeathed to each particular Officer of his own appointment, who all have Ministerium, non Dominium, are stewards, not Lords of Gods inheritance.

But whether all Ecclesiasticall power be impaled, impropriated and rightly taken in to the Presbytery alone: Or that the people of the particular Churches should come in for a share, according to their places and proportions.; This is left as the subject of the inquiry of this age, and that which occasions great thoughts of heart of all hands: Great thoughts of heart in the Presbytery, as being very loth to part with that so chief priviledge, and of which they have taken possession so many years. Great thoughts of heart amongst the Churches, how they may clear their right, and claim it in such pious sobriety and moderation, as becomes the Saints: being unwilling to loose their cause and comfort, meerly upon a nihil dicit, or for ever to be deprived of so precious a legacy, as they conceive this is, though it hath been withheld from them, by the tyranny of the Pope, and prescription of times. Nor can they conceive it lesse, then a heedlesse betraying of their speciall liberties, and not selling but casting away their inheritance, and right, by a carelesse silence, when the course of providence, as the juncture of things now present themselves, allows them a writt Ad melius inquirendum.

And it seemes God sets out this disquisition (fall the issue on which side it will) as most sutable and seasonable to these times, which appear fruitfull in discoveries: Truth seeming to be in travell, having fulfilled her appointed moneths, and the instant opportunity of her deliverance drawing on apace, as the Scripture account, may seem to give symptomes to that purpose, and such as will not fail.

For these are the times drawing on, wherein Prophecies are to attain their performances: and its a received rule, and I suppose most safe, when Prophecies are fulfilled they are best interpreted, the accomplishment of them is the best Commentary.

These are the times, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters the Sea : and these waters of the Sanctuary shall encrease from the ankles, unto the knees, thence unto the loins, and thence become a river that cannot be passed

These are the times when people shall be fitted for such priviledges, fit I say to obtain them, and fit to use them.

Fit to obtain them at Gods hands, for Dan. 12. 4. people shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase: they shall by the strength of their desires, improve the most painfull exercise of their thoughts, in the most serious search of the mystery of godlinesse, and bloud-hound like, who are bent upon their prey, they shall most indefatigably trace the truth, and follow the least appearance of the foot-steps thereof presented, until they come to see the formings and framings in the first rise, Scire est per causas scire, and thus digging for wisdome as for hid treasures, and seeking the Lord and his will, with their whole heart, they shall finde him, and understand it.

Fit to use them, now the Lord will write his laws in their hearts, and put it into their inward parts, and they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, For they shall all know me, from the least of them, to the greatest of them.

And whereas it hath been charged upon the people, that through their ignorance and unskilfulnesse, they are not able to wield such priviledges, and therefore not fit to share in any such power. The Lord hath promised: To take away the vail from all faces in the mountain, the weak shall be as David, and David as an Angel of God. The light of the Moon shall be as the Sun, and the Sun seven times brighter. When he hath not only informed them, but made them to be ashamed of their abominations, and of all that they have done, then he will shew them the frame of his house, and the patern thereof, the going out thereof, the coming in thereof, the whole fashion thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, all the figures thereof, and laws thereof: And write them in their sight, that they may keep the whole fashion thereof, and all the Ordinances thereof, and do them. Observe how often the Lord expresseth the enlarged manifestations of himself in those many universals.

All Lawes, *All Ordinances*, *All Figures*. 2. Not only *shew* all, but make them *see all*, and doe all.

The travell of the truth, as I said, thus drawing on, it hath pleased the Lord to improve the pens and pains of many of his Worthies (midwife like) to lighten and ease the throws of the truth, in this sharp and sore travell for a safe delivery.

Amongst these M. Rutterford hath deserved much for his undefatigable diligence ; A man of eminent abilities, the depth of whose judgement, and sharpnesse in dispute, is evidenced beyond all exception, by that accurate and elaborate peece of his Apologeticall exercitations, wherein he appears to be Malleus Jesuitarum, and of their factours and followers the Arminians, who receive their errours by whole-sale from them, and retail them out again in their particular treatises. And for these pains of his, I suppose the Churches will (I must professe for mine own particular I do) owe him much. And therefore it was a pleasing and pleasant providence, when I perceived by some bookes, set forth of late, that he did addresse himself seriously to debate of Church-Discipline, a subject, as of speciall difficulty, so of speciall advantage to the truth, and of help to the present times in which we live.

These two things seeming to be great reserves of inquiry, for this last age of the world,

1. Wherein the spirituall rule of Christs Kingdome consists, the manner how it is revealed and dispensed to the souls of his servants inwardly ?

2. The order and manner, how the government of his kingdome is managed outwardly in his Churches ?

Vpon these two hinges the tedious agitations that are stirring in the earth turn : either having their first rise from hence directly, or by a secret influence, these fore-mentioned causes send in and insinuate their speciall interests indirectly, to make up that μεγας σεισμὸς, to set forwards the shakings of heaven and earth, which are to be seen even at this day.

This being the season, when all the kingdomes of the world, are becoming the Lords and his Christs : and to this purpose he is taking to himself his great might, which heretofore he seemed to lay aside and in silence, as himself speaks in a like case. Psa, 50. to suffer wicked men to put forth their rage, according to their own pleasure, but he resolves by his Iron rod to dash those earthen vessels to peeces.

The first of these, to wit; The spirituall Kingdome of Christ, is most opposed by a generation of Enthusiasts ; and Familists, who having refined the loathsome follies of their former predecessours, do adventure to set open their conceits, with greater insolency, to the view of the world, and under the pretence of free-grace, they destroy the grace of God in the power and operations of it, in the hearts and lives of men.

The other, which concerns the managing of the outward kingdome, unlesse my prospective much deceives me, is coming towards its last triall: because there is more liberty now given to each, to plead their own interests, when in former times the tyranny of Antichrist, and blinde obedience unto his dictates, turned the tomb stone of untimely silence upon all mens endeavours, buried all mens debates in their own bosomes, or else the unreasonable rigour of the prelates laboured to destroy the being of the defense as soon as it came to the birth.

This present term of Gods patience promiseth some allowance to his people, the distressed and despised ones of Christ, sub formâ pauperis, to take leave, to lay claim to the priviledges, which they have conceived to be part of the legacy bequeathed unto them by the Lord Iesus, being estated and entitled members of the visible Kingdome of his Church.

To set out the bounds of these interests, worthy M. R. hath bestowed great labour, which I have again and again attended, and as I do freely acknowledge to have received light therefrom: so I do professe I do readily consent with him in many things.

In the number and nature of Officers, as Pastours, Teachers, Elders, &c. appointed by Christ and his Church.

That the people hath right to call their own officers, and that none must be imposed upon them by Patrons and Prelates.

That Scandalous persons are not fit to be members of a visible Church, nor should be admitted.

That the faithfull Congregations in England are true Churches: and therefore it is sinfull to separate from them as no Churches.

That the members which come commended from such Churches to ours here, so that it doth appear to the judgement of the Church, whence they come, that they are by them approved, and not scandalous, they ought to be received to Church communion with us, as members of other Churches with us in N. E. in like case so commended and approved.

To separate from Congregations for want of some Ordinances: Or,

To separate from the true worship of God, because of the sin of some worshippers, is unlawfull.

The Consociation of Churches is not only lawfull, but in some cases necessary.

That when causes are difficult, and particular Churches want light and help, they should crave the Assistance of such a consociation.

That Churches so meeting have right to counsell, rebuke, &c. as the case doth require.

In case any particular Church shall walk pertinaciously, either in the profession of errour, or sinfull practice, and will not hear their counsell, they may and should renounce the right hand of fellowship with them.

That infants of visible Churches, born of wicked parents, being members of the Church, ought to be baptized.

In these and severall other particulars, we fully accord with M. R. and therefore no man in reason can conceive, that I write in opposition to his book: for then I should oppose my self, and mine own judgement: but for further disquisition and search into some particulars, which pace tanti viri, craves further and fuller discovery.

And hence, *this needs no toleration of religions*, or estrangement of affection, in tolerating the differences of such apprehensions, and that in some things, untill further light bring in further conviction and concurrence.

It is confessed by all the Casuists, I know, and that upon a rigid dispute, that longer time is to be allowed to two sorts of people, from whom consent is expected, then from others.

1. To some, who out of the strength of their judgement are able to oppose arguments, in case they come not so well guarded and pointed as they should.

2. To others, the like Indulgency is to be lent, who out of their weaknesse cannot so easily and readily perceive the valour and validity of an argument, to carry the cause, and win their assent thereunto.

Of this latter I profess my self, and therefore plead for allowance, and present Forbearance, especially considering, that modestly to inquire into, and for a time to dissent from the judgement of a generall counsell, hath been accounted tolerable.

He that will estrange his affection, because of the difference of apprehension in things difficult, he must be a stranger to himself one time or other. If men would be tender and carefull to keep off offensive expressions, they might keep some distance in opinion, in some things, without hazard to truth or love. But when men set up their sheaves (though it be but in a dream, as Josephs was) and fall out with every one, that will not fall down and adore them, they will bring much trouble into the world, but little advantage to the truth, or peace.

Again, The Reader must know for his direction in this inquiry, my aim only was, and is, to lay down, and that briefly, the grounds of our practice, according to that measure of light I have received, and to give answer to such reasons, which might seem to weaken the evidence thereof: declining purposely, for the present, the examination of such answers, which are made to the arguments alledged by some of our Reverend Brethren, touching the same subject: because I would neither prejudice nor prevent their proper defense, which I do suppose in the fittest season, they will so present unto the world, as shall be fully satisfactory to such, as love and desire the knowledge of the truth.

The Summe is, we doubt not what we practice, but its beyond all doubt, that all men are liars, and we are in the number of those poor feeble men, either we do, or may erre, though we do not know it, what we have learned, we do professe, and yet professe still to live, that we may learn.

And therefore the errand upon which this present discourse is sent, is summarily to shew these two things unto the world,

1. That there must be more said (then yet it hath been my happinesse to see) before the principles we professe will be shaken, and consequently it cannot be expected, that we should be unsetled in our practice.

2. That I might occasion men eminently gifted to make further search, and to dig deeper, that if there be any vein of reason, which lies yet lower, it might be brought to light, and we professe and promise, not only a ready eare to hear it, but a heart willing to welcome it.

Its the perfection of a man, amidst these many weaknesses, we are surrounded withall, by many changes to come to perfection. Its the honour and conquest of a man truly wise to be conquered by the truth: and he hath attained the greatest liberty, that suffers himself to be led captive thereby.

That the discourse comes forth in such a homely dresse and course habit, the Reader must be desired to consider, It comes out of the wildernesse, where curiosity is not studied. Planters if they can provide cloth to go warm, they leave the cutts and lace to those that study to go fine.

As it is beyond my skill, so I professe it is beyond my care to please the nicenesse of mens palates, with any quaintnesse of language. They who covet more sauce then meat, they must provide cooks to their minde. It was a cavill cast upon Hierom, that in his writings he was Ciceronianus non Christianus: My rudenesse frees me wholly from this exception, for being Λόγῳ ’Ιδιώτης, as the Apostle hath it, if I would, I could not lavish out in the loosenesse of language, and as the case stands, if I could answer any mans desire in that daintinesse of speech, I would not do the matter that Injury which is now under my hand: Ornari res ipsa negat. The substance and solidity of the frame is that, which pleaseth the builder, its the painters work to provide varnish.

If the manner of the discourse should occasion any disrellish in the apprehension of the weaker Reader, because it may seem too Logicall, or Scholasticall, in regard of the terms I use, or the way of dispute that I proceed in, in some places: I have these two things to professe,

1. That plainnesse and perspicuity, both for matter and manner of expression, are the things, that I have conscientiously indeavoured in the whole debate: for I have ever thought writings that come abroad, they are not to dazle, but direct the apprehension of the meanest, and I have accounted it the chiefest part of iudicious learning, to make a hard point easy and familiar in explication. Qui non vult intelligi, debet negligi.

2. The nature of the subject that is under my hand, is

such, that I was constrained to accommodate and conform my expressions more or lesse, in some kinde of sutablenesse thereunto: for in some passages of the dispute, the particulars in their very rise and foundation, border so neer upon the principles of Logick: (as whether Ecclesia Catholica visibilis, was to be attended, as a Totum universale, or Integrale) that either I must resolve to say nothing, or to speak (though as sparingly as I could of such things) as the quality of the things did require. And let any man make a triall, and I do much mistake my self, but he will be necessitated to take the same course, if he speaks to the cause. If the Reader shall demand how far this way of Church-proceeding receives approbation by any common concurrence amongst us: I shall plainly and punctually expresse my self in a word of truth, in these following points, viz.

Visible Saints are the only true and meet matter, whereof a visible Church should be gathered, and confœderation is the form.

The Church as Totum essentiale, is, and may be; before Officers.

There is no Presbyteriall Church (*i.e.* A Church made up of the Elders of many Congregations appointed Classickwise, to rule all those Congregations) in the N. T.

A Church Congregationall is the first subject of the keys.

Each Congregation compleatly constituted of all Officers, hath sufficient power in her self, to exercise the power of the keyes, and all Church discipline, in all the censures thereof.

Ordination is not before election.

There ought to be no ordination of a Minister at large, Namely, such as should make him Pastour without a People.

The election of the people hath an instrumentall causall vertue under Christ, to give an outward call unto an Officer.

Ordination is only a solemn installing of an Officer into the Office, unto which he was formerly called.

Children of such, who are members of Congregations, ought only to be baptized.

The consent of the people gives a causall vertue to the compleating of the sentence of excommunication.

Whilst the Church remains a true Church of Christ, it doth not loose this power, nor can it lawfully be taken away.

Consociation of Churches should be used, as occasion doth require.

Such consociations and Synods have allowance to counsell and admonish other Churches, as the case may require.

And if they grow obstinate in errour or sinfull miscarriages, they should renounce the right hand of fellowship with them.

But they have no power to excommunicate.

Nor do their constitutions binde formalitèr & juridicè.

In all these I have leave to professe the joint judgement of all the Elders upon the river: of New-haven, Guilford, Milford, Stratford, Fairfield: and of most of the Elders of the Churches in the Bay, to whom I did send in particular, and did receive approbation from them, under their hands: Of the rest (to whom I could not send) I cannot so affirm; but this I can say, That at a common meeting, I was desired by them all, to publish what now I do.

Lastly, To ease the ordinary Reader, who happily is not acquainted with discourses of this kinde, I shall take leave to lend him this little advise.

The Treatise being divided into four parts, if he will be intreated to survey the Table set before the work, by a short and sudden cast of his eye, he shall presently perceive those particulars, which as so many pillars principall, bear up the whole frame.

1. Look at the Church in its first rise and essence, The causes of it, in the efficient, Matter and Form: The Qualification of it, in its precedency, power, priviledges, make up the first part.

2. Look at the Church, as compleated with all her Officers, the number and nature of them, in her elections, and Ordinations, where the loathsome title of Independency is opened: these lay out the matter of the second part.

3. The Church thus constituted, The power that she exerciseth in admissions, dispensations of Sacraments, and censures, especially that grand and great censure of excommunication, how it is to be managed, and the power of it lastly resolved. In these the third part is spent.

4. The consociation of Churches in Classes, Synods, and councels, is shortly discussed in the fourth part.

Let him be intreated to carry these along in his consideration, he will readily know, whether to refer any thing, and where to finde any thing; and as readily conceive the method and manner, both of the constitution of the Church, as the

House of God, and the right managing of all the occasions and affairs thereof.

In the handling of all these particulars, so full of difficulty and of obscurity, I am not such a stranger at home, but that I am easily sensible of the weight of the matter and mine own weaknesse: and therefore I can professe in a word of truth, that against mine own inclination and affection, I was haled by importunity to this so hard a task, to kindle my rush candle, to joyn with the light of others, at least to occasion them to set up their lamps.

Now he that is the way, the truth, and the life, pave out all the waies of his people, and make their paths plain before them: Lead us all into that truth, which will lead us unto eternall life: bring us once unto that impotency and impossibility, that we can do nothing against the truth, but for it, that so our Congregations, may not only be stiled, as Ezekiels temple, but be really what was prophesied the Churches should be, in these last daies, Jehovah Shammah. In the Armes of his everlasting mercy I leave thee, but never cease to wish,

Spirituall welfare
in him,
THOMAS HOOKER.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Hopkinson, Joseph, an American jurist, son of Francis Hopkinson; born at Philadelphia, November 12, 1770; died there, January 15, 1842. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, studied and practised law in Philadelphia. From 1815 to 1819 he was a member of the United States House of Representatives. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. As an author he is known almost solely by his national song, "Hail Columbia," written in 1798 for the benefit of an actor named Fox.

Hail Columbia.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
  Let Independence be your boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost;
  Ever grateful for the prize;
  Let its altar reach the skies.
    Firm, united, let us be,
    Rallying round our Liberty;
    As a band of brothers joined,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights; defend your shore.
  Let no rude foe with impious hand,
  Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
  While offering peace sincere and just
  In heaven we place a manly trust,
  That truth and justice will prevail,
  And every scheme of bondage fail.
    Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
  Ring through the world with loud applause.
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear!
  With equal skill, with steady power,
  He governs in the fearful hour
  Of horrid war; or guides with ease
  The happier times of honest peace.
    Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands —
  The rock on which the storm will beat,
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
  When hope was sinking in dismay,
  And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
  His steady mind from changes free
  Resolved on death or liberty.
    Firm, united, let us be, etc.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS HORACE.

Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus), a great Roman lyric poet; born at Venusia, about two hundred miles southwest of Rome, in 65 B. C.; died at Rome in 8 B. C. When he was about twelve his father took him to Rome. At about eighteen Horace was sent by his father to Athens to complete his education. For some four years he devoted himself to the study of philosophy. His first productions were lampoons, most of which he succeeded in suppressing. But one poem, written in 40 B. C., when he was in his twenty-fourth year, and addressed to "The Roman People," is pitched on a loftier key than anything else which he ever wrote. Horace's books soon began to sell. He was enabled to get an appointment to some official position, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him. He also made the acquaintance of the rising men of letters, among whom were Varius and Virgil. These two took him to the house of the wealthy Mæcenas, whose acquaintanceship ripened into a lifelong friendship. About four years after their first acquaintance, when Horace was about thirty-two, the munificent Mæcenas presented him with a country estate, as he had desiderated. This estate, which he designates as his "Sabine farm," was situated on high land about thirty miles from Rome. Here Horace built a modest villa, the site of which is still shown. The health of Horace was always delicate, and he began to age rapidly. At forty-four his black hair had turned to gray. The longest and one of the latest of the poems of Horace is the Epistle to the Pisos, generally known as the "Ars Poetica," soon after the publication of which Mæcenas died at the age of about sixty-five. Before the year ended Horace followed him. He was buried on the slope of the Esquiline, hard by the tomb of his friend Mæcenas. Horace's writings, in the order of their production, are: The "Satires," or as the poet himself called them, "Talks" (Sermones), eighteen in number, and written in hexameter verse; "Epodes," a collection of lyric poems in iambic and composite metres; "Odes," his most exquisite works, and the delight of scholars ever since they were written; "Epistles," in hexameter verse, brilliant in wit, perfect in melody, replete with workaday wisdom, — among them is the "Epistle to the Pisos," or "The Art of Poetry."

To the Roman People.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne:—
That Rome the Marcians could not crush, who border on the lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal, by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with ruthless hands imbued in brothers' gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread the City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown;
And the bones of great Quirinius, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily —
No better counsel I can urge than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and ravening wolf: so we, in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or where'er across the sea the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
The circling ocean waits us: then away, where Nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy isles,
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the trees that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills? —
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star,
With fury of remorseless heat, the sweltering herds doth mar,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods —

So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily She of Colchis with step unchased profaned;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses's toil-worn band;
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared; but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise, arise and follow me.

HORACE TO MÆCENAS.

LUCKY I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards,
But Virgil first — that best of men and bards;
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance), I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate
On a Satureian barb; but what and who
I was, as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then —
Some nine months after — summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place;
And proud I feel that thus I won your grace;
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.

DAILY ROUTINE.

I WALK alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
The forum too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls; thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse and pease;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand
A common ewer, patera, and bowl:
Compania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I. . . .

I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil — not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined — just to appease
The sense of emptiness — I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.
So placed, I own, with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, aye, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsires had been my dower.

The Fountain of Bandusia.

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow

Is sprouting, all for love and victory,
In vain; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.

Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
And flocks that range afield.

Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
'Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling waters spring.

The Sabine Farm.

About my farm, dear Quinctius: You would know
What sort of produce for its lord 't will grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or oil? —

So (but you 'll think me garrulous) I 'll write
A full description of its form and site:
In long continuous lines the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun —
Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams;
Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
You 'd praise the climate; well, and what d' ye say
To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
What to the oak and ilex which afford
Fruit to the cattle, shelter to the lord?
What, but that rich Tarentum must have been
Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green?
Then there 's a fountain, of sufficient size
To name the river that there takes its rise:
Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
This sweet retirement — nay, 't is more than sweet —
Insures my health even in September's heat.

HORACE'S PETITION TO APOLLO.

LET olives, endive, mallows light,
  Be all my fare: and health
Give thou, Apollo, so I might
  Enjoy my present wealth!
Give me but these, I ask no more:
  These, and a mind entire;
An old age not unhonored, nor
  Unsolaced by the lyre.

HORACE AT HOME.

WHEN, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green — oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon — not too fat — embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
O happy nights, O feasts divine,
When with the friends I love I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!

HORACE AND HIS FRIENDS AT HOME

From a Painting by Ch. Jalabert

No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not he 's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
But not about our neighbors' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepus dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand:
Whether by wealth or worth 'tis plain
That men to happiness attain?
By what we 're led to choose our friends —
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus
If some one have cried up to us
Avellius's wealth, forgetting how
Much care it cost him, "Look you now,
Once on a time," he will begin,
"A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another."

Invitation to Phyllis.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
  Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more.
In my gardens, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
  Grows the brightest of yellow parsley in plentiful store;
There 's ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair:
  My plate, newly burnished, enlivens my rooms,
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there
  Enwreathed with chaste vervain and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
  And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
  The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.

Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
'T is the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-spring Venus —
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning —
My own natal day not more hallowed or dear;
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
So come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure —
For ne'er for another this bosom shall long —
And I 'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
How to charm away care with the magic of song.

Invitation to Mæcenas.

Our common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I 'll give to thee.
In modest goblets too;
'T was stored in crock of Grecian delf,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answered from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renewed the theme
Of homage and of thanks!
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Falerian pressed,
You drink at home, I know.
My cups no choice Falerian fills,
Nor unto them do Formiæ's hills
Impart a tempered glow.

A Model Host.

The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over-precise;
To be neither constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus, as losels and knaves,
Nor, like Nævius, in such things who 's rather too easy,
To the guests at your board present water that 's greasy.

A Lecture on Gastronomy.

When your butler 's away and the weather 's so bad
That there 's not a morsel of fish to be had,
A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, "How is this?"
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
Work till you perspire: of all sauces 't is best.
The man that 's with over-indulgence opprest,
White-livered and pursy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you 're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.
For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
And he makes a rare show with his fine painted tail,
As if this had to do with the matter the least!
Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast?
And when the bird 's cooked, what becomes of its splendor?
Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender?
Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is
Which bamboozles your judgment so much, then, for this.
So were any one now to assure us a treat
In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
The young men of Rome are so prone to what 's wrong,
They 'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.

Horace's Tribute to His Father.

If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Where the sons of men of mark and rule —
Centurions and the like — were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter-day:
But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you 'd have thought no less

Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss.
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me ere I cease to own
With pride that I have such a father known.
Nor should I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue,
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself — with mine content,
I would not choose whom men endow, as great,
With the insignia and seats of state;
And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

Paternal Admonitions.

Should then my humorous vein run wild, some latitude allow.
I learned the habit from the best of fathers, who employed
Some living type to stamp the vice he wished me to avoid.
Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
And with the competence content which he had stored for me,
"Look, boy," he 'd say, "at Albius's son — observe his sorry plight!
And Barrus, that poor beggar there! Say, are not these a sight
To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial means?
The reasons why this should be shunned, and that be sought,
The sages will explain. Enough for me if I uphold

The faith and morals handed down from our good sires of old;
And while you need a guardian, keep your life pure, and your name.
When years have hardened, as they will, your judgment and your frame,
You'll swim without a float."
And so, with talk like this, he won
And moulded me while yet a boy. Was something to be done,
Hard it might be — "For this," he'd say, "good warrant you can quote,"
And then as model pointed to some public man of note.
Or was there something to be shunned, then he would urge, "Can you
One moment doubt that acts like these are base and futile too,
Which have to him and his such dire disgrace and trouble bred?"
And as a neighbor's death appals the sick, and by the dread
Of dying forces them to put upon their lusts restraint,
So tender minds are oft deterred from vices by the taint
They see them bring on others' names; 't is thus that I from those
Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shame and woes.

HORACE'S SATIRE UPON HIMSELF.

[DAVUS *loquitur.*]

YOU'RE praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways,
Of people in the good old days;
Yet should some god this moment give
To you the power like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't!"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack
The truth through thick and thin to back;
And rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.
At Rome, you for the country sigh;
When in the country, to the sky
You — flighty as the thistle's down —
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh, then the *pot-au-feu's* divine!
You "go out on compulsion only —
'T is so delightful to be lonely;

And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more."
  But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you "to meet a friend;"
Although the message comes so late
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where 's my pomade? Look sharp!" you shout;
"Heavens! is there nobody about?
Are you all deaf?" And stormy high
  At all the household, off you fly.
  When Milvius, and that set, anon
  Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
  With vigorous curses they retreat —
  Which I had rather not repeat.

A Would-be Literary Bore.

It chanced that I, the other day
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
When there comes rushing up a wight
Whom only by his name I knew.
"Ha! my dear fellow, how d' ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I 'm just the man you ought to know:
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I 'll like you all the more!"
  Then, writhing to escape the bore,
I 'll quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words; and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of the madcap vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets —
The city's growth, its splendor, size.
  "You 're dying to be off," he cries:

(For all the while I'd been stock dumb;)
"I've seen it this half-hour. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it: so I'll follow you!"
  Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes,
But off anew my torment strikes:
  "If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" says he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
  Here was an opening to break in:
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh, happy they, I inly groan;
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick despatch me where I stand;
Now is the direful doom at hand,
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
"Him shall no poison fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."

He and She.

He.

Whilst I was dear, and thou wert kind,
And I — and I alone — might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

She.

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,
Renowned in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

He.

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
With hand and voice that charm the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
So Fate the darling girl would spare.

She.

I dote on Calaïs; and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So Fate the darling boy would spare.

He.

What if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
And, as of old, for Lydia sigh?

She.

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
And lighter thou than cork — ah, why?
More churlish too than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

Intactis Opulentior.

Though India's virgin mine,
And wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas,

When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happy the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Gætan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parent's worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonored, die.

Breathes there a patriot, brave and strong,
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
Let him, with noble daring, first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst,
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand,
The Father of his Native Land.
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How weak the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained.
A second sin is thine! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate regions of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears; he feels no toil, nor sword, nor sea,
Shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
  Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold;
Into the seas or temple fling
  Thy vile, unprofitable gold.
Roman, repent, and from within
Eradicate thy darling sin;
Repent, and from thy bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern.
  The high-born youth, mature in vice,
 Pursues his vain and reckless course,
  Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
But shuns and dreads the horse.
  His perjured sire, with jealous care,
  Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
  Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
  Cheating his partner, friend, and guest,
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill;
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

The Lively Cit Turned Farmer.

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day
(A burly man, and wilful in his way)
From court returning, somewhere about two,
And grumbling — for his years were far from few —
That his home in Ship-Street was so distant, though
But from the Forum half a mile or so,
Descried a fellow in a barber's booth
All by himself, his chin shaved fresh and smooth,
Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
Of one uncumbered by a wish or care.
"Demetrius!" ('t was his page, a boy of tact,
In comprehension swift, and swift of act,)
"Go ascertain his rank, name, fortune; track
His father, patron!" In a trice he 's back.
  "An auction-crier, Volteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character;
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend.
Fond of the play and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the campus to make one."

"I 'd like to hear all from himself. Away!
Bid him come dine with me — at once — to-day!"
Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines.
"What! says me nay?" "'T is, even so, sir, — why,
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."
Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
And finds him vending to a rabble rout
Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
And with all courtesy salutes him first.
Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
His services else he would by dawn have paid
At Philip's house; was grieved to think that how
He should have failed to notice him till now.
"On one condition I accept your plea.
You come this afternoon and dine with me."
"Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp at four.
Now go, work hard, and make your little more!"
At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
What e'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
The hook was baited craftily, and when
The fish came nibbling ever and again,
At morn a client, and when asked to dine,
Not now at all in humor to decline.
Philip himself one holiday drove him down
To see his villa some few miles from town.
Mena keeps praising up the whole way there
The Sabine country and the Sabine air,
So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
And smiles with inward triumph at the thought;
Resolved at any price to have his whim,
For that is best of all repose to him.
Several hundred pounds he gives him there and then,
Proffers on easy terms as much again;
And so persuades him that, with tastes like his,
He ought to buy a farm. So bought it is.
Not to detain you longer than enough,
The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff.
Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain,
Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.
But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains smite
His goats, and his best crops are killed with blight,
When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way

All wrath to Philip's house, by break of day.
"How 's this?" cries Philip, seeing him unshorn
And shabby. "Why, Volteius, you look worn.
You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."
"Oh, that 's not it, my patron. Call me wretch;
That is the only fitting name for me.
Oh by the Genius, by the gods that be
Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore!"
  If for the worse you find you 've changed your place,
Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
In every state the maxim still is true,
On your own last take care to fit your shoe.

A VALETUDINARIAN'S INQUIRIES.

WHICH place is best supplied with corn, d' ye think?
Have they rain water or fresh springs to drink?
Their wines I care not for; when at my farm,
I can drink any sort without much harm;
But at the sea I need a generous kind
To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply,
And make me comely in a lady's eye.
Which tract is best for game? On which sea-coast
Urchins and other fish abound the most?
That so, when I return, my friends may see
A sleek Phæacian come to life in me:
These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
And I no less must act on what I hear.

THE COMMON LOT.

LET not the frowns of fate
  Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor when she smiles on thee, do thou elate
  With vanishing thoughts ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
  Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
  Each favorite retreat,
Thou must leave us all — all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

One road, and to one bourne,
We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
Of unrelenting Fate
The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all,
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall.

A PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND CONTENT.

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold,
Which makes my villagers look pinched and old,
What prayers are mine? "Oh, may I yet possess
The goods I have, or, if heaven pleases, less."

Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
Be all my own, not held at others' will!
Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
Nor make my life one flutter of suspense.

You 're not a miser: has all other vice
Departed in the train of avarice?
Or do ambitious longings, angry fret,
The terror of the grave, torment you yet?

Do you count up your birthdays by the year,
And thank the gods with gladness and good cheer,
O'erlook the failings of your friends, and grow
Gentler and better as your sands run low?

But I forbear; sufficient 't is to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away;
Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I 'll find
That best of blessings, a contented mind.

HORACE'S MONUMENT.

I 've reared a monument — my own —
More durable than brass;
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where howls loud Aufidus and came
Parched Daunus erst, a horde
Of mystic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word, —

As one who rose from mean estate,
The first with poet's fire
Æolic song to modulate
To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
Bind thou upon my hair.

To Leuconoë.

O seek not thou — 'tis not to know — what end to me, what end to thee
The gods have given, nor Babylonish numbers test, Leuconoë
How better far it is to bear whatever lot for us be cast!
Or whether Jove more winters still, or whether gives he this the last,

Which now on pumice-crags opposing ever breaks th' Etruscan sea;
Be wise; strain out thy wines, and trim thine all too long expectancy
To life's brief span. Now while we speak, invidious time hath slipt away.
O thou, as little as may be the morrow trusting, snatch to-day!

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

Howard, Blanche Willis, an American novelist; born at Bangor, Me., 1847; died at Stuttgart, October 7, 1898, where she married, in 1890, Baron von Teuffel, a physician of that city. Her books are: "One Summer" (1875); "One Year Abroad" (1877); "Aunt Serena" (1881); "Guenn" (1883); "Aulnay Tower" (1885); "Tony the Maid" (1887); "The Open Door" (1889); "A Battle and a Boy" (1892); "No Heroes" (1893).

An Umbrella Episode.[1]

(From "One Summer.")

Forbidden fruit being ever to our fallen natures the richest and ripest and sweetest, Miss Doane experienced vivid satisfaction in executing her fantastic scheme. She hilariously floundered off and on the narrow sidewalk, always insecure, and on this memorable night rendered unusually treacherous by occasional streams of running water and deep hidden pools, she joyously welcomed the cold raindrops as they beat persistently against her cheek, and was intoxicated with the pleasure of struggling with all her might against the constant efforts of the wind to seize and whirl away her umbrella, — efforts which she interpreted as the playful frolics of a friend, so jovial was her mood. She skipped along, stumbled along, blew along. The mode of progression signified nothing to her. She only felt that the storm was superb, that the great elms whose swaying branches she barely could distinguish in the darkness were sobbing and sighing around her, that a mighty wind was almost lifting her bodily from the ground. She pitied girls, her former self among them, who had only ventured forth in decorous drizzles, and who knew nothing of the rapturous excitement of a mad, wild, tempestuous night like this.

She reached the bookstore, bought the coveted pamphlet.

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The man stared as he passed the book to her. Visions of tall girls with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes and numerous streamlets trickling from their apparel, half-breathlessly demanding light literature at nearly nine o'clock on the stormiest of evenings, were not frequent in his limited experience, and "eyes were made for seeing." The gaze of the grim librarian did not disconcert Miss Doane in the least. She grasped her novel and umbrella and passed out swiftly into the flood like a nineteenth-century Undine.

The buoyancy, the champagne-like frothiness of spirit still electrified her; but alas, champagne loses its sparkle, and forbidden fruit must some time turn to dust and ashes on the lips that taste it! As she drew near an exposed corner, it seemed as if all the winds of heaven had broken loose, were rioting madly, and seeking whom they might devour. Twice they beat her back in spite of her struggles, twitched violently at the closely fastened waterproof, and put a fiendish desire to soar away over the dusky tree-tops into her hitherto trustworthy umbrella. She retreated a step or two, stopped a moment to regain her breath, then, taking advantage of a partial cessation of hostilities, gathered herself together for a final mighty effort, and, with head bent forward, umbrella tightly clinched in both hands and held at an angle of about thirty degrees, made a grand spring, charged valiantly through the warring elements, triumphantly turned the corner, and, with singular precision of aim, plunged the apex of her umbrella directly into the face and eyes of an unwary pedestrian who was approaching from the opposite direction.

Miss Doane's momentum was great, — great also the severity of the blow she had unwittingly administered, and great the surprise and dismay she experienced at finding her freedom so suddenly brought to an inglorious end. In the confusion caused by the abrupt fall of her spirits from extreme excitement and elation to real regret, mingled with a ludicrous sense of the absurdity of her unprovoked assault, the "I beg your pardon, sir," which sprang from her heart found no utterance. After a truly feminine fashion, she ran away frantically a few feet, then stood still and speechless at a short distance from her victim.

Who was he? What was he? If it were only light enough for her to judge by his looks whether she had better offer him assistance; for an exclamation of pain at the moment of the umbrella's direful deed, and now the stranger's motionless attitude, gave sufficient evidence that he was suffering. After all, whatever he might be, whether fierce desperado — a growth not indigenous to Edgecomb soil, she knew well — or innocent ploughboy, which was much more likely to be the case, in ordinary kindness she could not leave him without a word of sympathy. Prudential motives for declining to enter into conversation with a stranger in utter darkness and the instinctive womanly desire to be of service if she were needed, together with unusual difficulty in knowing what to say, struggled for mastery in the girl's mind during the agitated minute which followed the accident. A half-suppressed groan from the subject of her reflections made her ashamed of her silly scruples, and she moved towards him with an expression of sincerest regret upon her lips. Her remark was however unspoken, for the stranger at the same moment advanced, and in a gentlemanly voice said, —

"My good woman — "

"Good woman, indeed!" she thought indignantly and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, her sympathies giving way to wounded pride of station. "Does he take me for a milkmaid?" Then, common-sense coming to the rescue: "Well, am I not a good woman? Naughtier than usual to-night, no doubt," with sundry misgivings as to the strict propriety of her conduct, "but a good woman, nevertheless. Certainly there is nothing offensive in the words in themselves. Nobody ever happened to call me so before, and there is a good deal in association; but the poor man is in a dilemma, too; how in the world is he to know in what manner to address me?"

He evidently was somewhat embarrassed. He had hesitated after first using the obnoxious phrase; but, reasoning that the "Madam" which would be his involuntary mode of address under other circumstances would be wholly out of place applied to a servant or to any woman out unprotected on such a furious night, he went on in a kind, reassuring tone, —

"Do not be alarmed. Let me speak with you a moment."

This seemed to be an invitation to approach, as the violence of the storm rendered conversation at her present distance from him a difficult matter. There was in his manner a quiet dignity, — almost a command, — to which she found herself at once responding.

"May I trouble you to assist me?" he asked as she drew near, and saw that he was trying to tie his handkerchief round his head, and that the wind and the necessity of holding his hat in his hand made this ordinarily simple operation a difficult one. Without a word, she mechanically put her umbrella into his outstretched hand, took the fluttering handkerchief, folded it compactly, and tied it firmly, in accordance with his direction, "Round both eyes, if you please, — not too tight," then stood as if in a dream, awaiting further orders from this unknown and extraordinary individual. Recovering herself, she ventured to say, —

"Are you much hurt, sir? I am very sorry."

"Not seriously, I hope, although I am in some pain," he replied. "However, it is my own fault. With such mean and miserable eyes, I ought not to have come out to-night," he continued, addressing himself rather than the supposed young rustic.

"Singular coincidence! Neither ought I," she thought.

"My good girl," — an indefinable something had told him that it was a young girl whose gentle, dexterous hands had touched his hair, — "do you think you could — " He paused, then with some reluctance said: "The fact is, I hardly know what I 'd better do. Your umbrella has nearly put out my eye, — has injured it enough to make it exceedingly painful, at all events, — which is not in the slightest degree your fault, of course," he added, courteously. "I am sorry to ask so much of any woman, particularly of a stranger; but could you be my guide home? Would you object to walking to my boarding-place with me?"

No untutored peasant-maiden could have faltered, in reply to this somewhat astounding proposal, a more bashful "I d-o-n'-t k-n-o-w" than came faintly from the lips of the self-possessed and elegant Miss Doane.

"These country girls are always shy," he thought, "and no wonder she is afraid of me under the circumstances. Poor little thing!"

Then, very gently, as if encouraging a frightened child, he explained: "Indeed, I would not trouble you if I could help it. My eyes have been almost powerless of late, and I hardly dare strain them by trying to grope my way back when one eye is so inflamed and irritated by that hostile weapon of yours that the other is suffering in sympathy. Perhaps some man might be induced to go. The difficulty would be in finding anybody. The shops must be closed at this hour." Then, with the utmost courtesy: "You need not be afraid. My name is Ogden. I am staying out at the Holbrook Farm. Pardon me if I ask you once more if you will be good enough to walk there with me. It is possible for me to go alone, of course ; but difficult, and likely to be worse for me in the end — " And he drew a long breath as if the bruise pained him, and as if it wearied him to make so careful an explanation for the benefit of this extremely taciturn young country woman.

She started when he gave his name. She was seized with a violent impulse to seek safety in flight. " Such an incredible state of things ! " she thought; then bravely accepted the situation, and said quietly, —

" I will go with you, sir."

" I thank you. Will you take my arm ? I hope the extra walk will not fatigue you; yet, if you dare venture out at all to-night — " He stopped abruptly, fearing his remark might seem rude.

In her interpretation, his unspoken thought gained tenfold severity.

" A common, coarse country girl like me, who dares venture out at all to-night, cannot be injured by walking an additional mile," she thought, in much vexation. " Does he need to be formally presented to one by Mrs. Grundy, before he recognizes one as a lady ? Ought I to be labelled, ' This is a gentlewoman,' that the stupid man may know me when he sees me ? " Then, repenting, " But the poor man has not seen me, and I have hardly opened my lips. How should he know ? " After a moment she waxed indignant again. " But he ought to know. He ought to know without hearing or seeing me. I never will excuse it in him, never ! "

Thus, her heart full of conflicting emotions, pity for her silent companion as a fellow-creature in pain alternating with unreasoning wrath against him as Mr. Philip Ogden, who had presumed to adopt towards her a tone of calm and dignified superiority, and who had not had the superhuman discernment to recognize her, in spite of the obstacles, as his social equal, Miss Doane walked by Mr. Ogden's side, inwardly rebellious, outwardly guiding his steps with praiseworthy meekness.

And he with that sickening pain in the eyes which sends a throbbing to the brain and intense nervous irritability over the whole system, and makes it difficult for the gentlest nature to be patient, thought but little of her after the brief conversation recorded. She was the means; the speediest possible arrival at Farmer Holbroook's, the end he had in view. So through the storm these two, whom Fate had so curiously thrown together, pursued their way.

She knew perfectly where the farm was. She had seen it on the main road as she entered the village. From her lofty pinnacle on top of the stage, she had looked admiringly upon its soft undulating fields, thrifty orchards, snug cottage, and great barns; and Tom had inquired the owner's name of the stage-driver, who had responded with the eager loquacity peculiar to the genus. The place was nearly a mile from Miss Phipps's mansion, for whose friendly shelter she now sighed, deeming even that much-derided parlor an unattainable bower of bliss.

Once the idea of announcing herself to this cool and self-sufficient gentleman, of witnessing his inevitable embarrassment should she mention her name and Tom's, and of so revenging herself, occurred to her. But she recalled the shade of authority which she had observed in his manner, in spite of the extreme gentleness of his tone, and also the wonder he had implied, that any decent country girl should brave the severity of so stormy a night, and unseen in the darkness she blushed crimson with mortification, and bitterly lamented her senseless whim and its consequences. She could not declare herself. She had been guilty of an act, indiscreet, according to this man's code, in the ignorant village girl for whom he had mistaken her. Should she then stop by the roadside, withdraw her hand from his arm, make a profound courtesy before his bandaged, unseeing eyes, and, after the fashion of the sultan in the Arabian Nights, throw off her disguise, and exclaim in a melodramatic manner, "Pause, vain man! Behold in me, Miss Laura Doane, a person not entirely unknown in the polite circles in which you move, and of whom, doubtless, you have frequently heard?"

No! she was in a false position, but she had placed herself there by her own folly, and there must she remain till that fatal promenade was over.

After leaving the village, sidewalks ceased and their path lay through the muddy road. No sound was heard but the voice of the storm, until Mr. Ogden, who had apparently been forgetting his companion's very existence, said kindly, —

"I hope I am not taking you too far out of your way. This road is hard travelling in wet weather."

"It is not too far," she answered in a low voice, and with a twofold meaning of which he was unconscious. She was actually taking grim delight in her penance. She felt that the tiresome walk was no more than she deserved to endure. To his mild conversational effort she responded by a brief inquiry as to the condition of his eyes.

"Eyes are obstinate things when hurt," he said pleasantly. "Probably I suffer more from this evening's accident on account of their previous weakness. There 's a wretched fatality about sensitive eyes. Everything is certain to get into them, — cinders in the cars and umbrellas dark nights, for instance. But I assure you they are infinitely less painful than they would have been had I been forced to expose them to the wind and rain and grope my way alone. It was the strain of trying to keep this invalid fellow on the alert which I dreaded, and so I ventured to trouble you. I am very grateful to you for the relief your presence affords me."

She knew that he must be still suffering. Evidently he would not permit the rude girl who had caused the injury to perceive how much harm she had done. That was generous in him; yet he spoiled it all by that indefinable tone in his voice. It was not condescension, — nothing so disagreeable as that. It was more like the over-punctiliousness with which one remembers to thank an inferior who does one a service. It was too careful, too formal for equality, and it piqued her. She did not therefore feel amiable, and she made no reply to his acknowledgment.

They walked on in silence, and soon she saw a light in a house which they were approaching. It was the Holbrook cottage. All the lights were out except this one at a chamber window. His room, she thought, as she noticed a porcelain shade softening the glare.

They reached the door of the cottage. She stopped. He quickly pushed up the bandage. "Are we here at last?" Then as he glanced up to his window, he gave a slight exclamation of pain. "I beg your pardon," he said, "the lid seems quite helpless, and an acute pain took me unawares as I looked up." She turned to go. There was a slight awkward silence; then her warm heart conquered her pride and pique.

"I am very sorry. I hope it will be better soon." She spoke in a low, constrained voice. He said, —

"Thank you. I imagine it will amount to very little." Then rapidly, as if fearing interruption, "You have done me a great service. Do not think I offer this in payment, only perhaps you know of a book or" — apparently doubting the intellectual aspirations of his guide — "a little ribbon you may fancy, and if you will buy it in remembrance of my gratitude, you will make me still more indebted to you." Putting her umbrella in her hand and with it a bank-note, with a hasty good-night, he opened the door, passed in, and closed it again before the girl had recovered from the overpowering amazed indignation into which the last and most unexpected turn of affairs had plunged her.

Money! Had he dared give her money? Insulting! Incredible! She could have screamed with rage and humiliation. She never once thought of dropping it where she stood. After the first paroxysm of hurt and angry pride had passed, she held it crushed feverishly in her hand, and accepting it as the most cruel discipline she had yet undergone, the crowning torture of this wretched evening, but in no way to be escaped from, she turned from the hateful spot and started towards the village.

Her walk was sadly fatiguing. The excitement which had before sustained her and enabled her to struggle gayly with the storm was succeeded by extreme depression. The reaction had come. The rumbling of distant thunder warned her to hasten. The condition of the road, her weary feet and drenched clothing, made her progress slow. At last, as a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by an ominous peal, illumined her path, she reached the house. The door was unfastened. The lamp still stood upon the parlor mantel. Cold, almost exhausted, enraged with herself, and bitterly denouncing the obtuseness of Mr. Philip Ogden, she wearily ascended the stairs and shut herself in her room.

She removed her wet clothing, put on a warm wrapper and slippers, let down her hair, and seated herself in a low rocking-chair for a *résumé* of the evening's woes. Her present physical comfort began to influence her views. Things did not look so utterly disgraceful as when she was wandering, forlorn and fatigued, out in the black night. Ah, but the money! How it had burned her hand all the way back! She rose and took the crumpled bill from her dressing-table. She smoothed it out with scrupulous care. She examined it with cynical interest on both sides. She turned it up and down, laid it upon her toilet-cushion, then pinned it up on the wall, and studied the effect. Two dollars Mr. Ogden had munificently bestowed upon her in token of his grateful appreciation of her services. She looked in the little mirror with a sarcastic smile that said: "Leigh Doane, you have not lived in vain. You have turned an honest penny. You have fairly earned two dollars." What should she do with it? Keep it for a time as a reminder of the Valley of Humiliation through which she had passed, and then drop it in the charity-box at the church-door? Yes, that would do. She laid it in her writing-desk and sat down again to think.

A scene from one of Madame d'Arblay's novels flashed into her head. It was that thrilling moment in "Cecilia" where the adoring lover finds himself alone with his charmer in a storm. The aristocratic maiden becomes pallid, imbecile, and limp, according to the invariable custom of the heroine of the old-fashioned romance, when the slightest mental or physical exertion is demanded of her. He is nearly frantic with excess of emotion at actually being in the presence of his adored one, with no lady's-maid, companion, or stately duenna to protect her from his timorous advances. The storm increases. She trembles with fear. Her step falters. The lover observes this with exceeding solicitude, and the exigencies of the case tempting him to disregard conventional barriers, the rash impetuous youth ventures upon the unheard-of familiarity of offering his arm as a support to the gentlest and most inefficient of her sex. Aware that the license of his conduct, though palliated by the unprecedented circumstances, was, nevertheless, open to censure in its departure from the code of etiquette in vogue in the painfully rarefied atmosphere of extremely high life, yet quite overcome with the rapture of having her finger-tips resting confidingly upon his coat-sleeve, in tones of subdued ecstasy he exclaims, "Sweet, lovely burden, O, why not thus forever!"

When this picture of the astounding difficulties attending the course of true love in the olden time had first presented itself to her, it had been a source of great amusement. Indeed, many novels, dear, no doubt, to her grandmother, were wont to convulse her with irreverent mirth. Could anything be funnier than the stilted phraseology of those lovesick, perplexed swains, and the laments of the lachrymose heroines who wring their hands frantically on all occasions, and evince a chronic incapacity for doing anything of the least use to any human being? She had sometimes congratulated herself upon being commonplace Leigh Doane in the present state of society, instead of a Sophronia Belinda Araminta Clarissa Mac Ferguson under the old régime. But never had the contrast between then and now, between the lifeless but highly decorous demeanor of the model girl of the past "period" and the extravagant wilfulness of her own conduct, struck her so forcibly. Madame d'Arblay's representation of maidenly propriety, the "ever-lovely Miss Beverly," had nearly fainted in the fiery ordeal of walking a short distance with an esteemed gentleman friend in broad daylight. She, on the contrary, a girl most carefully reared according to modern ideas, had manifested sufficient discreditable vigor to nearly annihilate an unknown man, and had then walked by his side and guided his steps over a long, rough country-road, in intense darkness and a violent storm. She remembered mild, timid, clinging Cecilia, and smiled. She thought of fearless, self-confident Leigh, and groaned.

Now if he had only thrust an umbrella into her eye, how much better would it have been! It is woman's province to suffer, and it would have been the most natural thing in the world for her to meet with an accident; quite romantic had she been obliged to accept the escort of an unknown gentleman, who would eloquently protest that he never could forgive himself for his awkwardness, and who would prove to be Tom's old friend. But how unnatural, how ridiculous, for her to savagely charge at him, and then in silence, like a bashful, stupid, rustic, take the wounded man to his destination! The former case would have been like some piquant little adventure in a book. As it actually happened, it was grotesquely transposed, and all wrong. What would Bessie say? Tom should never know. He would tease her too unmercifully. And as for his friend, Mr. Ogden, whose mental vision must be as blind as were his outward eyes, she would never, never meet him if she could help herself, and she would despise him, upon principle, all her life. "My good girl —" Here an overwhelming consciousness of the utter ludicrousness of the affair from beginning to end rushed over her, and she laughed aloud. Peal after peal of nervous hysterical laughter burst from her lips, until the tears rolled down her cheeks. Luckily Miss Phipps was too remote to be roused by this untimely merriment, or she would have risen in alarm, fearing for the sanity of her young guest. The ebullition proved a relief. It carried away much self-reproach and chagrin from the girl's mind. It left regret and some humiliation, but also the more cheerful tendency to look upon Mr. Ogden's uncalled-for generosity as an enormous joke rather than as the personal insult she had been inclined to consider it, and she laid her head on her pillow more happily than she would have deemed possible an hour before. But immutability is not a characteristic of one's emotions at twenty. Her experience that evening had been a varied one, and she had passed through a thousand phases of feeling.

Her last thought as she closed her eyes was, "'Perhaps you may stumble against him somewhere,' — O you wise, prophetic Tom!"

To the Lark.

Sentinel of the morning light!
Reveller of the Spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying!
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne.

O, wilt thy climb yon heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light!
And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,
My Lady Love, the moonbeam of the West!

No woodland caroller art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song!

Anonymous.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Howe, Julia Ward, a famous American poet, essayist, lecturer, and philanthropist, was born in New York City, May 27, 1819. Her father, Samuel Ward, a well-known banker, gave her an education which comprised an unusually wide range of studies. At seventeen, while still a school-girl, she published a review of Lamartine's "Jocelyn" with an English metrical translation, a review of Dwight's translations from Goethe and Schiller, and a number of original poems. At the age of twenty-four she was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist, whom she assisted in editing the anti-slavery journal, the Boston "Commonwealth." She visited Rome; and returning to Boston, she published, in 1852, a collection of poems under the title "Passion Flowers;" which was followed by "Words for the Hour" (1857); a drama which was produced at Wallack's in New York in 1857; "A Trip to Cuba" (1860), which is said to have been numbered among the books prohibited in Cuba; "Later Lyrics" (1866), containing her celebrated "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" "From the Oak to the Olive" (1868). In 1869 she took a prominent part in the woman's rights movement; she assisted in founding the New England Women's Club. In 1872 she went to London as delegate to the prison reform congress; and while there she helped to establish the Woman's Peace Association. In 1874 she issued "Sex and Education," in reply to Clarke's "Sex in Education;" and in 1876, upon her husband's death, she wrote a "Memoir" of him. Her lectures on "Modern Society" were published in 1881, and her "Life of Margaret Fuller" appeared in 1883. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written in 1861, while on a visit to the camps near Washington. To the tune of the "John Brown" song it quickly became, as one writer says, "the Marseillaise of the late American war."

The Lamb Without.[1]

Whene'er I close the door at night,
And turn the creaking key about,
A pang renewed assails my heart —
I think, my darling is shut out.

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[1] Used by permission of Lee and Shepard.

Think that beneath these starry skies,
  He wanders, with his little feet;
The pines stand hushed in glad surprise,
  The garden yields its tribute sweet.

Thro' every well-known path and nook
  I see his angel footsteps glide,
As guileless as the Paschal Lamb
  That kept the Infant Saviour's side.

His earnest eye, perhaps, can pierce
  The gloom in which his parents sit;
He wonders what has changed the house,
  And why the cloud hangs over it.

He passes with a pensive smile —
  Why do they linger to grow old,
And what the burthen on their hearts?
  On *him* shall sorrow have no hold.

Within the darkened porch I stand —
  Scarce knowing why, I linger long;
Oh! could I call thee back to me,
  Bright birds of heaven, with sooth or song!

But no — the wayworn wretch shall pause
  To bless the shelter of this door;
Kinsman and guest shall enter in,
  But my lost darling never more.

Yet, waiting on his gentle ghost,
  From sorrow's void, so deep and dull,
Comes a faint breathing of delight,
  A presence calm and beautiful.

I have him, not in outstretched arms,
  I hold him, not with straining sight,
While in the blue depths of quietude
  Drops, like a star, my still "Good-night."

Thus, nightly, do I bow my head
  To the Unseen, Eternal force;
Asking sweet pardon of my child
  For yielding him in Death's divorce.

He turned away from childish plays,
  His baby toys he held in scorn;
He loved the forms of thought divine,
  Woods, flowers, and fields of waving corn.

And then I knew, my little one
  Should by no vulgar lore be taught;
But by the symbol God has given
  To solemnize our common thought.

The mystic angels, three in one,
  The circling serpent's faultless round,
And, in far glory dim, the Cross,
  Where love o'erleaps the human bound.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
    His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
    His day is marching on.

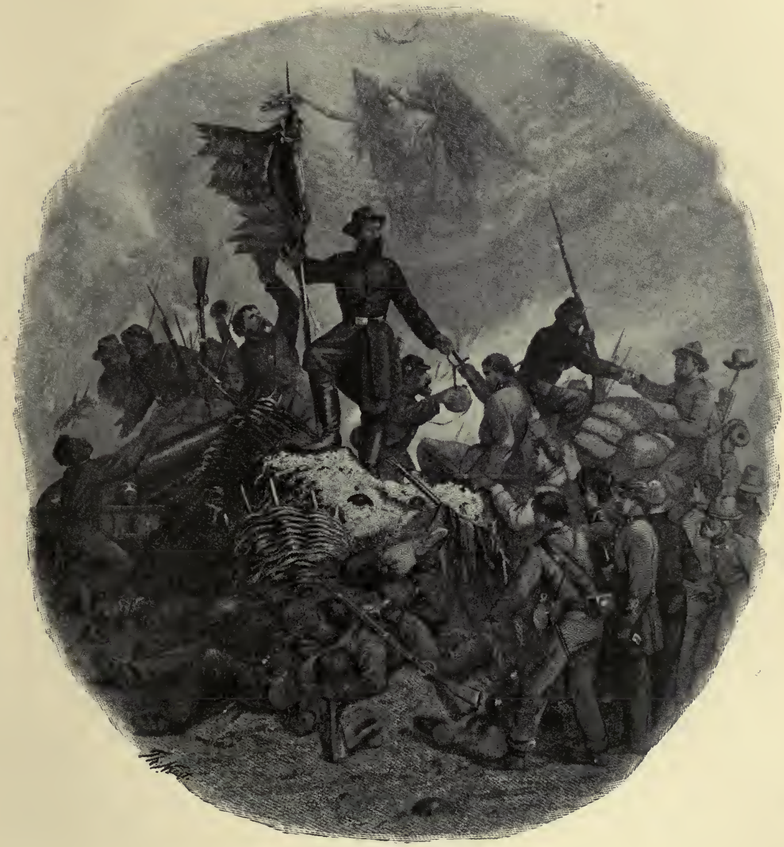
I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
    Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
    Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
    While God is marching on!

OUR COUNTRY.

ON primal rocks she wrote her name,
  Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
  Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.



" He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat "

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
  And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
  To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the ’broidered Land
  To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
  Her virtue’s fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
  O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
  Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
  Let the crown-jewel Truth be found:
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
  Love’s happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
  Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
  Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
  So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
  And storm-sped angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
  Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
  The gift of faith, the crown of song.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Howells, William Dean, an American novelist; born at Martinsville, Belmont County, Ohio, March 1, 1837. When he was three years old his family removed to Hamilton, Ohio, and here he learned to set type in the office of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper published by his father. On their removal to Dayton, in 1849, young Howells assisted his father in printing the "Transcript," and delivered the papers. He afterward worked on the "Ohio State Journal," and the "Sentinel" of Ashtabula, which the elder Howells purchased. At the age of twenty-two he became one of the editors of the "State Journal" at Columbus. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States Consul at Venice. In 1866 he became assistant editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and in 1872 its editor. He resigned the position in 1881. In 1886 he took charge of the "Editor's Study" of "Harper's Magazine," but resigned in 1892 and took editorial charge of the "Cosmopolitan." His works include "Poems of Two Friends" (1860), with J. J. Piatt; "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1860); six poems in "Poets and Poetry of the West" (1860); "Venetian Life" (1866); "Italian Journeys" (1867); "No Love Lost: a Romance of Travel" (1869); "Suburban Sketches" (1871); "Their Wedding Journey" (1872); "A Chance Acquaintance" (1873); "Poems" (1873); "A Foregone Conclusion" (1875); "Sketch of the Life and Character of Rutherford B. Hayes" (1876); "A Day's Pleasure" (1876); "The Parlor Car" (1876), a farce; "Out of the Question" (1877), a comedy; "A Counterfeit Presentment" (1877), a comedy; "The Lady of the Aroostook" (1879); "The Undiscovered Country" (1880); "A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Stories" (1881); "Dr. Breen's Practice" (1881); "Buying a Horse" (1881); "A Modern Instance" (1882); "The Sleeping-Car" (1883), a farce; "A Woman's Reason" (1883); "A Little Girl among the Old Masters" (1884); "The Register" (1884), a farce; "Three Villages" (1884); "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885); "The Elevator" (1885), a farce; "Indian Summer" (1885); "Tuscan Cities" (1886); "The Garroters" (1886), a farce; "Poems" (1886); biographical sketch, "George Fuller: His Life and Works" (1886); "Modern Italian Poets" (1887); "The Minister's Charge" (1887); edited with T.

S. Perry "Library of Universal Adventure by Sea and Land" (1888); "April Hopes" (1888); "A Sea-Change, a Lyricated Farce" (1888); "Annie Kilburn" (1889); "The Mouse Trap and Other Farces" (1889); "A Hazard of New Fortunes" (1890); "The Shadow of a Dream" (1890); "A Boy's Town" (1890); "Criticism and Fiction" (1891); edited "Poems" (1892), by George Pellew; "An Imperative Duty" (1892); "The Albany Depot" (1892); "A Letter of Introduction" (1892), a farce; "A Little Swiss Sojourn" (1892); "The Quality of Mercy" (1892); "The World of Chance" (1893); "The Coast of Bohemia" (1893); "The Niagara Book" (1893), with S. L. Clemens and others; "Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories Told for Children" (1893); "Evening Dress" (1893), a farce; "My Year in a Log Cabin" (1893); "The Unexpected Guests" (1893), a farce; "A Likely Story" (1894), a farce; "Five O'clock Tea" (1894), a farce; "A Traveller from Altruria" (1894), a romance; "My Literary Passions" (1895); "Stops of Various Quills" (1895); "Landlord at Lion's Head" (1896); "The Day of their Wedding" (1896); "A Parting and a Meeting" (1896); "Impressions and Experiences" (1896), largely autobiographical; "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy" (1897); "A Previous Engagement" (1897).

LYOF TOLSTOY.

THERE is a certain unsatisfactory meagreness in the facts of Lyof Tolstoy's life, as they are given outside of his own works. In these he has imparted himself with a fulness which has an air almost of anxiety to leave nothing unsaid, — as if any reticence would rest like a sense of insincerity on his conscience. But such truth as relates to dates and places, and seems the basis of our knowledge concerning other men, is with him hardly at all structural: we do not try to build his moral or intellectual figure upon it or about it.

He is of an aristocratic lineage, which may be traced back to Count Piotr Tolstoy, a friend and comrade of Peter the Great; and he was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana near Tula, where he still lives. His parents died during his childhood, and he was left with their other children to the care of one of his mother's relatives at Kazan, where he entered the university. He did not stay to take a degree, but returned to Yasnaya Polyana, where he lived in retirement till 1851; when he went into the army, and served in the Caucasus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He quitted the service with the rank of division commander, and gave himself up to literary work at St. Petersburg, where his success was in every sort most brilliant; but when the serfs were set free, he retired to his estates, and took his part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them, personally and through books which he wrote for them.

He learned from these poor people far more than he taught them; and his real life dates from his efforts to make it one with their lives. He had married the daughter of a German physician in Moscow, — the admirable woman who has remained constant to the idealist through all his changing ideals, — and a family of children was growing up about him; but neither the cares nor the joys of his home sufficed to keep him from the despair which all his military and literary and social success had deepened upon him, and which had begun to oppress him from the earliest moments of moral consciousness.

The wisdom that he learned from toil and poverty was, that life has no meaning and no happiness except as it is spent for others; and it did not matter that the toiling poor themselves illustrated the lesson unwittingly and unwillingly. Tolstoy perceived that they had the true way often in spite of themselves; but that their reluctance or their ignorance could not keep the blessing from them which had been withheld from him, and from all the men of his kind and quality. He found that they took sickness and misfortune simply and patiently, and that when their time came to die, they took death simply and patiently. To them life was not a problem or a puzzle: it was often heavy and hard, but it did not mock or deride them; it was not malign, and it was not ironical. He believed that the happiness he saw in them came first of all from their labor.

So he began to work out his salvation with his own hands. He put labor before everything else in his philosophy, and through all his changes and his seeming changes he has kept it there. There had been a time when he thought he must destroy himself, after glory in arms and in letters had failed to suffice him, after the love of wife and children had failed to console him, and nothing would ease the intolerable burden of being. But labor gave him rest; and he tasted the happiness of those whose existence is a continual sacrifice through service to others.

He must work hard every day, or else he must begin to die at heart; and so he believes must every man. But then, for the life which labor renders tolerable and significant, some sort of formulated faith was essential; and Tolstoy began to search the Scriptures. He learned from the teachings of Jesus Christ that he must not only not kill, but he must not hate or despise other men; he must not only keep himself chaste, but he must keep his thoughts from unchastity; he must not only not forswear himself, but he must not swear at all; he must not only not do evil, but he must not *resist* evil. If his own practice had been the negation of these principles, he could not therefore deny their righteousness; if all civilization, as we see it now, was the negation of these principles, civilization — in so far as it was founded upon war, and pride, and luxury, and oaths, and judgments, and punishments — was wrong and false. The sciences, so far as they failed to better the lot of common men, seemed to him futile; the fine arts, so far as they appealed to the passions, seemed worse than futile; the mechanic arts, with their manifold inventions, were senseless things in the sight of this seer, who sought the kingdom of God. Titles, honors, riches; courts, judges, executioners; nationalities, armies, battles; culture, pleasure, amusement, — he counted these all evil or vain.

The philosophy of Tolstoy is neither more nor less than the doctrine of the Gospels, chiefly as he found it in the words of Jesus. Some of us whose lives it accused, have accused him of going beyond Christ in his practice of Christ's precepts. We say that having himself led a worldly, sensual, and violent life, he naturally wished to atone for it by making every one also lead a poor, dull, and ugly life. It is no part of my business to defend him, or to justify him; but as against this anger against him, I cannot do less than remind the reader that Tolstoy, in confessing himself so freely and fully to the world, and preaching the truth as he feels it, claims nothing like infallibility. He compels no man's conscience, he shapes no man's conduct. If the truth which he has learned from the teachings of Jesus, and those other saviors and sages whom he follows less devotedly, compels the conscience and shapes the conduct of the reader, that is because this reader's soul cannot deny it. If the soul rejects it, that is no more than men have been doing ever since saviors and sages came into the world; and Tolstoy is neither to praise nor to blame.

No sincere person, I believe, will deny his sincerity, which is his authority outside of the gospel's: if any man will speak simply and truly to us, he masters us; and this and nothing else is what makes us helpless before the spirit of such books as "My Confession," "My Religion," "Life," "What to Do," and before the ethical quality of Tolstoy's fictions. We can remind ourselves that he is no more final than he pretends to be; that on so vital a point as the question of a life hereafter, he seems of late to incline to a belief in it, though at first he held such a belief to be a barbarous superstition. We can justly say that he does not lead a life of true poverty if his wife holds the means of keeping him from want, and from that fear of want which is the sorest burden of poverty. We can point out that his labor in making shoes is a worse than useless travesty, since it may deprive some wretched cobbler of his chance to earn his living by making and selling the shoes which Count Tolstoy makes and gives away. In these things we should have a certain truth on our side; though we should have to own that it was not his fault that he had not really declassed himself, and was constrained to the economic safety in which he dwells. We should have to confess that in this the great matter is the will; and that if benevolence stopped to take account of the harm it might work, there could be no such thing as charity in the world. We should have to ask ourselves whether Tolstoy's conversion to a belief in immortality is not an effect of his unselfish labor; whether his former doubt of immortality was not a lingering effect of the ambition, vanity, and luxury he has renounced. It had not indeed remained for him to discover that whenever we love, the truth is added unto us; but possibly it had remained for him to live the fact, to realize that unselfish labor gives so much meaning to human life that its significance cannot be limited to mortality.

However this may be, Tolstoy's purpose is mainly to make others realize that religion, that Christ, is for this actual world here, and not for some potential world elsewhere. If this is what renders him so hateful to those who postpone the Divine justice to another state of being, they may console themselves with the reflection that his counsel to unselfish labor is almost universally despised. There is so small danger that the kingdom of heaven will come by virtue of his example, that none of all who pray for it need be the least afraid of its coming. In any event his endeavor for a right life cannot be forgotten. Even as a pose, if we are to think so meanly of it as that, it is by far the most impressive spectacle of the century. All that he has said has been the law of Christianity open to any who would read, from the beginning; and he has not differed from most other Christians except in the attempt literally to do the will of Christ. Yet even in this he is not the first. Others have lived the life of labor voluntarily, and have abhorred war, and have suffered evil. But no man so gloriously gifted and so splendidly placed has bowed his neck and taken the yoke upon it. We must recognize Tolstoy as one of the greatest men of all time, before we can measure the extent of his renunciation. He was gifted, noble, rich, famous, honored, courted; and he has done his utmost to become plebeian, poor, obscure, neglected. He has truly endeavored to cast his lot with the lowliest, and he has counted it all joy so far as he has succeeded. His scruple against constraining the will of others suffers their will to make his self-sacrifice finally histrionic; but this seems to me not the least part of his self-sacrifice, which it gives a supreme touch of pathos. It is something that in fiction he alone could have imagined, and is akin to the experience of his own Karénin, who in a crucial moment forgives when he perceives that he cannot forgive without being ridiculous. Tolstoy, in allowing his family to keep his wealth, for fear of compelling them to the righteousness which they do not choose, becomes absurd in his inalienable safety and superiority; but we cannot say that he ought not to suffer this indignity. There is perhaps a lesson in his fate which we ought not to refuse, if we can learn from it that in our time men are bound together so indissolubly that every advance must include the whole of society, and that even self-renunciation must not accomplish itself at the cost of others' free choice.

It is usual to speak of the ethical and the æsthetical principles as if they were something separable; but they are hardly even divergent in any artist, and in Tolstoy they have converged from the first. He began to write at a time when realistic fiction was so thoroughly established in Russia that there was no question there of any other. Gogol had found the way out of the mists of romanticism into the open day, and Turguénief had so perfected the realistic methods that the subtlest analysis of character had become the essence of drama. Then Tolstoy arrived, and it was no longer a question of methods. In Turguénief, when the effect sought and produced is most ethical, the process is so splendidly æsthetical that the sense of its perfection is uppermost. In Tolstoy the meaning of the thing is so supreme that the delight imparted by the truth is qualified by no consciousness of the art.

Up to his time fiction had been part of the pride of life, and had been governed by the criterions of the world which it amused. But he replaced the artistic conscience by the human conscience. Great as my wonder was at the truth in Tolstoy's work, my wonder at the love in it was greater yet. Here for the first time, I found the most faithful pictures of life set in the light of that human conscience which I had falsely taught myself was to be ignored in questions of art, as something inadequate and inappropriate. In the august presence of the masterpieces, I had been afraid and ashamed of the highest instincts of my nature as something philistine and provincial. But here I stood in the presence of a master, who told me not to be afraid or ashamed of them, but to judge his work by them, since he had himself wrought in honor of them. I found the tests of conduct which I had used in secret with myself, applied as the rules of universal justice, condemning and acquitting in motive and action, and admitting none of those lawyers' pleas which baffle our own consciousness of right and wrong. Often in Tolstoy's ethics I feel a hardness, almost an arrogance (the word says too much); but in his æsthetics I have never felt this. He has transmuted the atmosphere of a realm hitherto supposed unmoral into the very air of heaven. I found nowhere in his work those base and cruel lies which cheat us into the belief that wrong may sometimes be right through passion, or genius, or heroism. There was everywhere the grave noble face of the truth that had looked me in the eyes all my life, and that I knew I must confront when I came to die. But there was something more than this, — infinitely more. There was that love which is before even the truth, without which there is no truth, and which, if there is any last day, must appear the Divine justice.

It is Tolstoy's humanity which is the grace beyond the reach of art in his imaginative work. It does not reach merely the poor and the suffering: it extends to the prosperous and the proud, and does not deny itself to the guilty. There had been many stories of adultery before "Anna Karénina," — nearly all the great novels outside of English are framed upon that argument, — but in "Anna Karénina" for the first time the whole truth was told about it. Tolstoy has said of the fiction of Maupassant that the truth can never be immoral; and in his own work I have felt that it could never be anything but moral. In the "Kreuzer Sonata," which gave a bad conscience to

Christendom, there was not a moment of indecency or horror that was not purifying and wholesome. It was not the logic of that tremendous drama that marriage was wrong, — though Tolstoy himself pushed on to some such conclusion, — but only that lustful marriage, provoked through appetite and fostered in idleness and luxury, was wrong. We may not have had the last word from him concerning the matter: he may yet see marriage, as he has seen immortality, to be the inevitable deduction from the human postulate. But whatever his mind about it may finally be, his comment on that novel seems to me his one great mistake, and a discord in the harmony of his philosophy.

It jars the more because what you feel most in Tolstoy is this harmony, — this sense of unity. He cannot admit in his arraignment of civilization the plea of a divided responsibility: he will not suffer the prince, or the judge, or the soldier, personally to shirk the consequences of what he officially does; and he refuses to allow in himself the division of the artist from the man. As I have already more than once said, his ethics and æsthetics are inseparably at one; and this is what gives a vital warmth to all his art. It is never that heartless skill which exists for its own sake, and is content to dazzle with the brilliancy of its triumphs. It seeks always the truth in the love to which alone the truth unveils itself. If Tolstoy is the greatest imaginative writer who ever lived, it is because, beyond all others, he has written in the spirit of kindness, and not denied his own personal complicity with his art.

As for the scope of his work, it would not be easy to measure it; for it seems to include all motives and actions, in good and bad, in high and low, and not to leave life untouched at any point as it shows itself in his vast Russian world. Its chief themes are the old themes of art always, — they are love, passion, death; but they are treated with such a sincerity, such a simplicity, that they seem almost new to art, and as effectively his as if they had not been touched before.

Until we read "The Cossacks," and witness the impulses of kindness in Olenin, we do not realize how much love has been despised by fiction, and neglected for passion. It is with a sort of fear and trembling that we find ourselves in the presence of this wish to do good to others, as if it might be some sort of mawkish sentimentality. But it appears again and again in the cycle of Tolstoy's work: in the vague aspirations recorded in "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth;" in the abnegation and shame of the husband in "Anna Karénina," when he wishes to forgive his wife's paramour; in the goodness of the *muzhik* to the loathsome sick man in "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch;" in the pitying patience of Prince Andrei Bolkonsky with Anatol Kuragin in "War and Peace," where amidst his own anguish he realizes that the man next him under the surgeon's knife is the wretch who robbed him of the innocent love of his betrothed; in the devotion of the master, even to the mergence of conscious identity, to the servant in "Master and Man;" — and at no time does it justify our first sceptical shrinking. It is as far as possible from the dramatic *tours de force* in Hugoesque fiction; it is not a conclusion that is urged or an effect that is solicited: it is the motive to which all beauty of action refers itself; it is human nature, — and it is as frankly treated as if there could be no question of it.

This love — the wish to do good and to be good, which is at the bottom of all our hearts, however we try to exclude it or deny it — is always contrasting itself in Tolstoy's work with passion, and proving the latter mortal and temporal in itself, and enduring only in its union with love. In most other novelists, passion is treated as if it were something important in itself, — as if its intensity were a merit and its abandon were a virtue, — its fruition Paradise, its defeat perdition. But in Tolstoy, almost for the first time, we are shown that passion is merely a condition; and that it has almost nothing to do with happiness. Other novelists represent lovers as forced by their passion to an ecstasy of selfish joy, or an ecstasy of selfish misery; but he shows us that they are only the more bound by it to the rest of the world. It is in fact, so far as it eventuates in marriage, the beginning of subjection to humanity, and nothing in it concerns the lovers alone.

It is not the less but the more mystical for this; and Tolstoy does full justice to all its mystical beauty, its mystical power. Its power upon Natasha, — that pure, good, wise girl, — whom it suddenly blinds and bewilders till she must be saved from ruin in spite of herself, and almost by violence; and upon Anna Karénina, — that loving mother, true friend, and obedient wife, — are illustrated with a vividness which I know not where to match. Dolly's wretchedness with her faithless husband, Kitty's happiness in the constancy of Levin, are neither unalloyed; and in all the instances and examples of passion, we are aware of the author's sense of its merely provisional character. This appears perhaps most impressively in the scenes of Prince Andreï Bolkonsky's long dying, where Natasha, when restored and forgiven for her aberration, becomes as little to him at last as if she had succeeded in giving herself to Anatol Kuragin. The theory of such matters is, that the passion which unites them in life must bring them closer still in death; but we are shown that it is not so.

Passion, we have to learn from the great master, who here as everywhere humbles himself to the truth, has in it life and death; but of itself it is something only as a condition precedent to these: without it neither can be; but it is lost in their importance, and is strictly subordinate to their laws. It has never been more charmingly and reverently studied in its beautiful and noble phases than it is in Tolstoy's fiction; though he has always dealt with it so sincerely, so seriously. As to its obscure and ugly and selfish phases, he is so far above all others who have written of it, that he alone seems truly to have divined it, or portrayed it as experience knows it. He never tries to lift it out of nature in either case, but leaves it more visibly and palpably a part of the lowest as well as the highest humanity.

He is apt to study both aspects of it in relation to death; so apt that I had almost said he is fond of doing it. He often does this in "War and Peace;" and in "Anna Karénina" the unity of passion and death might be said to be the principle and argument of the story. In "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" the unworthy passion of the marriage is a part of the spiritual squalor in which the wretched worldling goes down to his grave. In the "Kreuzer Sonata" it is the very essence of the murder; and in the "Powers of Darkness" it is the spring of the blackest evil. I suppose that one thing which has made Tolstoy most distasteful to man-made society is, that in all sins from passion he holds men chiefly accountable. It is their luxury which is so much to blame for the perversion. I can recall, at the moment, only one woman — the Princess Helena — in whom he censures the same evils; and even in her he lets you feel that her evil is almost passive, and such as man-made society chiefly forced upon her. Tolstoy has always done justice to women's nature; he has nowhere mocked or satirized them without some touch of pity or extenuation: and he brings Anna Karénina through her passion to her death, with that tender lenity for her sex which recognizes womanhood as indestructibly pure and good.

He comes nearer unriddling life for us than any other writer. He persuades us that it cannot possibly give us any personal happiness; that there is no room for the selfish joy of any one except as it displaces the joy of some other, but that for unselfish joy there is infinite place and occasion. With the same key he unlocks the mystery of death; and he imagines so strenuously that death is neither more nor less than a transport of self-surrender, that he convinces the reason where there can be no proof. The reader will not have forgotten how in those last moments of earth which he has depicted, it is this utter giving up which is made to appear the first moment of heaven. Nothing in his mastery is so wonderful as his power upon us in the scenes of the borderland where his vision seems to pierce the confines of another world. He comes again and again to it, as if this exercise of his seership had for him the same fascination that we feel in it: the closing hours of Prince Andreï, the last sorrowful instants of Anna Karénina, the triumphal abnegation of the philistine Ivan Ilyitch, the illusions and disillusions of the dying soldier in "Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol," the transport of the sordid merchant giving his life for his servant's in "Master and Man," — all these, with perhaps others that fail to occur to me, are qualified by the same conviction, imparting itself so strongly that it is like a proven fact.

Of a man who can be so great in the treatment of great things, we can ask ourselves only after a certain reflection whether he is as great as some lesser men in some lesser things; and I have a certain diffidence in inquiring whether Tolstoy is a humorist. But I incline to think that he is, though the humor of his facts seeks him rather than he it. One who feels life so keenly cannot help feeling its grotesqueness through its perversions, or help smiling at it, with whatever pang in his heart. I should say that his books rather abounded in characters helplessly comic. Oblonsky in "Anna Karénina," the futile and amiably unworthy husband of Dolly, is delicious; and in "War and Peace," old Count Rostof, perpetually insolvent, is pathetically ridiculous, — as Levin in the first novel often is, and Pierre Bezukhoï often is in the second. His irony, without harshness or unkindness, often pursues human nature in its vain twistings and turnings, with effects equally fresh and true; as where

Nikolai Rostof, flying before the French, whom he had just been trying his worst to kill, finds it incredible that they should be seeking to harm one whom he knew to be so kind and good as himself. In Polikushka, where the two *muzhiks* watching by the peasant's dead body try to shrink into themselves when some polite people come in, and to make themselves small because they are aware of smelling of the barn-yard, there is the play of such humor as we find only now and then in the supreme humorists. As for pathos, the supposed corollary of humor, I felt that I had scarcely known what it might be till I read Tolstoy. In literature, so far as I know it, there is nothing to match with the passage describing Anna Karénina's stolen visit to her little son after she has deserted her husband.

I touch this instance and that, in illustration of one thing and another: but I feel after all as if I had touched almost nothing in Tolstoy, so much remains untouched; though I am aware that I should have some such feeling if I multiplied the instances indefinitely. Much is said of the love of nature in writers, who are supposed to love it as they catalogue or celebrate its facts; but in Tolstoy's work the nature is there just as the human nature is: simple, naked, unconscious. There is the sky that is really over our heads; there is the green earth, the open air; the seasons come and go: it is all actual, palpable, — and the joy of it as uncontrived apparently as the story which it environs, and which gives no more the sense of invention than the history of some veritable passage of human events. In "War and Peace" the fortunes of the fictitious personages are treated in precisely the same spirit, and in the same manner, as the fortunes of the real personages: Bezukhoï and Napoleon are alike real.

Of methods in Tolstoy, then, there can scarcely be any talk. He has apparently no method: he has no purpose but to get what he thinks, simply and clearly before us. Of style there seems as little to say; though here, since I know him only in translation, I cannot speak confidently. He may have a very marked style in Russian; but if this was so, I do not see how it could be kept out of the versions. In any case, it is only when you come to ask yourself what it is, that you realize its absence. His books are full of Tolstoy, — his conviction, his experience, — and yet he does not impart his personal quality to the diction as other masters do. It would indeed be as hard to imitate the literature as the life of Tolstoy, which will probably find only a millennial succession.

HOUSE-HUNTING.[1]

(From "A Hazard of New Fortunes.")

In the uprooting and transplanting of their home that followed, Mrs. March often trembled before distant problems and possible contingencies, but she was never troubled by present difficulties. She kept up with tireless energy; and in the moments of dejection and misgiving which harassed her husband she remained dauntless, and put heart into him when he had lost it altogether.

She arranged to leave the children in the house with the servants, while she went on with March to look up a dwelling of some sort in New York. It made him sick to think of it; and when it came to the point, he would rather have given up the whole enterprise. She had to nerve him to it, to represent more than once that now they had no choice but to make this experiment. Every detail of parting was anguish to him. He got consolation out of the notion of letting the house furnished for the winter; that implied their return to it; but it cost him pangs of the keenest misery to advertise it; and when a tenant was actually found, it was all he could do to give him the lease. He tried his wife's love and patience as a man must to whom the future is easy in the mass, but terrible as it translates itself piecemeal into the present. He experienced remorse in the presence of inanimate things he was going to leave as if they had sensibly reproached him, and an anticipative homesickness that seemed to stop his heart. Again and again his wife had to make him reflect that his depression was not prophetic. She convinced him of what he already knew; and persuaded him against his knowledge that he could be keeping an eye out for something to take hold of in Boston if they could not stand New York. She ended by telling him that it was too bad to make her comfort him in a trial that was really so much more a trial to her. She had to support him in a last access of despair on their way to the Albany depot the morning they started to New York; but when the final details had been dealt with, the tickets bought, the trunks checked, and the hand-bags hung up in their car, and the future had massed itself again at a safe distance and was seven hours and two hundred miles away, his spirits began to rise and hers to sink. He would have been willing to celebrate the taste, the domestic refinement of the ladies' waiting-room in the depot, where they had spent a quarter of an hour before the train started. He said he did not believe there was another station in the world where mahogany rocking-chairs were provided; that the dull red warmth of the walls was as cosey as an evening-lamp, and that he always hoped to see a fire kindled on that vast hearth, and under that æsthetic mantel, but he supposed now he never should. He said it was all very different from that tunnel, the old Albany depot, where they had waited the morning they went to New York when they were starting on their wedding journey.

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"The *morning*, Basil!" cried his wife. "We went at *night;* and we were going to take the boat, but it stormed so!" She gave him a glance of such reproach that he could not answer anything, and now she asked him whether he supposed their cook and second girl would be contented with one of those dark holes where they put girls to sleep in New York flats, and what she should do if Margaret, especially, left her. He ventured to suggest that Margaret would probably like the city; but if she left, there were plenty of other girls to be had in New York. She replied that there were none she could trust, and that she knew Margaret would not stay. He asked her why she took her, then; why she did not give her up at once; and she answered that it would be inhuman to give her up just in the edge of the winter. She had promised to keep her; and Margaret was pleased with the notion of going to New York, where she had a cousin.

"Then perhaps she'll be pleased with the notion of staying," he said.

"Oh, much you know about it!" she retorted; and in view of the hypothetical difficulty and his want of sympathy, she fell into a gloom, from which she roused herself at last by declaring that if there was nothing else in the flat they took, there should be a light kitchen and a bright sunny bedroom for Margaret. He expressed the belief that they could easily find such a flat as that, and she denounced his fatal optimism, which buoyed him up in the absence of an undertaking, and let him drop into the depths of despair in its presence.

He owned this defect of temperament, but he said that it compensated the opposite in her character. "I suppose that's one of the chief uses of marriage; people supplement each other, and form a pretty fair sort of human being together. The only drawback to the theory is that unmarried people seem each as complete and whole as a married pair."

She refused to be amused; she turned her face to the window and put her handkerchief up under her veil.

It was not till the dining-car was attached to their train that they were both able to escape for an hour into the care-free mood of their earlier travels, when they were so easily taken out of themselves. The time had been when they could have found enough in the conjectural fortunes and characters of their fellow-passengers to occupy them. This phase of their youth had lasted long, and the world was still full of novelty and interest for them; but it required all the charm of the dining-car now to lay the anxieties that beset them. It was so potent for the moment, however, that they could take an objective view at their sitting cosily down there together, as if they had only themselves in the world. They wondered what the children were doing, the children who possessed them so intensely when present, and now, by a fantastic operation of absence, seemed almost non-existent. They tried to be homesick for them, but failed; they recognized with comfortable self-abhorrence that this was terrible, but owned a fascination in being alone; at the same time they could not imagine how people felt who never had any children. They contrasted the luxury of dining that way, with every advantage except a band of music, and the old way of rushing out to snatch a fearful joy at the lunch-counters of the Worcester and Springfield and New Haven stations. They had not gone often to New York since their wedding journey, but they had gone often enough to have noted the change from the lunch-counter to the lunch-basket brought in the train, from which you could subsist with more ease and dignity, but seemed destined to a superabundance of pickles, whatever you ordered.

They thought well of themselves now that they could be both critical and tolerant of flavors not very sharply distinguished from one another in their dinner, and they lingered over their coffee and watched the autumn landscape through the windows.

"Not quite so loud a pattern of calico this year," he said, with patronizing forbearance toward the painted woodlands whirling by. "Do you see how the foreground next the train rushes from us and the background keeps ahead of us, while the middle distance seems stationary? I don't think I ever noticed that effect before. There ought to be something literary in it: retreating past and advancing future, and deceitfully permanent present: something like that?"

His wife brushed some crumbs from her lap before rising. "Yes. You must n't waste any of these ideas now."

"Oh no; it would be money out of Fulkerson's pocket."

They went to a quiet hotel far down-town, and took a small apartment which they thought they could easily afford for the day or two they need spend in looking up a furnished flat. They were used to staying at this hotel when they came on for a little outing in New York, after some rigid winter in Boston, at the time of the spring exhibitions. They were remembered there from year to year; the colored call-boys, who never seemed to get any older, smiled upon them, and the clerk called March by name even before he registered. He asked if Mrs. March were with him, and said then he supposed they would want their usual quarters; and in a moment they were domesticated in a far interior that seemed to have been waiting for them in a clean, quiet, patient disoccupation ever since they left it two years before. The little parlor, with its gilt paper and ebonized furniture, was the lightest of the rooms, but it was not very light at noonday without the gas, which the bell-boy now flared up for them. The uproar of the city came to it in a soothing murmur, and they took possession of its peace and comfort with open celebration. After all, they agreed, there *was* no place in the world so delightful as a hotel apartment like that; the boasted charms of home were nothing to it; and then the magic of its being always there, ready for any one, every one, just as if it were for some one alone: it was like the experience of an Arabian Nights hero come true for all the race.

"Oh, *why* can't we always stay here, just we two!" Mrs. March sighed to her husband, as he came out of his room rubbing his face red with the towel, while she studied a new arrangement of her bonnet and hand-bag on the mantel.

"And ignore the past? I 'm willing. I 've no doubt that the children could get on perfectly well without us, and could find some lot in the scheme of Providence that would really be just as well for them."

"Yes; or could contrive somehow never to have existed. I should insist upon that. If they *are*, don't you see that we could n't wish them *not to be?*"

"Oh yes; I see your point; it 's simply incontrovertible."

She laughed, and said: "Well, at any rate, if we can't find a flat to suit us we can all crowd into these three rooms somehow for the winter, and then browse about for meals. By the week we could get them much cheaper; and we could save on the eating, as they do in Europe. Or on something else."

"Something else, probably," said March. "But we won't take this apartment till the ideal furnished flat winks out altogether. We shall not have any trouble. We can easily find some one who is going South for the winter, and will be glad to give up their flat 'to the right party' at a nominal rent. That 's my notion. That 's what the Evanses did one winter when they came on here in February. All but the nominality of the rent."

"Yes, and we could pay a very good rent and still save something on letting our house. You can settle yourselves in a hundred different ways in New York, that *is* one merit of the place. But if everything else fails, we can come back to this. I want you to take the refusal of it, Basil. And we'll commence looking this very evening as soon as we 've had dinner. I cut a lot of things out of the 'Herald' as we came on. See here!"

She took a long strip of paper out of her hand-bag with minute advertisements pinned transversely upon it, and forming the effect of some glittering nondescript vertebrate.

"Looks something like the sea-serpent," said March, drying his hands on the towel, while he glanced up and down the list. "But we sha'n't have any trouble. I 've no doubt there are half a dozen things there that will do. You have n't gone up town? Because we must be near the 'Every Other Week' office."

"No; but I *wish* Mr. Fulkerson had n't called it that! It always makes one think of 'jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day,' in 'Through the Looking-glass.' They 're all in this region."

They were still at their table, beside a low window, where some sort of never-blooming shrub symmetrically balanced itself in a large pot, with a leaf to the right and a leaf to the left and a spear up the middle, when Fulkerson came stepping square-footedly over the thick dining-room carpet. He wagged in the air a gay hand of salutation at sight of them, and of repression when they offered to rise to meet him; then, with an apparent simultaneity of action he gave a hand to each, pulled up a chair from the next table, put his hat and stick on the floor beside it, and seated himself.

"Well, you 've burnt your ships behind you, sure enough," he said, beaming his satisfaction upon them from eyes and teeth.

"The ships are burnt," said March, "though I 'm not sure we did it alone. But here we are looking for shelter, and a little anxious about the disposition of the natives."

"Oh, they 're an awful peaceable lot," said Fulkerson. "I 've been round amongst the caciques a little, and I think I 've got two or three places that will just suit you, Mrs. March. How did you leave the children ?"

"Oh, how kind of you! Very well, and very proud to be left in charge of the smoking wrecks."

Fulkerson naturally paid no attention to what she said, being but secondarily interested in the children at the best. "Here are some things right in this neighborhood, within gunshot of the office, and if you want you can go and look at them to-night; the agents gave me houses where the people would be in."

"We will go and look at them instantly," said Mrs. March. "Or, as soon as you 've had coffee with us."

"Never do," Fulkerson replied. He gathered up his hat and stick. "Just rushed in to say Hello, and got to run right away again. I tell you, March, things are humming. I 'm after those fellows with a sharp stick all the while to keep them from loafing on my house, and at the same time I 'm just bubbling over with ideas about 'The Lone Hand' — wish we *could* call it that! — that I want to talk up with you."

"Well, come to breakfast," said Mrs. March cordially.

"No; the ideas will keep till you 've secured your lodge in this vast wilderness. Good-bye."

"You 're as nice as you can be, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, "to keep us in mind when you have so much to occupy you."

"I would n't have *any*thing to occupy me if I *had n't* kept you in mind, Mrs. March," said Fulkerson, going off upon as good a speech as he could apparently hope to make.

"Why, Basil," said Mrs. March, when he was gone, "he 's charming! But now we must n't lose an instant. Let 's see where the places are." She ran over the half-dozen agents' permits. "Capital — first-rate — the very thing — every one. Well, I consider ourselves settled! We can go back to the children to-morrow if we like, though I rather think I should like to stay over another day and get a little rested for the final pulling up that 's got to come. But this simplifies everything enormously, and Mr. Fulkerson is as thoughtful and as sweet as he can be. I know you will get on well with him. He has such a good heart. And his attitude toward you, Basil, is beautiful always — so respectful; or not that so much as appreciative. Yes, appreciative — that 's the word; I must always keep that in mind."

"It 's quite important to do so," said March.

"Yes," she assented, seriously, "and we must not forget just what kind of flat we are going to look for. The *sine qua nons* are an elevator and steam-heat, not above the third floor to begin with. Then we must each have a room, and you must have your study and I must have my parlor; and the two girls must each have a room. With the kitchen and dining-room, how many does that make?"

"Ten."

"I thought eight. Well, no matter. You can work in the parlor, and run into your bedroom when anybody comes; and I can sit in mine, and the girls must put up with one, if it's large and sunny, though I've always given them two at home. And the kitchen must be sunny, so they can sit in it. And the rooms must *all* have outside light. And the rent must not be over eight hundred for the winter. We only get a thousand for our whole house, and we *must* save something out of that, so as to cover the expenses of moving. Now, do you think you can remember all that?"

"Not the half of it," said March. "But *you* can; or if you forget a third of it, I can come in with my partial half, and more than make it up."

She had brought her bonnet and sack downstairs with her, and was transferring them from the hat-rack to her person while she talked. The friendly door-boy let them into the street, and the clear October evening air inspirited her so, that as she tucked her hand under her husband's arm and began to pull him along, she said, "If we find something right away — and we're just as likely to get the right flat soon as late; it's all a lottery — we'll go to the theatre somewhere."

She had a moment's panic about having left the agents' permits on the table, and after remembering that she had put them into her little shopping-bag, where she kept her money (each note crushed into a round wad), and had left that on the hat-rack, where it would certainly be stolen, she found it on her wrist. She did not think that very funny, but after a first impulse to inculpate her husband, she let him laugh, while they stopped under a lamp, and she held the permits half a yard away to read the numbers on them.

"Where are your glasses, Isabel?"

"On the mantel in our room, of course."

"Then you ought to have brought a pair of tongs."

"I would n't get off second-hand jokes, Basil," she said; and "Why, here!" she cried, whirling round to the door before which they had halted, "this is the very number. Well, I do believe it's a sign!"

One of those colored men who soften the trade of janitor in many of the smaller apartment-houses in New York by the sweetness of their race, let the Marches in, or, rather, welcomed them to the possession of the premises by the bow with which he acknowledged their permit. It was a large, old mansion cut up into five or six dwellings, but it had kept some traits of its former dignity, which pleased people of their sympathetic tastes. The dark mahogany trim, of sufficiently ugly design, gave a rich gloom to the hallway, which was wide, and paved with marble; the carpeted stairs curved aloft through a generous space.

"There is no elevator?" Mrs. March asked of the janitor.

He answered, "No, ma'am; only two flights up," so winningly that she said,—

"Oh!" in courteous apology, and whispered her husband as she followed lightly up, "We'll take it, Basil, if it's like the rest."

"If it's like him, you mean."

"I don't wonder they wanted to own them," she hurriedly philosophized. "If I had such a creature, nothing but death should part us, and I should no more think of giving him his *freedom!*"

"No; we could n't afford it," returned her husband.

The apartment the janitor unlocked for them, and lit up from those chandeliers and brackets of gilt brass in the form of vine bunches, leaves, and tendrils in which the early gas-fitter realized most of his conceptions of beauty, had rather more of the ugliness than the dignity of the hall. But the rooms were large, and they grouped themselves in a reminiscence of the time when they were part of a dwelling, that had its charm, its pathos, its impressiveness. Where they were cut up into smaller spaces, it had been done with the frankness with which a proud old family of fallen fortunes practises its economies. The rough pine floors showed a black border of tack-heads where carpets had been lifted and put down for generations; the white paint was yellow with age; the apartment had light at the front and at the back, and two or three rooms had glimpses of the day through small windows let into their corners; another one seemed lifting an appealing eye to heaven through a glass circle in its ceiling; the rest must darkle in perpetual twilight. Yet something pleased in it all, and Mrs. March had gone far to adapt the different rooms to the members of her family, when she suddenly thought (and for her to think was to say), "Why, but there's no steam-heat!"

"No, ma'am," the janitor admitted; "but dere's grates in most o' de rooms, and dere's furnace-heat in de halls."

"That's true," she admitted; and having placed her family in the apartments, it was hard to get them out again. "Could we manage?" she referred to her husband.

"Why, *I* should n't care for the steam-heat if — What is the rent?" he broke off to ask the janitor.

"Nine hundred, sir."

March concluded to his wife, "If it were furnished."

"Why, of course! What could I have been thinking of? We're looking for a furnished flat," she explained to the janitor, "and this was so pleasant and home-like, that I never thought whether it was furnished or not."

She smiled upon the janitor, and he entered into the joke and chuckled so amiably at her flattering oversight on the way downstairs that she said, as she pinched her husband's arm, "Now, if you don't give him a quarter, I'll never speak to you again, Basil!"

"I would have given half a dollar willingly to get you beyond his glamour," said March when they were safely on the pavement outside. "If it had n't been for my strength of character, you'd have taken an unfurnished flat without heat and with no elevator, at nine hundred a year, when you had just sworn me to steam-heat, an elevator, furniture, and eight hundred."

"Yes! How could I have lost my head so completely?" she said, with a lenient amusement in her aberration which she was not always able to feel in her husband's.

"The next time a colored janitor opens the door to us, I'll tell him the apartment does n't suit at the threshold. It's the only way to manage you, Isabel."

"It's true. I *am* in love with the whole race. I never saw one of them that did n't have perfectly angelic manners. I think we shall all be black in heaven — that is, black-souled."

"That is n't the usual theory," said March.

"Well, perhaps not," she assented. "Where are we going now? Oh yes, to the Xenophon!"

She pulled him gayly along again, and after they had walked a block down and half a block over, they stood before the apartment-house of that name, which was cut on the gas lamps on either side of the heavily spiked, æsthetic-hinged black door. The titter of an electric bell brought a large, fat Buttons, with a stage effect of being dressed to look small, who said he would call the janitor, and they waited in the dimly splendid, copper-colored interior, admiring the whorls and waves into which the wall-paint was combed, till the janitor came in his gold-banded cap, like a continental *portier*. When they said they would like to see Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment he owned his inability to cope with the affair, and said he must send for the Superintendent; he was either in the Herodotus or the Thucydides, and would be there in a minute. The Buttons brought him — a Yankee of browbeating presence in plain clothes — almost before they had time to exchange a frightened whisper in recognition of the fact that there could be no doubt of the steam-heat and elevator in this case. Half stifled in the one, they mounted in the other eight stories, while they tried to keep their self-respect under the gaze of the Superintendent, which they felt was classing and assessing them with unfriendly accuracy. They could not, and they faltered abashed at the threshold of Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment, while the Superintendent lit the gas in the gangway that he called a private hall, and in the drawing-room and the succession of chambers stretching rearward to the kitchen. Everything had been done by the architect to save space, and everything to waste it by Mrs. Grosvenor Green. She had conformed to a law for the necessity of turning round in each room, and had folding-beds in the chambers; but there her subordination had ended, and wherever you might have turned round she had put a gimcrack so that you would knock it over if you did turn. The place was rather pretty and even imposing at first glance, and it took several joint ballots for March and his wife to make sure that with the kitchen there were only six rooms. At every door hung a portière from large rings on a brass rod; every shelf and dressing-case and mantel was littered with gimcracks, and the corners of the tiny rooms were curtained off, and behind these portières swarmed more gimcracks. The front of the upright piano had what March called a short-skirted portière on it, and the top was covered with vases, with dragon candlesticks, and with Jap fans, which also expanded themselves bat-wise on the walls between the etchings and the water-colors. The floors were covered with filling, and then rugs, and then skins; the easy-chairs all had tidies, Armenian and Turkish and Persian; the lounges and sofas had embroidered cushions hidden under tidies. The radiator was concealed by a Jap screen, and over the top of this some Arab scarfs were flung. There was a superabundance of clocks. China pugs guarded the hearth; a brass sunflower smiled from the top of either andiron, and a brass peacock spread its tail before them inside a high filigree fender; on one side was a coal-hod in *repoussé* brass, and on the other a wrought-iron wood-basket. Some red Japanese bird-kites were stuck about in the necks of spelter vases, a crimson Jap umbrella hung opened beneath the chandelier, and each globe had a shade of yellow silk.

March, when he had recovered his self-command a little in the presence of the agglomeration, comforted himself by calling the bric-à-brac Jamescracks, as if this was their full name.

The disrespect he was able to show the whole apartment by means of this joke strengthened him to say boldly to the Superintendent that it was altogether too small; then he asked carelessly what the rent was.

"Two hundred and fifty."

The Marches gave a start, and looked at each other.

"Don't you think we could make it do?" she asked him, and he could see that she had mentally saved five hundred dollars as the difference between the rent of their house and that of this flat. "It has some very pretty features, and we could manage to squeeze in, could n't we?"

"You won't find another furnished flat like it for no two fifty a month in the whole city," the Superintendent put in.

They exchanged glances again, and March said carelessly, "It's too small."

"There's a vacant flat in the Herodotus for eighteen hundred a year, and one in the Thucydides for fifteen," the Superintendent suggested, clicking his keys together as they sank down in the elevator; "seven rooms and a bath."

"Thank you," said March, "we're looking for a furnished flat."

They felt that the Superintendent parted from them with repressed sarcasm.

"O Basil, do you think we *really* made him think it was the smallness and not the dearness?"

"No, but we saved our self-respect in the attempt; and that's a great deal."

"Of course, I *would n't* have taken it, anyway, with only six rooms, and so high up. But what prices! Now, we must be very circumspect about the next place."

It was a janitress, large, fat, with her arms wound up in her apron, who received them there. Mrs. March gave her a succinct but perfect statement of their needs. She failed to grasp the nature of them, or feigned to do so. She shook her head, and said that her son would show them the flat. There was a radiator visible in the narrow hall, and Isabel tacitly compromised on steam-heat without an elevator, as the flat was only one flight up. When the son appeared from below with a small kerosene hand-lamp, it appeared that the flat was unfurnished, but there was no stopping him till he had shown it in all its impossibility. When they got safely away from it and into the street March said, "Well, have you had enough for to-night, Isabel? Shall we go to the theatre now?"

"Not on any account. I want to see the whole list of flats that Mr. Fulkerson thought would be the very thing for us." She laughed, but with a certain bitterness.

"You 'll be calling him my Mr. Fulkerson next, Isabel."

"Oh no!"

The fourth address was a furnished flat without a kitchen, in a house with a general restaurant. The fifth was a furnished house. At the sixth a pathetic widow and her pretty daughter wanted to take a family to board, and would give them a private table at a rate which the Marches would have thought low in Boston.

Mrs. March came away tingling with compassion for their evident anxiety, and this pity naturally soured into a sense of injury. "Well, I must say I have completely lost confidence in Mr. Fulkerson's judgment. Anything more utterly different from what I told him we wanted I could n't imagine. If he does n't manage any better about his business than he has done about this, it will be a perfect failure."

"Well, well, let 's hope he 'll be more circumspect about that," her husband returned, with ironical propitiation. "But I don't think it 's Fulkerson's fault altogether. Perhaps it 's the house-agents'. They 're a very illusory generation. There seems to be something in the human habitation that corrupts the natures of those who deal in it, to buy or sell it, to hire or let it. You go to an agent and tell him what kind of a house you want. He has no such house, and he sends you to look at something altogether different, upon the well-ascertained principle that if you can't get what you want, you will take what you can get. You don't suppose the 'party' that took our house in Boston was looking for any such house? He was looking for a totally different kind of house in another part of the town."

"I don't believe that!" his wife broke in.

"Well, no matter. But see what a scandalous rent you asked for it."

"We did n't get much more than half; and, besides, the agent told me to ask fourteen hundred."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you, Isabel. I'm only analysing the house-agent, and exonerating Fulkerson."

"Well, I don't believe he told them just what we wanted; and at any rate, I'm done with agents. To-morrow, I'm going entirely by advertisements."

MARY HOWITT.

Howitt, Mary, an English poet, story-writer, and essayist; wife of and collaborator with William; born (Botham) of Quaker parentage in Coleford, March 12, 1799; died at Rome, January 30, 1888. "The Desolation of Eyam," a poem; "Colonization and Christianity;" "Rural Life in England;" and volumes of essays and historical studies, besides articles on Spiritualism, — in which both believed, — represent their joint work. Her own are "The Seven Temptations," a striking poem; various children's stories; and translations of Fredrika Bremer's novels.

Cornfields.

When on the breath of autumn breeze
  From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
  The fair white thistle-down,
O then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
  Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes
  The piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day — I see the field,
  The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
  Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
  And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
  And Boaz looking on;

And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child
  His mother's sole delight, —
God's living gift of love unto
  The kind good Shunamite, —
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
  The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
  Were full of corn, I see, —
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
  How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
  To me are like a dream:
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

The Sale of the Pet Lamb.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 't is full of grief and pain;
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They scarcely know how labor is the penalty of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;
They walk along life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and fair.

The children of the poor man, though they be young each one,
Must rise betime each morning, before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride,
The sunshine and the summer flowers upon the highway side,
And their own free companionship on heathy commons wide.

" And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there "

From a Painting by A. Cabanel

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty,
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and more,
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly; they were the rich man's store:
There was the while one little lamb beside a cottage door;

A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

But want, even as an armèd man, came down upon their shed,
The father labored all day long that his children might be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued.
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he: "'t will buy us food.

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head
Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us bread."

It went. Oh! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing.

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so piteously:
"Oh! mother dear, it loveth us; and what beside have we?"

"Let's take him to the broad green hill!" in his impotent despair
Said one strong boy: "let's take him off, the hills are wide and fair;
I know a little hiding place, and we will keep him there."

Oh vain! They took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast; and o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From everything about the house a mournful thought did borrow;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 't is full of grief and pain;
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
 The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
 And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary,
 All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
 Last night, on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
 And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?"
"I'll you all, my mother;
 But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
 The poor old miller's mill:

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind, old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
But I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Howitt, William, an English historian, essayist, and miscellaneous writer; born in Heanor, Derbyshire, December 18, 1792; died at Rome, March 3, 1879. For his joint work with Mary, see her name. His separate productions include "Popular History of England," once really popular; "The Student Life of Germany;" "Woodburn Grange," a novel; and a couple of dozen other bulky volumes, besides countless occasional articles, all in an easy, readable style.

The Departure of the Swallow.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go;—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitted to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'T is all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

THOMAS HUGHES.

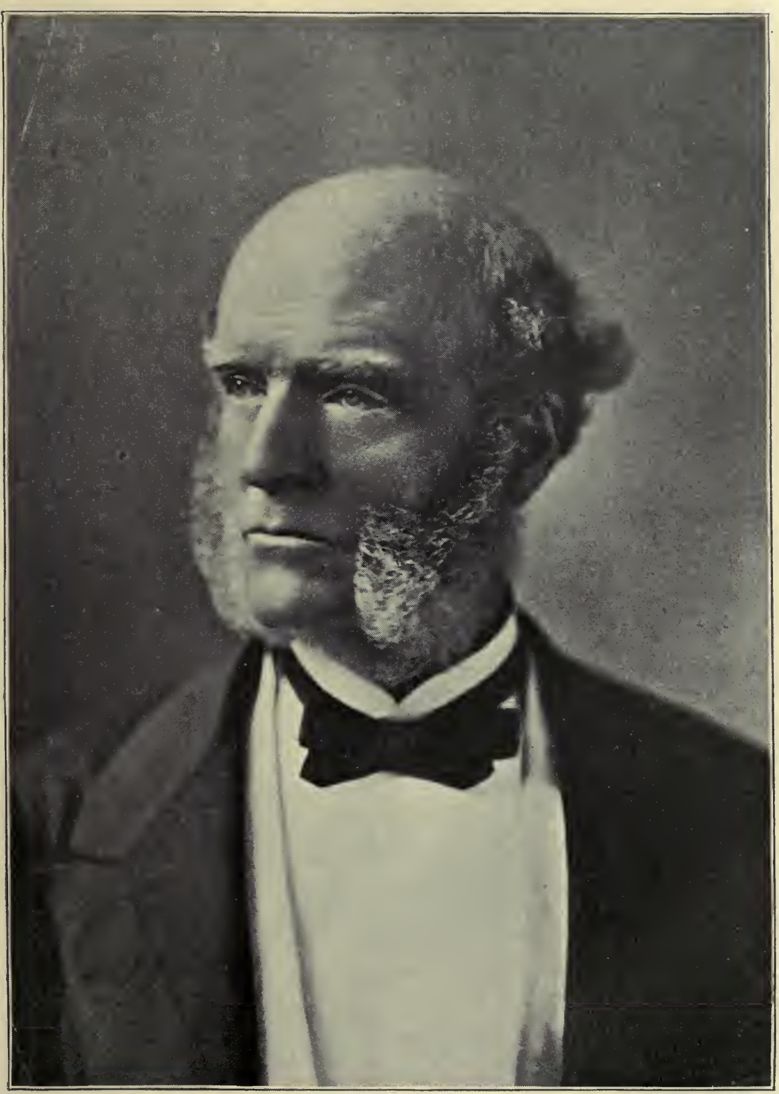
Hughes, Thomas, an English publicist and novelist; born at Donnington Priory, near Newbury, Berkshire, October 23, 1823; died at Brighton, England, March 22, 1896. He was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and afterward at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845. He was called to the bar in 1848, and from 1865 to 1874 represented several boroughs in Parliament. In 1869 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in the following year made a tour in the United States; and in 1882 was appointed a Judge of the County Court. His principal writings are "Tom Brown's School Days" (1857); "The Scouring of the White Horse" (1859); "Tom Brown at Oxford" (1861); "Religio Laici," afterward reprinted as "A Layman's Faith" (1861); "The Cause of Freedom" (1863); "Alfred the Great" (1869); "Memoir of a Brother" (1873); "Memoir of Charles Kingsley" (1876); "The Old Church: what shall we do with it?" (1878); "Memoir of Daniel Macmillan" (1882); "Gone to Texas" (1885). He also wrote an Introduction to "Whitman's Poems" and to Lowell's "Biglow Papers." His later works include "Life of Bishop Fraser" (1887); "Livingstone" (1889). "The Manliness of Christ" (1879) is among the best of his religious works.

Rugby and Football.

(From "Tom Brown's School Days.")

"And so here 's Rugby, sir, at last, and you 'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the school-house, as I tell'd you," said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Dead-man's Corner, past the school gates, and down the High street to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering, in a style which would not have disgraced "Cherry Bob," "ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood," or any other of the old coaching heroes.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games of football



THOMAS HUGHES

were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the school-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud at being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel-window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box and working the team down street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself and nodded to the guard with "How do, Jem?" he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began: —

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment; glad however to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend — a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but could n't for the life of him help admiring and envying — especially when young my lord begins hectoring two or three long loafing fellows, halfporter, half stableman, with a strong touch of the blackguard, and in the end arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the school-house for sixpence.

"And heark'ee, Cooey, it must be up in ten minutes or no more jobs from me. Come along, Brown." And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," says Cooey, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his companions.

"Hullo, though," says East, pulling up and taking another look at Tom, "this 'll never do — have n't you got a hat? We never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I — don't know what'd happen." The very idea was quite beyond the young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the hind boot, and Tom equipped in his go-to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this don't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's the hatter's and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation cat-skin at seven-and-sixpence; Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, school-house, in half an hour.

"You can send in a note for a tile on Monday, and make it all right, you know," said Mentor; "we're allowed two seven-and-sixers a half, besides what we bring from home."

Tom by this time began to be conscious of his new social position and dignities, and to luxuriate in the realized ambition of being a public-school boy at last, with a vested right of spoiling two seven-and-sixers in half a year.

"You see," said his friend, as they strolled up toward the school gates, in explanation of his conduct — "a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward, and holds his head up, he gets on. Now, you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps 'll double it next, if I keep in her good books."

There's nothing for candor like a lower-school boy; and East was a genuine specimen — frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and chock full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half-year, during which he had been at the school-house.

And Tom, notwithstanding his bumptiousness, felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices, as fast as he could understand them.

East was great in the character of cicerone; he carried Tom through the great gates where were only two or three boys. These satisfied themselves with the stock questions — "You fellow, what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board? and, What form are you in?" — and so they passed on through the quadrangle and a small courtyard, upon which looked down a lot of little windows (belonging, as his guide informed him, to some of the school-house studies), into the matron's room, where East introduced Tom to that dignitary; made him give up the key of his trunk that the matron might unpack his linen, and told the story of the hat and of his own presence of mind; upon the relation whereof the matron laughingly scolded him, for the coolest new boy in the house; and East, indignant at the accusation of newness, marched Tom off into the quadrangle, and began showing him the schools, and examining him as to his literary attainments; the result of which was a prophecy that they would be in the same form, and could do their lessons together.

"And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner; and afterward, before calling over, we'll do the close."

Tom followed his guide through the school-house hall, which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room, thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabout, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing or lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop; but he shot through with his convoy, and landed him in the long dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which the studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel.

He had n't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

It was n't very large, certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It could n't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground floor looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the further end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red and blue check tablecloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or, by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper, on which hung three or four prints, of dogs' heads, Grimaldi winning the Aylesbury steeple-chase, Amy Robsart, the reigning Waverley beauty of the day, and Tom Crib in a posture of defence, which did no credit to the science of that hero, if truly represented. Over the door were a row of hat-pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mousetrap, and brass candlesticks, leathern straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle, or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become the joint owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own? One's own! What a charm there is in the words! How long it takes boy and man to find out their worth! how fast most of us hold on to them! faster and more jealously the nearer we are to that general home into which we can take nothing, but must go naked as we came into the world. When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things that we call our own is that they may be his who hath need of them?

"And shall I have a study like this too?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course, you'll be chummed with some fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then."

"What nice places."

"They're well enough," answered East patronizingly, "only uncommon cold at nights sometimes. Gower — that's my chum — and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky."

"But there's a big fire out in the passage," said Tom.

"Precious little good we get out of that, though," said East; "Jones the præpostor has the study at the fire end, and he has rigged up an iron rod and green baize curtain across the passage, which he draws at night, and sits there with his door open, so he gets all the fire, and hears if we come out of our studies after eight, or make a noise. However, he 's taken to sitting in the fifth-form room lately, so we do get a bit of fire sometimes; only to keep a sharp look-out that he don't catch you behind his curtain when he comes down — that 's all."

A quarter past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the second table, next to the præpostor (who sat at the end to keep order there), and East a few paces higher. And now Tom for the first time saw his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastrycook's, dainty mortals, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help them with their dinners. And a great big-bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner by the old verger and the housekeeper. Tom's turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great man who sat close to him, and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating; and when he got up and walked off to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom were reading, and the rest talking in whispers to one another, or stealing one another's bread, or shooting pellets, or digging their forks through the table cloth. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called "Stand up!" and said grace.

As soon as dinner was over, and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbors as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East, who evidently enjoyed his new dignity of patron and mentor, proposed having a look at the close, which Tom, athirst for knowledge, gladly assented to, and they went out through the quadrangle and past the big fives' court into the great playground.

"That 's the chapel, you see," said East, "and there just behind it is the place for fights; you see it 's most out of the way of the masters, who all live on the other side and don't come by here after first lesson or callings-over. That 's when the fights come off. And all this part where we are is the little side-ground, right up to the trees, and on the other side of the trees is the big side-ground, where the matches are played. And there's the island in the furthest corner; you'll know that well enough next half, when there's island fagging. I say, it's horrid cold, lets have a run across," and away went East, Tom close behind him. East was evidently putting his best foot foremost, and Tom, who was mighty proud of his running, and not a little anxious to show his friend that although a new boy he was no milksop, laid himself down to the work in his very best style. Right across the close they went, each doing all he knew, and there wasn't a yard between them when they pulled up at the island moat.

"I say," said East, as soon as he got his wind, looking with much increased respect at Tom, "you ain't a bad scud, not by no means. Well, I'm as warm as a toast now."

"But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the school-house boys.

"Why, bless us, don't you know? No, I forgot. Why, to-day's the school-house match. Our house plays the whole of the school at football. And we all wear white trousers, to show 'em we don't care for hacks. You're in luck to come to-day. You just will see a match; and Brooke's going to let me play in quarters. That's more than he'll do for any other lower-school boy, except James, and he's fourteen."

"Who's Brooke?"

"Why that big fellow who called over at dinner, to be sure. He's cock of the school, and head of the school-house side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

"Oh, but do show me where they play? And tell me about it. I love football so, and have played all my life. Won't Brooke let me play?"

"Not he," said East, with some indignation; "why, you don't know the rules — you'll be a month learning them. And then it's no joke playing-up in a match, I can tell you. Quite another thing from your private-school games. Why, there's been two collar-bones broken this half, and a dozen fellows lamed. And last year a fellow had his leg broken."

Tom listened with the profoundest respect to this chapter of accidents, and followed East across the level ground till they came to a sort of gigantic gallows of two poles eighteen feet high, fixed upright in the ground some fourteen feet apart, with a cross bar running from one to the other at the height of ten feet or thereabouts.

"This is one of the goals," said East, "and you see the other across there, right opposite, under the doctor's wall. Well, the match is for the best of three goals; whichever side kicks two goals wins: and it won't do, you see, just to kick the ball through these posts, it must go over the cross bar; any height 'll do, so long as it 's between the posts. You 'll have to stay in goal to touch the ball when it rolls behind the posts, because if the other side touch it they have a try at goal. Then we fellows in quarters, we play just about in front of goal here, and have to turn the ball and kick it back before the big fellows on the other side can follow it up. And in front of us all the big fellows play, and that 's where the scrummages are mostly."

Tom's respect increased as he struggled to make out his friend's technicalities, and the other set to work to explain the mysteries of "off your side," "drop kicks," "punts," "places," and the other intricacies of the great science of football.

"But how do you keep the ball between the goals?" said he. "I can't see why it might n't go right down to the chapel."

"Why, that 's out of play," answered East. "You see this gravel walk running down all along this side of the playing-ground, and the line of elms opposite on the other? Well, they 're the bounds. As soon as the ball gets past them, it 's in touch, and out of play. And then whoever first touches it has to knock it straight out among the players-up, who make two lines with a space between them, every fellow going on his own side. Ain't there just fine scrummages then! and the three trees you see there which come out into the play, that 's a tremendous place when the ball hangs there, for you get thrown against the trees, and that 's worse than any hack."

Tom wondered within himself as they strolled back again towards the fives' court, whether the matches were really such break-neck affairs as East represented, and whether, if they were, he should ever get to like them and play-up well.

He had n't long to wonder, however, for next minute East cried out, "Hurra! here 's the punt-about — come along and try your hand at a kick." The punt-about is the practice ball, which is just brought out and kicked about anyhow from one boy to another before callings-over and dinner, and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, all small school-house fellows, friends of East; and Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill, and performed very creditably, after first driving his foot three inches into the ground, and then nearly kicking his leg into the air, in vigorous efforts to accomplish a drop-kick after the manner of East.

Presently more boys and bigger came out, and boys from other houses on their way to calling-over, and more balls were sent for. The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work. Then the balls were held, the master of the week came down in cap and gown to calling-over, and the whole school of three hundred boys swept into the big school to answer to their names.

"I may come in, may n't I?" said Tom, catching East by the arm and longing to feel one of them.

"Yes, come along, nobody 'll say anything. You won't be so eager to get into calling-over after a month," replied his friend; and they marched into the big school together, and up to the further end, where that illustrious form, the lower fourth, which had the honor or East's patronage for the time being, stood.

The master mounted into the high desk by the door, and one of the præpostors of the week stood by him on the steps, the other three marching up and down the middle of the school with their canes, calling out "Silence, silence!" The sixth form stood close by the door on the left, some thirty in number, mostly great big grown men, as Tom thought, surveying them from a distance with awe. The fifth form behind them twice their number and not quite so big. These on the left; and on the right the lower fifth, shell, and all the junior forms in order; while up the middle marched the three præpostors.

Then the præpostor who stands by the master calls out the names, begining with the sixth form, and as he calls, each boy answers "Here" to his name, and walks out. Some of the sixth stop at the door to turn the whole string of boys into the close; it is a great match day, and every boy in the school, will-he, nill-he, must be there. The rest of the sixth go forward into the close, to see that no one escapes by means of the side gates.

To-day, however, being the school-house match, none of the school-house præpostors stay by the door to watch for truants of their side; there is *carte blanche* to the school-house fags to go where they like: "They trust to our honor," as East proudly informs Tom; "they know very well that no school-house boy would cut the match. If he did, we 'd very soon cut him, I can tell you."

The master of the week being short-sighted, and the præpostors of the week small and not well up to their work, the lower school-boys employ the ten minutes which elapse before their names are called, in pelting one another vigorously with acorns, which fly about in all directions. The small præpostors dash in every now and then, and generally chastise some quiet, timid boy who is equally afraid of acorns and canes, while the principal performers get dexterously out of the way; and so calling-over rolls on somehow, much like the big world, punishments lighting on wrong shoulders, and matters going generally in a queer, cross-grained-way, but the end coming somehow, which is after all the great point. And now the master of the week has finished, and locked up the big school; and the præpostors of the week come out, sweeping the last remnant of the school fags — who had been loafing about the corners by the fives' court in hopes of a chance of bolting — before them into the close.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the school-house wall, are the school-house boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the school-boys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces, on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds. There is none of the color and tastiness of get-up, you will perceive, which lends such a life to the present game at Rugby, making the dullest and worst-fought match a pretty sight. Now each house has its own uniform of cap and jersey, of some lively color: but at the time we are speaking of, plush caps have not yet come in or uniforms of any sort, except the school-house white trousers, which are abominably cold to-day: let us get to work, bareheaded and girded with our plain leather straps — but we mean business, gentlemen.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they 're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my words; for has n't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off? The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the school-house side is drilled. You will see, in the first place, that a sixth-form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bull-dogs — mark them well — they are "the fighting brigade," the "die-hards," larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to — here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshipping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning: and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the school-house wings; a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning toward the school goal; seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the school-house cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got: you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a school-house match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see! it has broken; the ball is driven out on the school-house side, and a rush of the school carries it past the school-house players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call though, the school-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost school-boys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the school-house quarters, and now into the school goal; for the school-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries. You say you don't see much in it all; nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, and turns by which a game is lost and won — it takes an old player to do that — but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bull-dogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here come Speedicut, and Flashman the school-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking up, by the school-house fire, with "Old fellow, was n't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the school-house — but to make us think that 's what you want — a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it 's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you — we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them — they are most useful players, the dodgers; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers: as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not facing a scrummage at football.

Three quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the school-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bull-dogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvellous knack of keeping his legs. The school-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there, looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the school-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In touch," "Our ball." Now 's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another: he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurra! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The school leaders rush back shouting "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, and the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal-posts.

The school leaders come up furious, and administer toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand: they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard-street to a china orange that the school-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back; he will not kick-out till they are all in a goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the school-house goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones — he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real, genuine joy rings out from the school-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour — such a thing has n't been done in the school-house match this five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the school-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school; the most openly triumphant of them, among whom is Tom, a school-house boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal-keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

At this moment Griffith, the itinerant vender of oranges from Hill Morton, enters the close with his heavy baskets; there is a rush of small boys upon the little pale-faced man, the two sides mingling together, subdued by the great Goddess Thirst, like the English and French by the streams in the Pyrenees. The leaders are past oranges and apples, but some of them visit their coats, and apply innocent looking ginger-beer bottles to their mouths. It is no ginger-beer though, I fear, and will do you no good. One short mad rush, and then a stitch in the side, and no more honest play; that's what comes of those bottles.

But now Griffith's baskets are empty, the ball is placed again midway, and the school are going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their lumber into goal, and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the school-house goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake, and so old Brooke sees, and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the charges.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the school time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are among us. Meet them

A GAME OF FOOTBALL

(Rugby)

From a Painting by W. H. Overend

like Englishman, you school-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you — and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war-horse; the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away toward the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for; the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulders as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the "bravos" of the school-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defence of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, and ball well down among them, straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bull-dogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment — he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal." Crab Jones catches it for a moment; but before he can kick it, the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the school-house goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

There stands the school-house præpostor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the præpostor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præpostor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass. "Our ball," says the præpostor, rising with his prize; "but get up there, there 's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then feeling his limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel, young un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom as his wind comes back, "pretty well, thank you — all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown; he 's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side," is called, and the first day of the school-house match is over.

THE FIRST BUMP.

(From "Tom Brown at Oxford.")

"WHAT 's the time, Smith?"

"Half-past three, old fellow," answered Diogenes, looking at his watch.

"I never knew a day go so slowly," said Tom "is n't it time to go down to the boats?"

"Not by two hours and more, old fellow. Can't you take a book, or something, to keep you quiet? You won't be fit for anything by six o'clock, if you go on worrying like this." And so Diogenes turned himself to his flute, and blew away, to all appearances as composedly as if it had been the first week of term, though, if the truth must be told, it was all he could do not to get up and wander about in a feverish and distracted state, for Tom's restlessness infected him.

Diogenes' whole heart was in the college boat; and so, though he had pulled dozens of races in his time, he was almost as nervous as a freshman on this the first day of the races. Tom, all unconscious of the secret discomposure of the other, threw himself into a chair, and looked at him with wonder and envy. The flute went "toot, toot, toot," till he could stand it no longer; so he got up and went to the window, and leaning out, looked up and down the street for some minutes in a purposeless sort of fashion, staring hard at everybody and everything, but unconscious all the time that he was doing so. He would not have been able, in fact, to answer Diogenes a word, had that worthy inquired of him what he had seen, when he presently drew in his head and returned to his fidgety ramblings about the room.

"How hot the sun is! but there's a stiff breeze from the southeast. I hope it will go down before the evening; don't you?"

"Yes; this wind will make it very rough below the Gut. Mind you feather high now at starting."

"I hope to goodness I sha'n't catch a crab," said Tom.

"Don't think about it, old fellow; that's your best plan."

"But I can't think of anything else," said Tom. "What the deuce is the good of telling a fellow not to think about it?"

Diogenes, apparently, had nothing particular to reply, for he put his flute to his mouth again; and at the sound of the "toot, toot," Tom caught up his gown and fled away into the quadrangle.

The crew had had their early dinner of steaks and chops, stale bread, and a glass and a half of old beer apiece, at two o'clock, in the captain's rooms. The current theory of training at that time was — as much meat as you can eat, the more underdone the better, and the smallest amount of drink upon which you could manage to live. Two pints in the twenty-four hours was all that most boats' crews that pretended to train at all were allowed, and for the last fortnight it had been the nominal allowance of the St. Ambrose crew. The discomfort of such a diet in the hot summer months, when you were at the same time taking regular and violent exercise, was something very serious. Outraged human nature rebelled against it; and, I take it, though they did not admit it in public, there were very few men who did not rush to their water-bottles for relief, more or less often, according to the development of their bumps of conscientiousness and obstinancy. To keep to the diet at all strictly involved a very respectable amount of physical endurrance. I am thankful to hear that our successors have found out the unwisdom of this, as of other old superstitions, and that in order to get a man into training for a boat-race nowadays, it is not thought of the first importance to keep him in a constant state of consuming thirst, and the restlessness of body and sharpness of temper which thirst generally induces.

Tom appreciated the honor of being in the boat in his first year so keenly, that he had almost managed to keep to his training allowance, and consequently, now that the eventful day had arrived, was in a most uncomfortable state of body and disagreeable frame of mind.

He fled away from Diogenes' flute, but found no rest. He tried Drysdale. That hero was lying on his back on his sofa playing with Jack, and only increased Tom's thirst and soured his temper by the viciousness of his remarks on boating, and every thing and person connected therewith; above all, on Miller, who had just come up, had steered them the day before, and pronounced the crew generally, and Drysdale in particular, "not half trained."

Blake's oak was sported, as usual. Tom looked in at the captain's door, but found him hard at work reading, and so carried himself off; and, after a vain hunt after others of the crew, and even trying to sit down and read, first a novel, then a play of Shakespeare, with no success whatever, wandered away out of the college, and found himself in five minutes, by a natural and irresistible attraction, on the University barge.

There were half a dozen men or so reading the papers, and a group or so discussing the coming races. Among other things, the chances of St. Ambrose's making a bump the first night were weighed. Every one joined in praising the stroke, but there were great doubts whether the crew could live up to it. Tom carried himself on to the top of the barge to get out of hearing, for listening made his heart beat and his throat dryer than ever. He stood on the top and looked right away down to the Gut, the strong wind blowing his gown about. Not even a pair oar was to be seen; the great event of the evening made the river a solitude at this time of day. Only one or two skiffs were coming home, impelled by reading men who took their constitutionals on the water, and were coming in to be in time for afternoon chapel. The fastest and best of these soon came near enough for Tom to recognize Hardy's stroke; so he left the barge and went down to meet the servitor at his landing, and accompanied him to the St. Ambrose dressing-room.

"Well, how do you feel for the race to-night?" said Hardy, as he dried his neck and face, which he had been sluicing with cold water, looking as hard and bright as a racer on Derby day.

"Oh, wretched! I'm afraid I shall break down," said Tom, and poured out some of his doubts and miseries. Hardy soon comforted him greatly; and by the time they were half across Christ Church meadow he was quite in heart again, for he knew how well Hardy understood rowing, and what a sound judge he was, and it was therefore cheering to hear that he thought they were certainly the second best, if not the best, boat on the river, and that they would be sure to make some bumps unless they had accidents.

"But that's just what I fear so," said Tom. "I'm afraid I shall make some awful blunder."

"Not you!" said Hardy; "only remember: don't you fancy you can pull the boat by yourself, and go trying to do it. That's where young oars fail. If you keep thorough good time you'll be pretty sure to be doing your share of work. Time is everything, almost."

"I'll be sure to think of that," said Tom. And they entered St. Ambrose just as the chapel bell was going down, and he went to chapel and then to hall, sitting by and talking for companionship while the rest dined.

And so at last the time slipped away, and the captain and Miller mustered them at the gates and walked off to the boats. A dozen other crews were making their way in the same direction, and half the undergraduates of Oxford streamed along with them. The banks of the river were crowded; and the punts plied rapidly backward and forward, carrying loads of men over to the Berkshire side. The University barge, and all the other barges, were decked with flags, and the band was playing lively airs as the St. Ambrose crew reached the scene of action.

No time was lost in the dressing-room, and in two minutes they were all standing in flannel trousers and silk jerseys at the landing-place.

"You had better keep your jackets on," said the captain; "we sha'n't be off yet."

"There goes Brazen-nose."

"They look like work; don't they?"

"The black and yellow seems to slip along so fast. They 've no end of good colors. I wish our new boat was black."

"Hang her colors, if she 's only stiff in the back, and don't dip."

"Well, she did n't dip yesterday. At least, the men on the bank said so."

"There go Balliol, and Oriel, and University."

"By Jove, we shall be late! Where 's Miller?"

"In the shed getting the boat out. Look, here 's Exeter."

The talk of the crew was silenced for the moment as every man looked eagerly at the Exeter boat. The captain nodded to Jervis with a grim smile as they paddled gently by.

Then the talk began again.

"How do you think she goes?"

"Not so badly. They 're very strong in the middle of the boat."

"Not a bit of it; it 's all lumber."

"You 'll see. They 're better trained than we are. They look as fine as stars."

"So they ought. They 've pulled seven miles to our five for the last month, I 'm sure."

"Then we sha'n't bump them."

"Why not?"

"Don't you know that the value of products consists in the quantity of labor which goes to produce them? Product, pace over course from Iffley up. Labor expended, Exeter, 7; St. Ambrose 5. You see it is not in the nature of things that we should bump them. — Q. E. D."

"What moonshine! as if ten miles behind their stroke are worth two behind Jervis?"

"My dear fellow, it is n't my moonshine; you must settle the matter with the philosophers. I only apply a universal law to a particular case."

Tom, unconscious of the pearls of economic lore which were being poured out for the benefit of the crew, was watching the

Exeter eight as it glided away toward the Cherwell. He thought they seemed to keep horribly good time.

"Hollo, Drysdale! look; there's Jack going across in one of the punts."

"Of course he is. You don't suppose he would n't go down to see the race."

"Why won't Miller let us start. Almost all the boats are off."

"There's plenty of time. We may just as well be up here as dawdling about the bank at Iffley."

"We sha'n't go down till the last; Miller never lets us get out down below."

"Well, come; here's the boat, at last."

The new boat now emerged from its shed, guided steadily to where they were standing by Miller and a waterman. Then the coxswain got out and called for bow, who stepped forward.

"Mind how you step, now; there are no bottom boards, remember," said Miller.

"Shall I take my jacket?"

"Yes; you had better all go down in jackets in this wind. I've sent a man down to bring them back. Now, two."

"Aye, aye!" said Drysdale, stepping forward. Then came Tom's turn, and soon the boat was manned.

"Now," said Miller, taking his place, "are all your stretchers right?"

"I should like a little more grease for my rowlocks."

"I'm taking some down; we'll put it on down below. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Then push her off — gently."

The St. Ambrose boat was almost the last, so there were no punts in the way, or other obstructions; and they swung steadily down past the University barge, the top of which was already covered with spectators. Every man in the boat felt as if the eyes of Europe were on him, and pulled in his very best form. Small groups of gownsmen were scattered along the bank of Christ Church meadow, chiefly dons, who were really interested in the races, but, at that time of day, seldom liked to display enthusiasm enough to cross the water and go down to the starting-place. These sombre groups were lightened up here and there by the dresses of a few ladies, who were walking up and down, and watching the boats. At the mouth of the Cherwell were moored two punts, in which reclined at their ease some dozen young gentlemen, smoking; several of these were friends of Drysdale, and hailed him as the boat passed them.

"What a fool I am to be here!" he grumbled, in an undertone, casting an envious glance at the punts in their comfortable berth, up under the banks, and out of the wind. "I say, Brown, don't you wish we were well past this on the way up?"

"Silence in the bows!" shouted Miller.

"You devil, how I hate you!" growled Drysdale, half in jest and half in earnest, as they sped along under the willows.

Tom got more comfortable at every stroke, and by the time they reached the Gut began to hope that he should not have a fit, or lose all his strength just at the start, or cut a crab, or come to some other unutterable grief, the fear of which had been haunting him all day.

"Here they are at last! — come along now — keep up with them," said Hardy to Grey, as the boat neared the Gut; and the two, who had been waiting on the bank, trotted along downward, Hardy watching the crew, and Grey watching him.

"Hardy, how eager you look!"

"I'd give twenty pounds to be going to pull in the race."

Grey shambled on in silence by the side of his big friend, and wished he could understand what it was that moved him so.

As the boat shot into the Gut from under the cover of the Oxfordshire bank, the wind caught the bows.

"Feather high, now," shouted Miller; and then added in a low voice to the captain, "it will be ticklish work starting in this wind."

"Just as bad for all the other boats," answered the captain.

"Well said, old philosopher!" said Miller. "It's a comfort to steer you; you never make a fellow nervous. I wonder if you ever felt nervous yourself, now?"

"Can't say," said the captain. "Here's our post; we may as well turn."

"Easy, bow side — now, two and four, pull her round — back water, seven and five!" shouted the coxswain; and the boat's head swung round, and two or three strokes took in to the bank.

Jack instantly made a convulsive attempt to board, but was sternly repulsed, and tumbled backward into the water.

Hark! — the first gun. The report sent Tom's heart into his mouth again. Several of the boats pushed off at once into the stream; and the crowds of men on the bank began to be agitated, as it were, by the shadow of the coming excitement. The St. Ambrose fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their rowlocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers.

"Shall we push her off?" asked bow.

"No; I can give you another minute," said Miller, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word."

The captain turned on his seat, and looked up the boat. His face was quiet, but full of confidence, which seemed to pass from him into the crew. Tom felt calmer and stronger, as he met his eye. "Now mind, boys, don't quicken," he said, cheerily; "four short strokes to get way on her, and then steady. Here, pass up the lemon."

And he took a sliced lemon out of his pocket, put a small piece in his own mouth, and then handed it to Blake, who followed his example, and passed it on. Each man took a piece; and just as bow had secured the end, Miller called out: —

"Now, jackets off, and get her head out steadily."

The jackets were thrown on shore, and gathered up by the boatman in attendance. The crew poised their oars, No. 2 pushing out her head, and the captain doing the same for the stern. Miller took the starting-rope in his hand.

"How the wind catches her stern," he said; "here, pay out the rope one of you. No, not you — some fellow with a strong hand. Yes, you 'll do," he went on, as Hardy stepped down the bank and took hold of the rope; "let me have it foot by foot as I want it. Not too quick; make the most of it — that 'll do. Two and three, just dip your oars in to give her way."

The rope paid out steadily, and the boat settled to her place. But now the wind rose again, and the stern drifted in toward the bank.

"You *must* back her a bit, Miller, and keep her a little further out or our oars on stroke side will catch the bank."

"So I see; curse the wind. Back her, one stroke all. Back her, I say!" shouted Miller.

It is no easy matter to get a crew to back her an inch just now, particularly as there are in her two men who have never rowed a race before, except in the torpids, and one who has never rowed a race in his life.

However, back she comes; the starting rope slackens in Miller's left hand, and the stroke, unshipping his oar, pushes the stern gently out again.

There goes the second gun! one short minute more, and we are off. Short minute, indeed! you would n't say so if you were in the boat, with your heart in your mouth and trembling all over like a man with the palsy. Those sixty seconds before starting-gun in your first race — why, they are a little lifetime.

"By Jove, we are drifting in again," said Miller, in horror. The captain looked grim but said nothing; it was too late now for him to be unshipping again. "Here, catch hold of the long boat-hook, and fend her off."

Hardy, to whom this was addressed, seized the boat-hook, and, standing with one foot in the water, pressed the end of the boat-hook against the gunwale, at the full stretch of his arm, and so, by main force, kept the stern out. There was just room for stroke oars to dip, and that was all. The starting rope was as taut as a harp-string; will Miller's left hand hold out?

It is an awful moment. But the coxswain, though almost dragged backward off his seat, is equal to the occasion. He holds his watch in his right hand with the tiller rope.

"Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes, at last — the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river, the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting-ropes drop from the coxswain's hands, the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the banks scatter, and rush along, each keeping as near as may be to its own boat. Some of the men on the towing-path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water; some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward; some behind, where they can see the pulling better; but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honor of the college is laid.

"Well pulled all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You 're gaining every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!"

On they rush by the side of the boats, jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along.

For a quarter of a mile along the bank the glorious, maddening hurly-burly extends, and rolls up the side of the stream.

For the first ten strokes, Tom was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, what we may call consciousness returned; and, while every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leapt, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to wake unto unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river, or smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of Diogenes, he seemed to see all things at once. The boat behind, which seemed to be gaining — it was all he could do to prevent himself from quickening on the stroke as he fancied that; the eager face of Miller, with his compressed lips and eyes fixed so earnestly ahead that Tom could almost feel the glance passing over his right shoulder; the flying banks and the shouting crowd; see them with his bodily eyes he could not, but he knew, nevertheless, that Grey had been upset and nearly rolled down the bank into the water in the first hundred yards; that Jack was bounding and scrambling and barking along by the very edge of the stream; above all, he was just as well aware as if he had been looking at it, of a stalwart form in cap and gown, bounding along, brandishing the long boat-hook, and always keeping just opposite the boat; and amid all the Babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the laboring of his own breathing, he heard Hardy's voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air, "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady." The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! he had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but never aught like this.

But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long, without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind; there is a great gap between the accompanying crowds; and now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the bank grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him, and, it would seem, into the rest of the crew at the same moment; for, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again; there is no more drag; she springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and Miller's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again.

Miller's face and attitude are a study. Coiled up into the smallest possible space, his chin almost resting on his knees, his hands close to his sides, firmly but lightly feeling the rudder, as a good horseman handles the mouth of a free-going hunter; if a coxswain could make a bump by his own exertions surely he will do it. No sudden jerks of the St. Ambrose rudder will you see, watch as you will from the bank; the boat never hangs through fault of his, but easily and gracefully rounds every point. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" he now and then mutters to the captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the regularity of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement, but he is far too good a judge to hurry the final effort before the victory is safe in his grasp.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more." "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up." "Mind the Gut, Exeter." "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear their oars and the workings of their rudder, and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, as it rushes madly off to the left to the foot-bridge, amidst which "Oh, well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the prevailing cry. Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head. "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we're into them." Old Jervis lays down that great broad back, and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him, and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, "Unship oars, bow and three!" and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up to the side of the Exeter, till it touches their stroke oar.

"Take care where you 're coming to." It is the coxswain of the bumped boat who speaks.

Tom finds himself within a foot or two of him when he looks round; and, being utterly unable to contain his joy, and yet unwilling to exhibit it before the eyes of a gallant rival, turns away toward the shore, and begins telegraphing to Hardy.

"Now, then, what are you at there in the bows? Cast her off, quick. Come, look alive! Push across at once out of the way of the other boats."

"I congratulate you, Jervis," says the Exeter stroke, as the St. Ambrose boat shoots past him. "Do it again next race and I sha'n't care."

"We were within three lengths of Brazen-nose when we bumped," says the all-observant Miller, in a low voice.

"All right," answers the captain: "Brazen-nose is n't so strong as usual. We sha'n't have much trouble there, but a tough job up above, I take it."

"Brazen-nose was better steered than Exeter."

"They muffed it in the Gut, eh?" said the captain. "I thought so by the shouts."

"Yes, we were pressing them a little down below and their coxswain kept looking over his shoulder. He was in the Gut before he knew it, and had to pull his left hand hard, or they would have fouled the Oxfordshire corner. That stopped their way and in we went."

"Bravo! and how well we started, too."

"Yes, thanks to that Hardy. It was touch and go though. I could n't have held the rope two seconds more."

"How did our fellows work? She dragged a good deal below the Gut."

Miller looked somewhat serious, but even he cannot be finding fault just now; for the first step is gained, the first victory won; and, as Homer sometimes nods, so Miller relaxes the sternness of his rule. The crew, as soon as they have found their voices again, laugh and talk, and answer the congratulations of their friends, as the boat slips along close to the towing-path on the Berks side, "easy all," almost keeping pace, nevertheless, with the lower boats, which are racing up under the willows on the Oxfordshire side. Jack, after one or two feints, makes a frantic bound into the water, and is hauled dripping into the boat by Drysdale, unchid by Miller, but to the intense disgust of Diogenes, whose pantaloons and principles are alike outraged by the proceeding. He — the Cato of the oar — scorns to relax the strictness of his code, even after victory won. Neither word nor look does he cast to the exulting St. Ambrosians on the bank; a twinkle in his eye, and a subdued chuckle or two, alone betray that, though an oarsman, he is mortal. Already he revolves in his mind the project of an early walk under under a few pea-coats, not being quite satisfied (conscientious old boy!) that he tried his stretcher enough in that final spurt, and thinking that there must be an extra pound of flesh on him somewhere or other which did the mischief.

"I say, Brown," said Drysdale, "how do you feel?"

"All right," said Tom; "I never felt jollier in my life."

"By Jove, though, it was an awful grind; did n't you wish yourself well out of it below the Gut?"

"No, nor you either."

"Did n't I, though! I was awfully baked, my throat is like a lime-kiln yet. What did you think about?"

"Well, about keeping time, I think," said Tom, laughing, "but I can't remember much."

"I only kept on by thinking how I hated those devils in the Exeter boat, and how done up they must be, and hoping their Number 2 felt like having a fit."

At this moment they came opposite the Cherwell. The leading boat was just passing the winning-post off the University barge, and the band struck up the "Conquering hero," with a crash. And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, Miller shook the tiller-ropes again, the captain shouted, "Now then, pick her up," and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.

Dear readers of the gentler sex! you, I know, will pardon the enthusiasm which stirs our pulses, now in sober middle age, as we call up again the memories of this, the most exciting sport of our boyhood (for we were but boys, then, after all). You will pardon, though I fear hopelessly unable to understand the above sketch; your sons and brothers will tell you it could not have been made less technical.

For you, male readers, who have never handled an oar — what shall I say to you? You, at least, I hope, in some way —

in other contests of one kind or another — have felt as we felt, and have striven as we strove. You *ought* to understand and sympathize with us in all our boating memories. Oh, how fresh and sweet they are! Above all that one of the gay little Henley town, the carriage-crowded bridge, the noble river reach, the giant poplars, which mark the critical point of the course; the roaring column of "undergrades," light blue and dark purple, Cantab and Oxonian, alike and yet how different, hurling along together, and hiding the towing-path; the clang of Henley church-bells, the cheering, the waving of embroidered handkerchiefs, and glancing of bright eyes, the ill-concealed pride of fathers, the open delight and exultation of mothers and sisters; the levee in the town-hall when the race was rowed, the great cup full of champagne (inn-champagne, but we were not critical); the chops, the steaks, the bitter beer; but we run into anticlimax — remember, we were boys then, and bear with us if you cannot sympathize.

And you, old companions, *Θρανίται* benchers (of the gallant eight-oar), now seldom met, but never-forgotten, lairds, squires, soldiers, merchants, lawyers, grave J. P.'s, graver clergymen, gravest bishops (for of two bishops at least does our brotherhood boast), I turn for a moment from my task, to reach to you the right hand of fellowship from these pages, and empty this solemn pewter — trophy of hard-won victory — to your health and happiness.

Surely none the worse Christians and citizens are ye for your involuntary failing of muscularity!

A Change in the Crew, and What Came of It.

It was on a Saturday that the St. Ambrose boat made the first bump, described in our last chapter. On the next Saturday, the day-week after the first success, at nine o'clock in the evening, our hero was at the door of Hardy's rooms. He just stopped for one moment outside, with his hand on the lock, looking a little puzzled, but withal pleased, and then opened the door and entered. The little estrangement which there had been between them for some weeks had passed away since the races had begun. Hardy had thrown himself into the spirit of them so thoroughly, that he had not only regained all his hold on Tom, but had warmed up the whole crew in his favor, and had mollified the martinet Miller himself. It was he who had managed the starting rope in every race, and his voice from the towing path had come to be looked upon as a safe guide for clapping on or rowing or steady. Even Miller, autocrat as he was, had come to listen for it, in confirmation of his own judgment, before calling on the crew for the final effort.

So Tom had recovered his old footing in the servitor's rooms; and, when he entered on the night in question, did so with the bearing of an intimate friend. Hardy's tea commons were on one end of the table, as usual, and he was sitting at the other poring over a book. Tom marched straight up to him, and leant over his shoulder.

"What, here you are at the perpetual grind," he said. "Come, shut up, and give me some tea; I want to talk to you."

Hardy looked up, with a grim smile.

"Are you up to a cup of tea?" he said; "look here, I was just reminded of you fellows. Shall I construe for you?"

He pointed with his finger to the open page of the book he was reading. It was the "Knights" of Aristophanes, and Tom, leaning over his shoulder, read: —

"*κάτα καθίζον μαλαῶς ίνα μὴ τρίβης τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι,*" etc.

After meditating a moment he burst out. "You hard-hearted old ruffian! I come here for sympathy, and the first thing you do is to poke fun at me out of your wretched classics! I 've a good mind to clear out, and not do my errand."

"What 's a man to do?" said Hardy. "I hold that it 's always better to laugh at fortune. What 's the use of repining? You have done famously, and second is a capital place on the river."

"Second be hanged!" said Tom. "We mean to be first!"

"Well, I hope we may!" said Hardy. "I can tell you nobody felt it more than I — not even old Diogenes — when you did n't make your bump to-night."

"Now you talk like a man, and a Saint Ambrosian," said Tom. "But what do you think? Shall we ever catch them?" and so saying, he retired to a chair opposite the tea-things.

"No," said Hardy; "I don't think we ever shall. I 'm very sorry to say it, but they are an uncommonly strong lot, and we have a weak place or two in our crew. I don't think we can do more than we did to-night — at least with the present crew."

"But if we could get a little more strength we might?"

"Yes, I think so. Jervis' stroke is worth two of theirs. Very little more powder would do it."

"Then we must have a little more powder."

"Ay, but how are we to get it? Who can you put in?"

"You!" said Tom, sitting up. "There, now, that's just what I am come about. Drysdale is to go out. Will you pull next race? They all want you to row."

"Do they?" said Hardy, quietly (but Tom could see that his eyes sparkled at the notion, though he was too proud to show how much he was pleased); "then they had better come and ask me themselves."

"Well, you cantankerous old party, they're coming, I can tell you!" said Tom, in great delight. "The captain just sent me on to break ground, and will be here directly himself. I say now, Hardy," he went on, "don't you say no. I've set my heart upon it. I'm sure we shall bump them if you pull."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to make tea, to conceal the excitement he was in at the idea of rowing; "you see I'm not in training."

"Gammon," said Tom, "you're always in training, and you know it."

"Well," said Hardy, "I can't be in worse than Drysdale. He has been of no use above the Gut this last three nights."

"That's just what Miller says," said Tom, "and here comes the captain." There was a knock at the door while he spoke, and Jervis and Miller entered.

Tom was in a dreadful fidget for the next twenty minutes, and may best be compared to an enthusiastic envoy negotiating a commercial treaty, and suddenly finding his action impeded by the arrival of his principals. Miller was very civil, but not pressing; he seemed to have come more with a view of talking over the present state of things, and consulting upon them, than of enlisting a recruit. Hardy met him more than halfway, and speculated on all sorts of possible issues, without a hint of volunteering himself. But presently Jervis, who did not understand finessing, broke in, and asked Hardy, point-blank, to pull in the next race; and when he pleaded want of training, overruled him at once, by saying that there was no better training than sculling. So in half an hour all was settled. Hardy was to pull five in the next race, Diogenes was to take Blake's place at No. 7, and Blake to take Drysdale's oar at No. 2. The whole crew were to go for a long training walk the next day, Sunday, in the afternoon; to go down to Abingdon on Monday, just to get into swing in their new places, and then on Tuesday to abide the fate of war. They had half an hour's pleasant talk over Hardy's tea, and then separated.

"I always told you he was our man," said the captain to Miller, as they walked together to the gates; "we want strength, and he is as strong as a horse. You must have seen him sculling yourself. There is n't his match on the river to my mind."

"Yes, I think he'll do," replied Miller; "at any rate, he can't be worse than Drysdale."

As for Tom and Hardy, it may safely be said that no two men in Oxford went to bed in better spirits that Saturday night than they two.

And now to explain how it came about that Hardy was wanted. Fortune had smiled upon the St. Ambrosians in the two races which succeeded the one in which they had bumped Exeter. They had risen two more places without any very great trouble. Of course, the constituencies on the bank magnified their powers and doings. There never was such a crew, they were quite safe to be head of the river, nothing could live against their pace. So the young oars in the boat swallowed all they heard, thought themselves the finest fellows going, took less and less pains to keep up their conditions, and when they got out of earshot of Jervis and Diogenes, were ready to bet two to one that they would bump Oriel the next night, and keep easily head of the river for the rest of the races.

Saturday night came, and brought with it a most useful though unpalatable lesson to the St. Ambrosians. The Oriel boat was manned chiefly by old oars, seasoned in many a race, and not liable to panic when hard pressed. They had a fair though not a first-rate stroke, and a good coxswain; experts remarked that they were rather too heavy for their boat, and that she dipped a little when they put on anything like a severe spurt; but on the whole they were by no means the sort of crew you could just run into hand over hand. So Miller and Diogenes preached, and so the Ambrosians found out to their cost.

They had the pace of the other boat, and gained as usual a boat's length before the Gut; but, first those two fatal corners were passed, and then other well-remembered spots where former bumps had been made, and still Miller made no sign; on the contrary, he looked gloomy and savage. The St. Ambrosian shouts from the shore, too, changed from the usual exultant peals into something like a quiver of consternation, while the air was rent with the name and laudations of "Little Oriel."

Long before the Cherwell, Drysdale was completely baked (he had played truant the day before and dined at the Weirs, where he had imbibed much dubious hock), but he from old habit managed to keep time. Tom and the other young oars got flurried, and quickened; the boat dragged, there was no life left in her, and, though they managed just to hold their first advantage, could not put her a foot nearer the stern of the Oriel boat, which glided past the winning-post a clear boats' length ahead of her pursuers, and with a crew much less distressed.

Such races must tell on strokes; and even Jervis, who had pulled magnificently throughout, was very much done at the close, and leaned over his oar with a swimming in his head and an approach to faintness, and was scarcely able to see for a minute or so. Miller's indignation knew no bounds, but he bottled it up till he had manœuvred the crew into their dressing-room by themselves, Jervis having stopped below. Then he let out, and did not spare them. "They would kill their captain, whose little finger was worth the whole of them; they were disgracing the college; three or four of them had neither heart nor head, nor pluck." They all felt that this was unjust, for after all had they not brought the boat up to the second place? Poor Diogenes sat in a corner and groaned; he forgot to prefix "old fellow" to the few observations he made. Blake had great difficulty in adjusting his necktie before the glass; he merely remarked in a pause of the objurgation, "In faith, coxswain, these be very bitter words." Tom and most of the others were too much out of heart to resist; but at last Drysdale fired up: —

"You 've no right to be so savage that I can see," he said, stopping the low whistle suddenly in which he was indulging, as he sat on the corner of the table; "you seem to think No. 2 the weakest out of several weak places in the boat."

"Yes, I do," said Miller.

"Then this honorable member," said Drysdale, getting off the table, "seeing that his humble efforts are unappreciated, thinks it best for the public service to place his resignation in the hands of your coxswainship."

"Which my coxswainship is graciously pleased to accept," replied Miller.

"Hurrah for a roomy punt and a soft cushion next racing night — it 's almost worth while to have been rowing all this time, to realize the sensations I shall feel when I see you fellows passing the Cherwell on Tuesday."

"*Suave est*, it 's what I 'm partial to, *mari magno*, in the last reach, *a terra*, from the towing-path, *alterius magnum spectare laborem*, to witness the tortures of you wretched beggars in the boat. I 'm obliged to translate for Drysdale, who never learned Latin," said Blake, finishing his tie, and turning to the company. There was an awkward silence. Miller was chafing inwardly and running over in his mind what was to be done; and nobody else seemed quite to know what ought to happen next when the door opened and Jervis came in.

"Congratulate me, my captain," said Drysdale; "I 'm well out of it at last."

Jervis "pished and pshaw'd" a little at hearing what had happened, but his presence acted like oil on the waters. The moment that the resignation was named, Tom's thoughts had turned to Hardy. Now was the time — he had such confidence in the man, that the idea of getting him in for the next race entirely changed the aspect of affairs to him, and made him feel as "bumptious" again as he had done in the morning. So with this idea in his head he hung about till the captain had made his toilet, and joined himself to him and Miller as they walked up.

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the captain.

"That 's just what you have to settle," said Miller; "you have been up all the term, and know the men's pulling better than I."

"I suppose we must press somebody from the torpid — let me see, there 's Burton."

"He rolls like a porpoise," interrupted Miller positively; "impossible."

"Stewart might do then."

"Never kept time for three strokes in his life," said Miller.

"Well, there are no better men," said the captain.

"Then we may lay our account to stopping where we are, if we don't even lose a place," said Miller.

"Dust unto dust, what must be, must;
If you can't get crumb you'd best eat crust,"

said the captain.

"It's all very well talking coolly now," said Miller, "but you'll kill yourself trying to bump, and there are three more nights."

"Hardy would row if you asked him, I'm sure," said Tom.

The captain looked at Miller, who shook his head. "I don't think it," he said; "I take him to be a shy bird that won't come to everybody's whistle. We might have had him two years ago, I believe — I wish we had."

"I always told you so," said Jervis; "at any rate, let's try him. He can but say no, and I don't think he will, for you see he has been at the starting-place every night, and as keen as a freshman all the time."

"I'm sure he won't," said Tom; "I know he would give anything to pull."

"You had better go to his rooms and sound him," said the captain; "Miller and I will follow in half an hour." We have already heard how Tom's mission prospered.

The next day, at a few minutes before two o'clock, the St. Ambrose crew, including Hardy, with Miller (who was a desperate and indefatigable pedestrian) for leader, crossed Magdalen Bridge. At five they returned to college, having done a little over fifteen miles, fair heel and toe walking, in the interval. The afternoon had been very hot, and Miller chuckled to the captain, "I don't think there will be much trash left in any of them after that. That fellow Hardy is as fine as a racehorse, and, did you see, he never turned a hair all the way."

The crew dispersed to their rooms, delighted with the performance now that it was over, and feeling that they were much the better for it, though they all declared it had been harder work than any race they had yet pulled. It would have done a trainer's heart good to have seen them, some twenty minutes afterward, dropping into hall (where they were allowed to dine on Sundays, on the joint), fresh from cold baths, and looking ruddy and clear, and hard enough for anything.

Again on Monday, not a chance was lost. The St. Ambrose boat started soon after one o'clock for Abingdon. They swung steadily down the whole way, and back again to Sandford without a single spurt; Miller generally standing in the stern, and preaching above all things steadiness and time, From Sandford up, they were accompanied by half a dozen men or so, who ran up the bank watching them. The struggle for the first place on the river was creating great excitement in the rowing world, and these were some of the most keen connoisseurs, who, having heard that St. Ambrose had changed a man, were on the look-out to satisfy themselves as to how it would work. The general opinion was veering round in favor of Oriel; changes so late in the races, and at such a critical moment, were looked upon as very damaging.

Foremost among the runners on the bank was a wiry dark man, with sanguine complexion, who went with a peculiar long, low stride, keeping his keen eye well on the boat. Just above Kennington Island, Jervis, noticing this particular spectator for the first time, called on the crew, and, quickening his stroke, took them up the reach at racing pace. As they lay in Iffley Lock the dark man appeared above them, and exchanged a few words, and a good deal of dumb show, with the captain and Miller, and then disappeared.

From Iffley up they went steadily again. On the whole, Miller seemed to be in very good spirits in the dressing-room; he thought the boat trimmed better, and went better than she had ever done before, and complimented Blake particularly for the ease with which he had changed sides. They all went up in high spirits, calling on their way at "The Choughs" for one glass of old ale round, which Miller was graciously pleased to allow. Tom never remembered, till after they were out again, that Hardy had never been there before, and felt embarrassed for a moment, but it soon passed off. A moderate dinner and early to bed finished the day, and Miller was justified in his parting remark to the captain, "Well, if we don't win we can comfort ourselves that we have n't dropped a stitch this last two days, at any rate."

Then the eventful day arose which Tom and many another man felt was to make or mar St. Ambrose. It was a glorious early summer day, without a cloud, scarcely a breath of air stirring. "We shall have a fair start, at any rate," was the general feeling. We have already seen what a throat-drying, nervous business the morning and afternoon of a race-day is, and must not go over the same ground more than we can help; so we will imagine the St. Ambrose boat down at the starting-place, lying close to the towing-path, just before the first gun.

There is a much greater crowd than usual opposite the two first boats. By this time most of the other boats have found their places, for there is not much chance of anything very exciting down below; so besides the men of Oriel and St. Ambrose (who muster to-night of all sorts, the fastest of the fast and slowest of the slow having been by this time shamed into something like enthusiasm), many of other colleges, whose boats have no chance of bumping or being bumped, flock to the point of attraction.

"Do you make out what the change is?" says a backer of Oriel to his friend in the like predicament.

"Yes; they 've got a new No. 5; don't you see? and, by George, I don't like his looks," answered his friend; "awfully long and strong in the arm, and well ribbed up. A devilish awkward customer. I shall go and try to get a hedge."

"Pooh," says the other, "did you ever know one man win a race?"

"Ay, that I have," says his friend, and walks off toward the Oriel crowd to take five to four on Oriel in half-sovereigns, if he can get it.

Now their dark friend of yesterday came up at a trot, and pulls up close to the captain, with whom he is evidently dear friends. He is worth looking at, being coxswain of the O. U. B., the best steerer, runner, and swimmer in Oxford; amphibious himself, and sprung from an amphibious race. His own boat is in no danger, so he has left her to take care of herself. He is on the lookout for recruits for the University crew, and no recruiting sergeant has a sharper eye for the sort of stuff he requires.

"What 's his name?" he says in a low tone to Jervis, giving a jerk with his head toward Hardy. "Where did you get him?"

"Hardy," answers the captain in the same tone; "it 's his first night in the boat."

"I know that," replies the coxswain; "I never saw him row before yesterday. He 's the fellow who sculls in that brown skiff, is n't he?"

"Yes, and I think he 'll do; keep your eye on him."

The coxswain nods as if he were pretty much of the same mind, and examines Hardy with the eye of a connoisseur, pretty much as the judge at an agricultural show looks at the prize bull. Hardy is tightening the strap of his stretcher, and all unconscious of the compliments which are being paid him.

The great authority seems satisfied with his inspection, grins, rubs his hands, and trots off to the Oriel boat to make comparisons.

Just as the first gun is heard, Grey sidles nervously to the front of the crowd as if he were doing something very audacious, and draws Hardy's attention, exchanging sympathizing nods with him, but saying nothing, for he knows not what to say, and then disappearing again in the crowd.

"Hollo, Drysdale, is that you?" says Blake, as they push off from the shore. "I thought you were going to take it easy in a punt."

"So I thought," said Drysdale; "but I could n't keep away, and here I am. I shall run up; and mind, if I see you within ten feet, and cocksure to win, I'll give a view halloo. I'll be bound you shall hear it."

"May it come speedily," said Blake, and then settled himself in his seat.

"Eyes in the boat — mind now, steady all, watch the stroke and don't quicken."

These are Miller's last words; every faculty of himself and the crew being now devoted to getting a good start. This is no difficult matter, as the water is like glass, and the boat lies lightly on it, obeying the slightest dip of the oars of bow and two, who just feel the water twice or thrice in the last minute. Then after a few moments of breathless hush on the bank, the last gun is fired and they are off.

The same scene of mad excitement ensues, only tenfold more intense, as almost the whole interest of the races is to-night concentrated on the two head boats and their fate. At every gate there is a jam, and the weaker vessels are shoved into the ditches, upset, and left unnoticed. The most active men, including the O. U. B. coxswain, shun the gates altogether, and take the big ditches in their stride, making for the long bridges, that they may get quietly over these and be safe for the best part of the race. They know that the critical point of the struggle will be near the finish.

Both boats make a beautiful start, and again as before in the first dash the St. Ambrose pace tells, and they gain their boat's length before first winds fail; then they settle down for a long, steady effort. Both crews are rowing comparatively steady, reserving themselves for the tug of war up above. Thus they pass the Gut, and so those two treacherous corners, the scene of countless bumps, into the wider water beyond, up under the willows.

Miller's face is decidedly hopeful; he shows no sign, indeed, but you can see that he is not the same man as he was at this place in the last race. He feels that to-day the boat is full of life, and that he can call on his crew with hopes of an answer. His well-trained eye also detects that, while both crews are at full stretch, his own, instead of losing, as it did on the last night, is now gaining inch by inch on Oriel. The gain is scarcely perceptible to him even; from the bank it is quite imperceptible; but there it is; he is surer and surer of it, as one after another the willows are left behind.

And now comes the pinch. The Oriel captain is beginning to be conscious of the fact which has been dawning on Miller, but will not acknowledge it to himself, and as his coxswain turns the boat's head gently across the stream, and makes for the Berkshire side and the goal, now full in view, he smiles grimly as he quickens his stroke; he will shake off these light-heeled gentry yet, as he did before.

Miller sees the move in a moment, and signals his captain, and the next stroke St. Ambrose has quickened also; and now there is no mistake about it, St. Ambrose is creeping up slowly but surely. The boat's length lessens to forty feet, thirty feet; surely and steadily lessens. But the race is not lost yet; thirty feet is a short space enough to look at on the water, but a good bit to pick up foot by foot in the last two hundred yards of a desperate struggle. They are over under the Berkshire side now, and there stands up the winning-post, close ahead, all but won. The distance lessens and lessens still, but the Oriel crew stick steadily and gallantly to their work, and will fight every inch of distance to the last. The Orielites on the bank, who are rushing along, sometimes in the water, sometime out, hoarse, furious, madly alternating between hope and despair, have no reason to be ashamed of a man in the crew. Off the mouth of the Cherwell there is still twenty feet between them. Another minute, and it will be over one way or another. Every man in both crews is now doing his best, and no mistake: tell me which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best at a pinch, who will risk a broken blood vessel, and I will tell you how it will end. "Hard pounding, gentlemen, let's see who will pound longest," the duke is reported to have said at Waterloo, and won. "Now, Tummy, lad, 't is thou or

I," Big Ben said as he came up to the last round of his hardest fight, and won. Is there a man of that temper in either crew to-night? If so, now's his time. For both coxswains have called on their men for the last effort; Miller is whirling the tassel of his right-hand tiller rope round his head, like a wiry little lunatic; from the towing-path, from Christ Church meadow, from the rows of punts, from the clustered tops of the barges, comes a roar of encouragement and applause, and the band, unable to resist the impulse, breaks with a crash into the "Jolly Young Waterman," playing two bars to the second. A bump in the Gut is nothing — a few partisans on the towing-path to cheer you, already out of breath; but up here at the very finish, with all Oxford looking on, when the prize is the headship of the river — once in a generation only do men get such a chance.

Who ever saw Jervis not up to his work? The St. Ambrose stroke is glorious. Tom had an atom of go still left in the very back of his head, and at this moment he heard Drysdale's view halloo above all the din; it seemed to give him a lift, and other men besides in the boat, for in another six strokes the gap is lessened and St. Ambrose has crept up to ten feet, and now to five from the stern of Oriel. Weeks afterward Hardy confided to Tom that when he heard that view halloo he seemed to feel the muscles of his arms and legs turn into steel, and did more work in the last twenty strokes than in any other forty in the earlier part of the race.

Another fifty yards and Oriel is safe, but the look on the captain's face is so ominous that their coxswain glances over his shoulder. The bow of St. Ambrose is within two feet of their rudder. It is a moment for desperate expedients. He pulls his left tiller rope suddenly, thereby carrying the stern of his own boat out of the line of the St. Ambrose, and calls on his crew once more; they respond gallantly yet, but the rudder is against them for a moment, and the boat drags. St. Ambrose overlaps. "A bump, a bump," shout the St. Ambrosians on shore. "Row on, row on," screams Miller. He has not yet felt the electric shock, and knows he will miss his bump if the young ones slacken for a moment. A young coxswain would have gone on making shots at the stern of the Oriel boat, and so have lost.

A bump now and no mistake; the bow of the St. Ambrose boat jams the oar of the Oriel stroke, and the two boats pass the winning-post with the way that was on them when the bump was made. So near a shave was it.

To describe the scene on the bank is beyond me. It was a hurly-burly of delirious joy, in the midst of which took place a terrific combat between Jack and the Oriel dog — a noble black bull terrier belonging to the college in general, and no one in particular — who always attended the races and felt the misfortune keenly. Luckily, they were parted without worse things happening; for though the Oriel men were savage, and not disinclined for a jostle, the milk of human kindness was too strong for the moment in their adversaries, and they extricated themselves from the crowd, carrying off Crib, their dog, and looking straight before them into vacancy.

"Well rowed, boys," says Jervis turning round to his crew, as they lay panting on their oars.

"Well rowed, five," says Miller, who, even in the hour of such a triumph, is not inclined to be general in laudation.

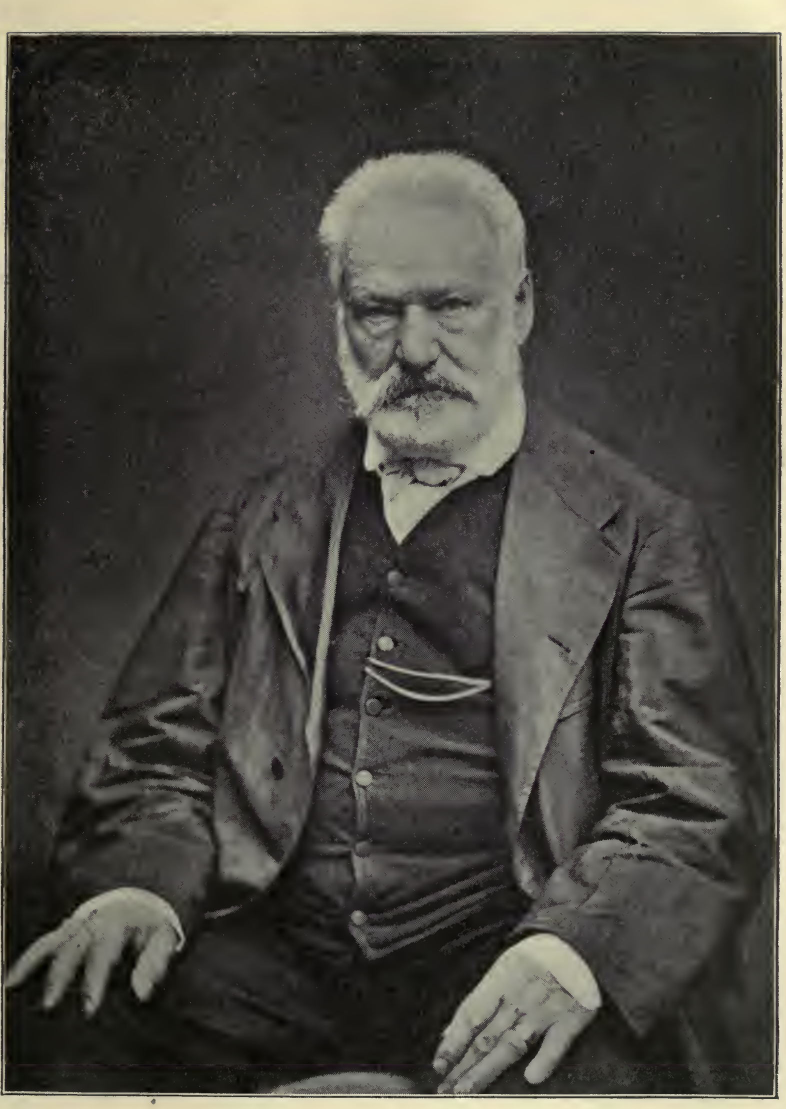
"Well rowed, five," is echoed from the bank; it is that cunning man, the recruiting-sergeant. "*Fatally* well rowed," he adds to a comrade, with whom he gets into one of the punts to cross to Christ Church meadow; "we must have him in the University crew."

"I don't think you 'll get him to row, from what I hear," answers the other.

"Then he must be handcuffed and carried into the boat by force," says the coxswain O. U. B.; "why is not the pressgang an institution in this university?"

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

Hugo, Victor Marie, a celebrated French publicist, poet, and novelist; born at Besançon, February 26, 1802; died at Paris, May 22, 1885. His first volume, "Odes et Poésies" (1822), was followed by two novels, "Han d'Islande" (1825), and "Bug-Jargal" (1826). A second volume of "Odes et Ballades" appeared in 1826. In conjunction with Sainte-Beuve and others he founded a literary society and established a periodical, "La Muse Française." His drama "Cromwell" (1827), "Les Orientales," a volume of poems (1828), and "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" (1829), added to his reputation. In 1830 "Hernani" was successfully produced at the Théâtre Français. "Marion Delorme" was presented in 1831, and was enthusiastically received, as were his novel "Notre Dame de Paris," and his poems "Les Feuilles d'Automne." Other dramas, "Le Roi s'Amuse" (1832), "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor" (1833), "Angelo Tyran de Padoue" (1835), "Ruy Blas" (1838), and "Les Burgraves" (1843), were also well received. Several volumes of poems — "Les Chants du Crépuscule" (1835), "Les Voix Intérieures" (1837), and "Les Rayons et les Ombres" (1840); and his prose works, "Claude Gueux" (1834), "Études sur Mirabeau" and "Littérature et Philosophie Mêlées," of the same year, and "Lettres sur le Rhin" (1842) — were successful. In 1852 he published a satire, "Napoléon le Petit;" in 1853, "Les Châtiments;" in 1853, "Les Contemplations," collections of lyrical poems; and in 1859, the first part of "La Légende des Siècles." His novel "Les Misérables" (1862) appeared simultaneously in several languages. He published a translation of Shakespeare in 1864, a volume of poems, "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," in 1865, and a novel, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," in 1866, and "L'Homme qui Rit" in 1869. In 1872 he published "L'Année Terrible," another volume of poems, and with his son François began the publication of a democratic journal, "Le Peuple Souverain." His next novel, a story of the war in La Vendée, appeared in several languages in 1874, "Actes et Paroles," a volume of letters and speeches, in 1875, the second part of "La Légende des Siècles" in 1876, "L'Histoire d'un Crime," the story of the Coup d'État in 1851, and "L'Art d'être Grand-père," poems, in 1877; "Le Pape" in 1878,



VICTOR HUGO

"La Pitié Suprême" in 1879, "L'Ane" in 1880, "Les Quatre Vents d'Esprit" in 1878, "Torquemada" in 1882, and the third part of "La Légende des Siècles," and "L'Archipel de la Manche," in 1883. In 1887 appeared "Choses Vues," a collection of sketches.

THE BROKEN JUG.

(From "Notre-Dame.")

GRINGOIRE, still dizzy from his fall, lay stretched on the pavement before the figure of the Blessed Virgin at the corner of the street. Little by little he regained his senses; at first he was for some moments floating in a sort of half-drowsy reverie which was far from unpleasant, in which the airy figures of the gypsy and her goat were blended with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of things did not last long. A somewhat sharp sensation of cold on that part of his body in contact with the pavement roused him completely, and brought his mind back to realities once more.

"Why do I feel so cold?" said he, abruptly. He then discovered that he was lying in the middle of the gutter.

"Deuce take the humpbacked Cyclop!" he muttered; and he tried to rise. But he was too dizzy and too much bruised; he was forced to remain where he was. However, his hand was free; he stopped his nose and resigned himself to his fate.

"The mud of Paris," thought he (for he felt very sure that the gutter must be his lodging for the night,

"And what should we do in a lodging if we do not think?")

"the mud of Paris is particularly foul; it must contain a vast amount of volatile and nitrous salts. Moreover, such is the opinion of Master Nicolas Flamel and of the Hermetics —"

The word "Hermetics" suddenly reminded him of the archdeacon, Claude Frollo. He recalled the violent scene which he had just witnessed, — how the gypsy struggled with two men, how Quasimodo had a companion; and the morose and haughty face of the archdeacon passed confusedly through his mind. "That would be strange!" he thought. And he began to erect, upon these data and this basis, the fantastic edifice of hypothesis, that cardhouse of philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "But there! I am freezing!" he exclaimed.

The situation was in fact becoming more and more unbearable. Every drop of water in the gutter took a particle of heat from Gringoire's loins, and the temperature of his body and the temperature of the gutter began to balance each other in a very disagreeable fashion.

An annoyance of quite another kind all at once beset him.

A band of children, those little barefoot savages who have haunted the streets of Paris in all ages under the generic name of "gamins," and who, when we too were children, threw stones at us every day as we hastened home from school because our trousers were destitute of holes, — a swarm of these young scamps ran towards the cross-roads where Gringoire lay, with shouts and laughter which seemed to show but little regard for their neighbor's sleep. They dragged after them a shapeless sack, and the mere clatter of their wooden shoes would have been enough to rouse the dead. Gringoire, who was not quite lifeless yet, rose to a sitting position.

"Hollo, Hennequin Dandèche! Hollo there, Jehan-Pincebourde!" they bawled at the top of their voices; "old Eustache Moubon, the junk-man at the corner, has just died; we 've got his mattress; we 're going to build a bonfire. This is the Fleming's day!"

And lo, they flung the mattress directly upon Gringoire, near whom they stood without seeing him. At the same time one of them snatched up a wisp of straw which he lighted at the good Virgin's lamp.

"Christ's body!" groaned Gringoire, "am I going to be too hot next?"

It was a critical moment. He would soon be caught betwixt fire and water. He made a supernatural effort, — such an effort as a coiner of false money might make when about to be boiled alive and struggling to escape. He rose to his feet, hurled the mattress back upon the little rascals and fled.

"Holy Virgin!" screamed the boys; "the junk-dealer has returned!"

And they too took to their heels.

The mattress was left mistress of the battlefield. Belleforêt, Father le Juge, and Corrozet affirm that it was picked up next day with great pomp by the clergy of the quarter, and placed in the treasury of the Church of the Holy Opportunity, where the sacristan earned a handsome income until 1789 by his tales of the wonderful miracle performed by the statue of the virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which had by its mere presence, on the memorable night of Jan. 6, 1482, exorcised the spirit of the defunct Eustache Moubon, who, to outwit the devil, had, in dying, maliciously hidden his soul in his mattress.

After running for some time as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, plunging headlong around many a street corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a lane and blind alley, seeking to find escape and passage through all the windings of the old streets about the markets, exploring in his panic fear what the elegant Latin of the charters calls *tota via, cheminum et viaria*, our poet came to a sudden stop, partly from lack of breath, and partly because he was collared as it were by a dilemma which had just dawned upon his mind. "It strikes me, Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, laying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running as if you had lost your wits. Those little scamps were quite as much afraid of you as you were of them. It strikes me, I tell you, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes as they fled to the south, while you took refuge to the north. Now, one of two things: either they ran away, and then the mattress, which they must have forgotten in their fright, is just the hospitable bed which you have been running after since morning, and which Our Lady miraculously sends you to reward you for writing a morality in her honor, accompanied by triumphal processions and mummeries; or else the boys did not run away, and in that case they have set fire to the mattress; and there you have just exactly the good fire that you need to cheer, warm, and dry you. In either case, whether as a good fire or a good bed, the mattress is a gift from Heaven. The Blessed Virgin Mary, at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, may have killed Eustache Moubon for this very purpose; and it is sheer madness in you to betake yourself to such frantic flight, like a Picard running before a Frenchman, leaving behind what you are seeking before you; and you are a fool!"

Then he retraced his steps, and fumbling and ferreting his way, snuffing the breeze, and his ear on the alert, he strove to find the blessed mattress once more, but in vain. He saw nothing but intersecting houses, blind alleys, and crossings, in the midst of which he doubted and hesitated continually, more hindered and more closely entangled in this confusion of dark lanes than he would have been in the very labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles. At last he lost patience, and exclaimed solemnly: "Curse all these crossings! The devil himself must have made them in the likeness of his pitchfork."

This outburst comforted him somewhat, and a sort of reddish reflection which he observed at this instant at the end of a long, narrow lane, quite restored his wonted spirits. "Heaven be praised!" said he; "yonder it is! There's my mattress burning briskly!" And comparing himself to the boatman foundering by night, he added piously: "*Salve, salve, maris stella!*"

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the mattress? That we are wholly unable to say.

He had taken but a few steps down the long lane, which was steep, unpaved, and more and more muddy and sloping, when he remarked a very strange fact. It was not empty: here and there, along its length, crawled certain vague and shapeless masses, all proceeding towards the light which flickered at the end of the street, like those clumsy insects which creep at night from one blade of grass to another towards a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man bolder than the sense of an empty pocket. Gringoire continued to advance, and had soon overtaken that larva which dragged itself most lazily along behind the others. As he approached, he saw that it was nothing but a miserable cripple without any legs, strapped into a bowl, and hopping along as best he might on his hands, like a wounded spider which has but two legs left. Just as he passed this kind of human insect, it uttered a piteous appeal to him: "*La buona mancia, signor! la buona mancia!*"

"Devil fly away with you," said Gringoire, "and with me too, if I know what you're talking about!"

And he passed on.

He came up with another of these perambulating masses, and examined it. It was another cripple, both lame and one-armed, and so lame and so armless that the complicated system of crutches and wooden limbs which supported him made him look like a mason's scaffolding walking off by itself. Gringoire, who loved stately and classic similes, compared the fellow, in fancy, to Vulcan's living tripod.

The living tripod greeted him as he passed, by holding his hat at the level of Gringoire's chin, as if it had been a barber's basin, and shouting in his ears: "*Señor caballero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*"

"It seems," said Gringoire, "that he talks too; but it's an ugly language, and he is better off than I am if he understands it."

Then, clapping his hand to his head with a sudden change of idea: "By the way, what the devil did they mean this morning by their 'Esmeralda'?"

He tried to quicken his pace; but for the third time something blocked the way. This something, or rather this some one, was a blind man, a little blind man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, feeling about him with a stick, and towed by a big dog, snuffled out to him with a Hungarian accent: "*Facitote caritatem!*"

"That's right!" said Pierre Gringoire; "here's one at last who speaks a Christian tongue. I must have a very charitable air to make all these creatures come to me for alms when my purse is so lean. My friend [and he turned to the blind man], I sold my last shirt last week; that is to say, since you understand the language of Cicero, '*Vendidi hebdomade nuper transita mean ultimam chemisam!*'"

So saying, he turned his back on the blind man and went his way. But the blind man began to mend his steps at the same time with him; and lo and behold! the cripple and the man bound into the bowl hurried along after them with a great clatter of bowl and crutches over the pavement. Then all three, tumbling over each other in their haste at the heels of poor Gringoire, began to sing their several songs: —

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the man in the bowl.

And the lame man took up the phrase with, "*Un pedaso de pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears, exclaiming, "Oh, tower of Babel!"

He began to run. The blind man ran. The lame man ran. The man in the bowl ran.

And then, the farther he went down the street, the more thickly did cripples, blind men, and legless men swarm around him, with armless men, one-eyed men, and lepers with their sores, some coming out of houses, some from adjacent streets, some from cellar-holes, howling, yelling, bellowing, all hobbling and limping, rushing towards the light, and wallowing in the mire like slugs after a shower.

Gringoire, still followed by his three persecutors, and not knowing what would happen next, walked timidly through the rest, going around the lame, striding over the cripples, his feet entangled in this ant-hill of deformity and disease, like that English captain caught fast by an army of land-crabs.

He thought of retracing his steps; but it was too late. The entire legion had closed up behind him, and his three beggars pressed him close. He therefore went on, driven alike by this irresistible stream, by fear, and by a dizzy feeling which made all this seem a horrible dream.

At last he reached the end of the street. It opened into a vast square, where a myriad scattered lights twinkled through the dim fog of night. Gringoire hurried forward, hoping by the swiftness of his legs to escape the three infirm spectres who had fastened themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas hombre?*" cried the lame man, throwing away his crutches, and running after him with the best pair of legs that ever measured a geometric pace upon the pavements of Paris.

Then the man in the bowl, erect upon his feet, clapped his heavy iron-bound bowl upon Gringoire's head, and the blind man glared at him with flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" asked the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," replied a fourth spectre, who had just accosted them.

"By my soul!" replied Gringoire; "I do indeed behold blind men seeing and lame men running; but where is the Saviour?"

They answered with an evil burst of laughter.

The poor poet glanced around him. He was indeed in that fearful Court of Miracles, which no honest man had ever entered at such an hour; the magic circle within whose lines the officers of the Châtelet, and the provost's men who ventured to penetrate it, disappeared in morsels; a city of thieves, a hideous wart upon the face of Paris; the sewer whence escaped each morning, returning to stagnate at night, that rivulet of vice, mendicity, and vagrancy, perpetually overflowing the streets of every great capital; a monstrous hive, receiving nightly all the drones of the social order with their booty; the lying hospital, where the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the ruined scholar, the scapegrace of every nation, Spanish, Italian, and German, and of every creed, Jew, Christian, Mahometan, and idolater, covered with painted sores, beggars by day, were transformed into robbers by night, — in short, a huge cloak-room, used at this period for the dressing and undressing of all the actors in the everlasting comedy enacted in the streets of Paris by theft, prostitution, and murder.

It was a vast square, irregular and ill-paved, like every other square in Paris at that time. Fires, around which swarmed strange groups, gleamed here and there. People came and went, and shouted and screamed. There was a sound of shrill laughter, of the wailing of children, and the voices of women. The hands, the heads of this multitude, black against the luminous background, made a thousand uncouth gestures. At times, a dog which looked like a man, or a man who looked like a dog, passed over the space of ground lit up by the flames, blended with huge and shapeless shadows. The limits of race and species seemed to fade away in this city as in some pandemonium. Men, women, beasts, age, sex, health, disease, all seemed to be in common among these people; all was blended, mingled, confounded, superimposed; each partook of all.

The feeble flickering light of the fires enabled Gringoire to distinguish, in spite of his alarm, all around the vast square a hideous framing of ancient houses whose worm-eaten, worn, misshapen fronts, each pierced by one or two lighted garret windows, looked to him in the darkness like the huge heads of old women ranged in a circle, monstrous and malign, watching and winking at the infernal revels.

It was like a new world, unknown, unheard of, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, more and more affrighted, caught by the three beggars, as if by three pairs of pincers, confused by the mass of other faces which snarled and grimaced about him, — the wretched Gringoire tried to recover sufficient presence of mind to recall whether it was Saturday or not. But his efforts were in vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and doubting everything, hesitating between what he saw and what he felt, he asked himself the unanswerable questions: "If I be I, are these things really so? If these things be so, am I really I?"

At this instant a distinct cry rose from the buzzing mob which surrounded him: "Take him to the king! take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this region should be a goat."

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

He was dragged away. Each one vied with the other in fastening his claws upon him. But the three beggars never loosed their hold, and tore him from the others, howling, "He is ours!"

The poet's feeble doublet breathed its last in the struggle.

As they crossed the horrid square his vertigo vanished. After walking a few steps, a sense of reality returned. He began to grow accustomed to the atmosphere of the place. At first, from his poetic head, or perhaps, quite simply and quite prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had arisen certain fumes, a vapor as it were, which, spreading itself between him and other objects, prevented him from seeing anything save through a confused nightmare mist, through those dream-like shadows which render every outline vague, distort every shape, combine all objects into exaggerated groups, and enlarge things into chimeras and men into ghosts. By degrees this delusion gave way to a less wild and less deceitful vision. Reality dawned upon him, blinded him, ran against him, and bit by bit destroyed the frightful poetry with which he had at first fancied himself surrounded. He could not fail to see that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mire; that he was pushed and elbowed, not by demons but by thieves; that it was not his soul, but merely his life which was in danger (since he lacked that precious conciliator which pleads so powerfully with the bandit for the honest man, — a purse). Finally, examining the revels more closely and with greater calmness, he descended from the Witches' Sabbath to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was indeed only a pot-house, but a pot-house of thieves, as red with blood as with wine.

The spectacle presented to his eyes when his tattered escort at last landed him at his journey's end was scarcely fitted to bring him back to poetry, even were it the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. If we were not living in the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had fallen from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Around a large fire burning upon a great round flag-stone, and lapping with its flames the rusty legs of a trivet empty for the moment, stood a number of worm-eaten tables here and there, in dire confusion, no lackey of any geometrical pretensions having deigned to adjust their parallelism, or at least to see that they did not cross each other at angles too unusual. Upon these tables glittered various pots and jugs dripping with wine and beer, and around these jugs were seated numerous Bacchanalian faces, purple with fire and wine. One big-bellied man with a jolly face was administering noisy kisses to a brawny, thickset woman. A rubbie, or old vagrant, whistled as he loosed the bandages from his mock wound, and rubbed his sound, healthy knee, which had been swathed all day in ample ligatures. Beyond him was a mumper, preparing his "visitation from God" — his sore leg — with suet and ox-blood. Two tables farther on, a sham pilgrim, in complete pilgrim dress, was spelling out the lament of Sainte-Reine, not forgetting the snuffle and the twang. In another place a young scamp who imposed on the charitable by pretending to have been bitten by a mad dog, was taking a lesson of an old dummy chucker in the art of frothing at the mouth by chewing a bit of soap. By their side a dropsical man was reducing his size, making four or five doxies hold their noses as they sat at the same table, quarrelling over a child which they had stolen during the evening, — all circumstances which, two centuries later, "seemed so ridiculous to the court," as Sauval says, "that they served as diversion to the king, and as the opening to a royal ballet entitled 'Night,' divided in four parts, and danced at the Petit Bourbon Theatre." "Never," adds an eye-witness in 1653, "have the sudden changes of the Court of Miracles been more happily hit off. Benserade prepared us for them by some very fine verses."

Coarse laughter was heard on every hand, with vulgar songs. Every man expressed himself in his own way, carping and swearing, without heeding his neighbor. Some hobnobbed, and quarrels arose from the clash of their mugs, and the breaking of their mugs was the cause of many torn rags.

A big dog squatted on his tail, gazing into the fire. Some children took their part in the orgies. The stolen child cried and screamed; while another, a stout boy of four, sat on a high bench, with his legs dangling, his chin just coming above the table, and not speaking a word. A third was gravely smearing the table with melted tallow as it ran from the candle. Another, a little fellow, crouched in the mud, almost lost in a kettle which he was scraping with a potsherd, making a noise which would have distracted Stradivarius.

A cask stood near the fire, and a beggar sat on the cask. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who held Gringoire led him up to this cask, and all the revellers were hushed for a moment, except the caldron inhabited by the child.

Gringoire dared not breathe or raise his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three scoundrels who held him; and before he had made up his mind what this meant, another snatched his hat, — a shabby headpiece, to be sure, but still useful on sunny or on rainy days. Gringoire sighed.

But the king, from the height of his barrel, addressed him,—

"Who is this varlet?"

Gringoire started. The voice, although threatening in tone, reminded him of another voice which had that same morning dealt the first blow to his mystery by whining out from the audience, "Charity, kind souls!" He lifted his head. It was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, decked with his royal insignia, had not a tatter more or less than usual. The wound on his arm had vanished. In his hand he held one of those whips with whit-leather thongs then used by serjeants of the wand to keep back the crowd, and called "boullayes." Upon his head he wore a circular coif, closed at the top; but it was hard to say whether it was a child's pad or a king's crown, so similar are the two things.

Still, Gringoire, without knowing why, felt his hopes revive when he recognized this accursed beggar of the Great Hall in the king of the Court of Miracles.

"Master," stuttered he, "My lord — Sire — How shall I address you?" he said at last, reaching the culminating point of his crescendo, and not knowing how to rise higher or to redescend.

"My lord, your Majesty, or comrade. Call me what you will; but make haste. What have you to say in your defence?"

"'In your defence,'" thought Gringoire; "I don't like the sound of that." He resumed stammeringly, "I am he who this morning —"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "your name, varlet, and nothing more. Hark ye. You stand before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis,[1] successor to the Grand Coëre, the king of rogues, lord paramount of the kingdom of Cant; Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt[2] and Bohemia, that yellow old boy you see yonder with a clout about his head, Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee,[3] that fat fellow who pays no heed to us, but caresses that wanton. We are your judges. You have entered the kingdom of Cant, the land of thieves, without being a member of the confraternity; you have violated the privileges of our city. You must be punished, unless you be either prig, mumper, or cadger;

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[1] Slang term for king of mendicants.

[2] King of the gypsies.

[3] Chief of the gamblers.

that is, in the vulgar tongue of honest folks, either thief, beggar, or tramp. Are you anything of the sort? Justify yourself; state your character."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author —"

"Enough!" cried Trouillefou, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "You must be hanged. Quite a simple matter, my honest citizens! As you treat our people when they enter your domain, so we treat yours when they intrude among us. The law which you mete out to vagabonds, the vagabonds mete out to you. It is your own fault if it be evil. It is quite necessary that we should occasionally see an honest man grin through a hempen collar; it makes the thing honorable. Come, friend, divide your rags cheerfully among these young ladies. I will have you hanged to amuse the vagabonds, and you shall give them your purse to pay for a drink. If you have any mummeries to perform, over yonder in that mortar there 's a capital God the Father, in stone, which we stole from the Church of Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. You have four minutes to fling your soul at his head."

This was a terrible speech.

"Well said, upon my soul! Clopin Trouillefou preaches as well as any pope!" exclaimed the Emperor of Galilee, smashing his jug to prop up his table.

"Noble emperors and kings," said Gringoire with great coolness (for his courage had mysteriously returned, and he spoke firmly), "you do not consider what you 're doing. My name is Pierre Gringoire; I am the poet whose play was performed this morning in the Great Hall of the Palace."

"Oh, is it you, sirrah?" said Clopin. "I was there, God's wounds! Well, comrade, because you bored us this morning, is that any reason why we should not hang you to-night?"

"I shall have hard work to get off," thought Gringoire. But yet he made one more effort. "I don't see," said he, "why poets should not be classed with vagabonds. Æsop was a vagrant; Homer was a beggar; Mercury was a thief —"

Clopin interrupted him: "I believe you mean to cozen us with your lingo. Good God! be hanged, and don't make such a row about it!"

"Excuse me, my lord King of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing every inch of the ground. "Is it worth while — An instant — Hear me — You will not condemn me unheard —"

His melancholy voice was indeed lost in the uproar around him. The little boy scraped his kettle more vigorously than ever; and to cap the climax, an old woman had just placed a frying-pan full of fat upon the trivet, and it crackled over the flames with a noise like the shouts of an army of children in chase of some masquerader.

However, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to be conferring for a moment with the Duke of Egypt and the Emperor of Galilee, the latter being entirely drunk. Then he cried out sharply, "Silence, I say!" and as the kettle and the frying-pan paid no heed, but kept up their duet, he leaped from his cask, dealt a kick to the kettle, which rolled ten paces or more with the child, another kick to the frying-pan, which upset all the fat into the fire, and then gravely reascended his throne, utterly regardless of the little one's stifled sobs and the grumbling of the old woman whose supper had vanished in brilliant flames.

Trouillefou made a sign, and the duke, the emperor, the arch thieves, and the gonnofs[1] ranged themselves around him in the form of a horseshoe, Gringoire, still roughly grasped by the shoulders, occupying the centre. It was a semicircle of rags, of tatters, of tinsel, of pitchforks, of axes, of staggering legs, of bare brawny arms, of sordid, dull, stupid faces. In the middle of this Round Table of beggary Clopin Trouillefou reigned pre-eminent, as the doge of this senate, the king of this assembly of peers, the pope of this conclave, — pre-eminent in the first place by the height of his cask, then by a peculiarly haughty, savage, and tremendous air, which made his eyes flash, and amended in his fierce profile the bestial type of the vagrant. He seemed a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," he said to Gringoire, caressing his shapeless chin with his horny hand; "I see no reason why you should not be hanged. To be sure, you seem to dislike the idea, and it's very plain that you worthy cits are not used to it; you've got an exaggerated idea of the thing. After all, we wish you no harm. There is one way of getting you out of the difficulty for the time being. Will you join us?"

My reader may fancy the effect of this proposal upon Gringoire, who saw his life escaping him, and had already begun to lose his hold upon it. He clung to it once more with vigor.

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[1] The kingdom of the Grand Coëre, or king of rogues, was divided into as many districts as there were provinces in France, each superintended by a "gonnof," or expert, who trained the uninitiated.

"I will indeed, with all my heart," said he.

"Do you agree," resumed Clopin, "to enroll yourself among the gentry of the chive?"[1]

"Of the chive, exactly," answered Gringoire.

"Do you acknowledge yourself a member of the rogues' brigade?" continued the King of Tunis.

"Of the rogues' brigade."

"A subject of the kingdom of Cant?"

"Of the kingdom of Cant."

"A vagrant?"

"A vagrant."

"At heart?"

"At heart."

"I would call your attention to the fact," added the king, "that you will be hanged none the less."

"The devil!" said the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite unmoved, "you will be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the cost of the good city of Paris, on a fine stone gallows, and by honest men. That is some consolation."

"As you say," responded Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As a member of the rogues' brigade you will have to pay no taxes for pavements, for the poor, or for lighting the streets, to all of which the citizens of Paris are subject."

"So be it," said the poet; "I consent. I am a vagrant, a Canter, a member of the rogues' brigade, a man of the chive, — what you will; and I was all this long ago, Sir King of Tunis, for I am a philosopher; *et omnia in philosophia, omnes in philosopho continentur*, as you know."

The King of Tunis frowned.

"What do you take me for, mate? What Hungarian Jew's gibberish are you giving us? I don't know Hebrew. I'm no Jew, if I am a thief. I don't even steal now: I am above that; I kill. Cut-throat, yes; cutpurse, no."

Gringoire tried to slip in some excuse between these brief phrases which anger made yet more abrupt.

"I beg your pardon, my lord. It is not Hebrew, it is Latin."

"I tell you," replied Clopin, furiously, "that I am no Jew, and that I will have you hanged, — by the synagogue, I will! — together with that paltry Judean cadger beside you, whom I mightily hope I may some day see nailed to a counter, like the counterfeit coin that he is!"

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[1] Dagger, — old English cant.

So saying, he pointed to the little Hungarian Jew with the beard, who had accosted Gringoire with his "*Facitote caritatem*," and who, understanding no other language, was amazed at the wrath which the King of Tunis vented upon him.

At last my lord Clopin became calm.

"So, varlet," said he to our poet, "you wish to become a vagrant?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the poet.

"It is not enough merely to wish," said the surly Clopin; "good-will never added an onion to the soup, and is good for nothing but a passport to paradise; now, paradise and Cant are two distinct things. To be received into the kingdom of Cant, you must prove that you are good for something; and to prove this you must fumble the snot." [1]

"I will fumble," said Gringoire, "as much as ever you like."

Clopin made a sign. A number of Canters stepped from the circle and returned immediately, bringing a couple of posts finished at the lower end with broad wooden feet, which made them stand firmly upon the ground; at the upper end of the two posts they arranged a crossbeam, the whole forming a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the pleasure of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing was wanting, not even the rope, which swung gracefully from the crossbeam.

"What are they going to do?" wondered Gringoire with some alarm. A sound of bells which he heard at the same moment put an end to his anxiety; it was a manikin or puppet, that the vagrants hung by the neck to the cord,— a sort of scarecrow, dressed in red, and so loaded with little bells and hollow brasses that thirty Castilian mules might have been tricked out with them. These countless tinklers jingled for some time with the swaying of the rope, then the sound died away by degrees, and finally ceased when the manikin had been restored to a state of complete immobility by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the clepsydra and the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, showing Gringoire a rickety old footstool, placed under the manikin, said,—

"Climb up there!"

"The devil!" objected Gringoire; "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts like one of Martial's couplets; one foot has six syllables and one foot has but five."

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[1] Search the manikin.

"Climb up!" repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted the stool, and succeeded, though not without considerable waving of head and arms, in recovering his centre of gravity.

"Now," resumed the King of Tunis, "twist your right foot round your left leg, and stand on tiptoe with your left foot."

"My lord," said Gringoire, "are you absolutely determined to make me break a limb?"

Clopin tossed his head.

"Hark ye, mate; you talk too much. I will tell you in a couple of words what I expect you to do: you are to stand on tiptoe, as I say; in that fashion you can reach the manikin's pockets; you are to search them; you are to take out a purse which you will find there; and if you do all this without ringing a single bell, it is well: you shall become a vagrant. We shall have nothing more to do but to baste you with blows for a week."

"Zounds! I shall take good care," said Gringoire. "And if I ring the bells?"

"Then you shall be hanged. Do you understand?"

"I don't understand at all," answered Gringoire.

"Listen to me once more. You are to search the manikin and steal his purse; if but a single bell stir in the act, you shall be hanged. Do you understand that?"

"Good," said Gringoire, "I undertand that. What next?"

"If you manage to get the purse without moving the bells, you are a vagrant, and you shall be basted with blows for seven days in succession. You understand now, I suppose?"

"No, my lord; I no longer understand. Where is the advantage? I shall be hanged in the one case, beaten in the other?"

"And as a vagrant," added Clopin, "and as a vagrant; does that count for nothing? It is for your own good that we shall beat you, to harden you against blows."

"Many thanks," replied the poet.

"Come, make haste," said the king, stamping on his cask, which re-echoed like a vast drum.

"Fumble the snot, and be done with it! I warn you, once for all, that if I hear but one tinkle you shall take the manikin's place."

The company of Canters applauded Clopin's words, and ranged themselves in a ring around the gallows, with such pitiless laughter that Gringoire saw that he amused them too much not to have everything to fear from them. His only hope lay in the slight chance of succeeding in the terrible task imposed upon him; he decided to risk it, but not without first addressing a fervent prayer to the manikin whom he was to plunder, and who seemed more easily moved than the vagrants. The myriad little bells with their tiny brazen tongues seemed to him like so many vipers with gaping jaws, ready to hiss and sting.

"Oh," he murmured, "is it possible that my life depends upon the slightest quiver of the least of these bells? Oh," he added, with clasped hands, "do not ring, ye bells! Tinkle not, ye tinklers! Jingle not, ye jinglers!"

He made one more attempt to melt Trouillefou.

"And if a breeze spring up?" he asked.

"You will be hanged," answered the other, without hesitating.

Seeing that neither respite, delay, nor subterfuge was possible, he made a desperate effort; he twisted his right foot round his left leg, stood tiptoe on his left foot, and stretched out his arm, but just as he touched the manikin, his body, now resting on one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had but three; he strove mechanically to cling to the figure, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, deafened and stunned by the fatal sound of the myriad bells of the manikin, which, yielding to the pressure of his hand, first revolved upon its own axis, then swung majestically to and fro between the posts.

"A curse upon it!" he cried as he fell; and he lay as if dead, face downwards.

Still he heard the fearful peal above his head, and the devilish laugh of the vagrants, and the voice of Trouillefou, as it said, "Lift up the knave, and hang him with a will."

He rose. The manikin had already been taken down to make room for him.

The Canters made him mount the stool. Clopin stepped up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, —

"Farewell, mate. You can't escape now, though you have the digestion of the Pope himself."

The word "mercy" died on Gringoire's lips. He gazed around him, but without hope: every man was laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Étoile," said the king of Tunis to a huge vagrant who started from the ranks, "climb upon the crossbeam."

Bellevigne de l'Étoile nimbly climbed the crossbeam, and in an instant Gringoire, raising his eyes, with terror beheld him squatting upon it, above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "when I clap my hands, do you, Andry le Rouge, knock away the footstool from under him; you, François Chante-Prune, hang on to the knave's feet; and you, Bellevigne, jump down upon his shoulders; and all three at once, do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Canters prepared to fall upon Gringoire. The poor sufferer endured a moment of horrible suspense, while Clopin calmly pushed into the fire with his foot a few vine-branches which the flame had not yet kindled. "Are you ready?" he repeated; and he opened his hands to clap. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he paused, as if struck by a sudden thought.

"One moment," said he; "I forgot! It is our custom never to hang a man without asking if there be any woman who'll have him. Comrade, it's your last chance. You must marry a tramp or the rope."

This gypsy law, strange as it may seem to the reader, is still written out in full in the ancient English code. (See "Burington's Observations.")

Gringoire breathed again. This was the second time that he had been restored to life within the half-hour; so he dared not feel too confident.

"Hollo!" cried Clopin, remounting his cask; "hollo there, women, females! is there among you, from the old witch to her cat, a wench who'll take this scurvy knave? Hollo, Colette la Charonne! Élisabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne la Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Ronge-Oreille! Mathurine Girorou! Hello! Isabeau la Thierrye! Come and look! a man for nothing! who'll take him?"

Gringoire, in his wretched plight, was doubtless far from tempting. The vagabond women seemed but little moved by the offer. The luckless fellow heard them answer: "No! no! hang him; that will make sport for us all."

Three, however, stepped from the crowd to look him over. The first was a stout, square-faced girl. She examined the philosopher's pitiable doublet most attentively. The stuff was worn, and more full of holes than a furnace for roasting chestnuts. The girl made a wry face. "An old clout!" she grumbled, and, addressing Gringoire, "Let 's look at your cloak?"

"I have lost it," said Gringoire.

"Your hat?"

"Some one took it from me."

"Your shoes?"

"The soles are almost worn through."

"Your purse?"

"Alas!" faltered Gringoire, "I have not a penny."

"Be hanged to you then, and be thankful!" replied the tramp, turning her back on him.

The second, old, weather-beaten, wrinkled, and ugly, hideous enough to be conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, walked round and round Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should accept him. But she muttered, "He 's too thin," and took her leave.

The third was a young girl, quite rosy and not very ugly. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil.

She looked at him a moment with a compassionate air, then looked down, began to plait up her skirt, and seemed uncertain. He watched her every motion; this was his last ray of hope. "No," said the young woman at last; "no! Guillaume Longuejoue would lick me;" and she went back to the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin Trouillefou, "you 're down on your luck."

Then, standing erect upon his cask, he cried, "Will no one take this lot?" mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great entertainment of all; "will no one take it? Going, going, going!" and turning to the gallows with a nod, "Gone!"

Bellevigne de l'Étoile, Andry le Rouge, and François Chante-Prune approached Gringoire.

At this instant a shout rose from the thieves: "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!"

Gringoire trembled, and turned in the direction of the cry. The crowd opened and made way for a pure and radiant figure.

It was the gypsy girl.

"Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, astounded, amidst his contending emotions, at the suddenness with which that magic word connected all the various recollections of his day.

This rare creature seemed to exercise sovereign sway through her beauty and her charm even in the Court of Miracles.

Thieves, beggars, and harlots stood meekly aside to let her pass, and their brutal faces brightened at her glance.

She approached the victim with her light step. Her pretty Djali followed her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him an instant in silence.

"Are you going to hang this man?" she gravely asked Clopin.

"Yes, sister," replied the King of Tunis, "unless you'll take him for your husband."

She pouted her pretty lower lip.

"I'll take him," said she.

Gringoire here firmly believed that he had been dreaming ever since morning, and that this was the end of the dream.

In fact the sudden change of fortune, though charming, was violent.

The slip-noose was unfastened, the poet was helped from his stool. He was obliged to seat himself, so great was his agitation.

The Duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forward an earthen jug. The gypsy girl offered it to Gringoire. "Throw it down," she said to him.

The jug was broken into four pieces.

"Brother," then said the Duke of Egypt, laying his hands on their heads, "she is your wife; sister, he is your husband. For four years. Go!"

THE BISHOP AND THE FELON.

(From "Les Misérables.")

On this evening, the bishop remained after his walk in the town shut up in his rooms till rather late. He was busy with an important work on "Our Duties," which was unfortunately left unfinished.

He was engaged till eight, writing, incommoded by a large book on his knees, upon slips of paper, when Housekeeper Magloire came in according to habit to take the silver plate from its cupboard in the wall near the bed.

Of his family plate remained six sets and a soup ladle which the woman liked to see shine on the tablecloth daily. As we are painting the prelate as he is, we have to add that he had more than once to own that "With difficulty would I resign myself not to eating off silver." Besides these pieces was a pair of massive candelabra, inherited from a grand-aunt. Holding two tapers, they usually stood on his mantelpiece, but they were put on the table when there was company. The cupboard key, by the way, was never used.

Soon after the plate was removed, knowing that the table was ready and that his sister was probably waiting, the bishop shut his book, rose and went down into the dining-room.

It was an oblong one, with a fireplace, a window on the garden and a door on the street.

Mistress Magloire was attending to the table while prating to her mistress. A lamp was on the table and the latter near the fire; a good one had been lighted.

As the bishop walked in, the housekeeper was speaking with some liveliness on a familiar subject to which the master was accustomed, to wit, the want of fastenings on the house door.

It appears that, while marketing for supper, she had heard things in several places. A bad character was spoken of; a suspicious prowler somewhere about town, whom it would be unpleasant for anybody to run up against who might be out after dark. The police were no good, as the chief and the mayor were at loggerheads and neutralized one another rather than looked after criminals. It was therefore the house-dwellers' duty to be their own guard and fasten up the doors. She emphasized this sentence, but the bishop was bent on getting up to the fire where he sat, from having felt cold in his room, and he was thinking of other matters. He did not reply to the remark. Madam Magloire repeated it, which caused her mistress, wishful to satisfy the woman without vexing her brother, to venture timidly: —

"Do you hear what housekeeper says, brother?"

"I did hear something vaguely," was the reply. Turning half round with his chair, folding his hands on his knee, and lifting his cordial and readily merry face to the servant, he added: "Come! What is the matter? are we running some great danger?"

Whereupon the gossip related her tale, exaggerating a trifle without suspecting it. It was clear that a tramp, a dangerous barefooted beggar, had tried to get a lodging at Labarre's, who had rejected him. He was seen to come into town at dusk and prowl around. He was a ruffian with a frightful face.

"Really?" said the bishop.

This acquiescence in questioning her emboldened the woman, as it indicated that the hearer might be frightened; so she triumphantly proceeded: —

"Yes, my lord. This is the way of it. Something dreadful will befall the town to-night. Everybody says so. And the police is no good. (Useless repetition.) The idea of living in a town where the robbers can come down from the mountains, and not even have lights in the streets! When we go out it is like stepping up the sooty chimney. And I say, my lord, and the mistress says the same as me — "

"Nay, I say nothing," corrected Mdlle. Myriel; "whatever my brother does is the best thing."

As though there were no objection raised the housekeeper kept on: —

"We concluded that the house is not safe. If your lordship will approve, I will tell the locksmith Paulin Musebois to put the old bolts on once more; they are handy and it would not be a minute's work; and I say that they ought to be put right on, if for this very night only; as nothing is more dreadful than to have merely a latch which anybody coming along could lift up; to say nothing of your lordship saying 'Come right in!' to Tom, Dick, and Harry; and then, again, in the middle of the night, the Lord be our guard! they would not dally for any permission — "

At this nick, a rather heavy knock came at the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door flew open, and widely, with swiftness as though the opening hand were energetic and resolute.

A man entered, the one of our knowledge, the wayfarer seeking a night's lodging.

He stopped after entering one step, leaving the door open behind him. His sack was on his back and his staff in his grip, while his eyes wore an expression rude, bold, weary, and violent. The firelight showed him up as hideous: a sinister figure.

Madam Magloire had not the power to utter a scream, but stood gaping and shuddering.

The lady of the honse, turning, perceived the man and half rose in alarm, but gradually wheeling towards her brother, she looked at him and her features again became profoundly calm and serene.

The bishop fixed a tranquil eye on the new-arrival. As he was opening his lips, no doubt to ask him what he wanted, the other rested both hands on his stick, surveyed the woman and the man, and said in a loud voice without waiting for the prelate to speak: —

"I am going to give you this straight. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a released convict, having spent nineteen years in the hulks. Let out four days ago, I am working my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. These four days I have been footing it from Toulon. I have done twelve leagues this day afoot.

"This evening, in striking this county, I went into a tavern where they kicked me out because I had to show my yellow passport, my ticket-of-leave, you understand, at the mayor's office. I had to show it, see? I went to another public house, but they said: 'Be off!' in the same style. No one will harbor me anywhere. I rapped at the jail and the warder would not open to me. I crept into a dog kennel and the beast snapped at me and worried me out, same as a man — see? It looked as if he knew what I was.

"I went into the fields to sleep under the stars. But there were none, and thinking that it would come on to rain, and there being no good, kind God to stop it from raining on me, I returned into town to find some doorway to snooze in.

"Across the square, I laid on a stone, when a good woman pointed to your house and said: 'Knock at that door.' I have knocked. What is this house anyhow? a kind of hotel? I carry money. My savings. One hundred and nine francs, fifteen sous, earned in the convict prison by my labor in nineteen years. I will pay fair. What else would you do with me? I have money; I am dead beat — twelve leagues of Shanks' mare, see! I am very hungry. Will you let me stay?"

"Madam Magloire, bring another plate," said the bishop.

With three strides the man neared the lamp on the table.

"Stop, you have n't got this right," said he as though he had not been understood. "Did you not hear? I am a jail-bird, a galley-slave, fresh from the prison."

He pulled a large sheet of buff paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

"This is my leave to travel. Yellow, as you see, the pest color. It leads to my being kicked out wherever I show myself. Will you read it? I know how. I learnt in the stone-jug. There is school for those who like it. Hark ye! this is what is put on the 'brief:' 'JEAN VALJEAN, released convict, born at' — oh, you don't care for that? 'Nineteen years in. Five for burglary and theft. Fourteen for trying four times to break out. This *Number* is Most Dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has given me the throwdown. Will you receive me? Is this a kind of hotel? will you give me meat and a bed? a stable will do for me."

"Madam Magloire," said the host, "air the sheets on the alcove bed."

Such was the obedience of either woman, that Magloire went out straightway to carry on the orders.

"Monsieur," said the bishop, turning to the man, "take a seat and warm yourself. We are just sitting down to supper, and while you are having yours, your bed will be got ready."

Here the man fully comprehended. His expression, previously hard and gloomy, became impregnated with joy, doubt, and stupefaction — extraordinary! He began to stammer like a madman: —

"Is this so? what! you will keep me? you do not drive me out — a jail-bird? You call me 'monsieur,' and do not talk as to a dog? 'Be off, dog;' as they say to me so freely. Why, I thought that you too would give me the bounce! That is why I told you at the start what I was. Oh, what a trump that good soul was who told me to apply here!

"I am going to have supper, did you say? And a bed, with real sheets and a mattress, like all the rest of the world but us? A bed, good lord! It is nigh twenty years since I slept in a bed! Do you really like my not going away? Well, you are first-class folk! anyway, I really have money, no flam! and I can pay anything you say. You are an honest gentleman. A kind of a hotel-keeper, eh?"

"I am a priest who is living here," explained the bishop.

"A priest!" exclaimed the man. "Well, you are an honest sort of a priest! In that case you would not take money. I reckon you are the parish priest, the priest of that big church? Just so. What a fool I am not to have noticed your skull-cap."

While babbling, he set down his pack in a corner, stood up his cudgel by it and took a seat, after putting his pass in his pocket.

Mdlle. Baptistine watched him with gentleness as he continued: —

"You are humane, master curate, you do not hold me in scorn. When a priest is good, he is good indeed. Then you do not need me to pay?"

"No, keep your money," said the bishop; "how much did you say it was? one hundred and odd francs, I think?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"How long were you earning so much?"

"Nineteen years."

The bishop repeated the words with a deep sigh.

"I have the lot whole," proceeded the prison-bird. "Since four days I spent only twenty-five sous, and I earned that again by helping to unload carts at Grasse. As you are a gentleman of the cloth, I must tell you that we have a chaplain at the hulks. One day I saw a bishop there, coming from Marseilles — they called him 'His Grace.' He is a sort of priest over the priests — their head warden. You know what I mean, for I cannot put it right, as it is so far back when I spoke with other men outside. He said the mass right in the midst of the prison, on an altar; he wore a kind of pointed cap like gold which shone in the bright sun there. We were ranked three deep on three sides of a square, with the cannons in front, and the gunners standing with lighted lint-stocks. We had a fair squint at him. He said something or other, but we were too far off to catch what he sung out. That was the bishop, though."

While he spoke, the bishop went and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

The housekeeper entered with the things for the guest, which she set on the board.

"Madam Magloire, place them as close to the fire as you can. The wind coming down from the Alps is chill." Turning to the man, he added: "You must be cold, monsieur?"

Every time that he gave the outcast the title, with his sweetly grave voice as in the best company, the hearer's countenance brightened up. To a released felon, it was like a glass of water to a shipwrecked seaman. Ignominy thirsts for considerate treatment.

"That lamp is giving a very poor light," remarked the bishop.

Taking the hint, Madam Magloire went in to the master's study for the pair of silver candlesticks, which she brought in lit and set on the table.

"Master priest, you are kind," said the guest. "You do not scorn me. You welcome me in your own house. You light up your candles in my honor. Yet I did not hold from you what I am, whence I came, and that I am a man under a ban."

Seated beside him, the bishop softly touched his hand.

"You needed not to have told me who you were. This is not my house, but Jesus Christ's. This door does not want him who enters to bear a name, but to bear a sorrow. You suffer; you are ahungered and athirst; verily, you are welcome. And thank me not; do not say that I am making you at home in my house. Nobody is at home on this earth who is not in search of shelter. I tell you, who chance in, that you are more in your own haven than I myself. All that is herein is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you spoke it, I knew who you were."

"Really?" and the man stared. "You knew my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother," answered the bishop.

"What a queer thing!" cried the man; "I was sharp-set when I came in; but you have been so kind to me that I do not know how it passed off — I do not feel it now."

"You had a very hard time of it?" said the bishop, looking at him.

"Sure! in a red cassock, with a cannon-ball chained to the heel, a board to sleep on, heat and cold, work, the warders with canes! For nothing at all, the double chain clapped on! For a word they throw you into the black hole! If you fall sick, the same bed and the chain still on. Why, these here dogs are better off. Nineteen years of it! I am forty-six now. And the release-pass at last to show for it! Here it is."

"Yes, you come forth from a house of sorrows," said the prelate. "Listen to me. There is more joy in heaven over the tearwet face of one repentant sinner than over the snowy robes of the hundred who are just. If you come out of that doleful place with angry and hateful thoughts towards your fellow men, you are deserving of pity; if with those of peace, meekness, and loving-kindliness, then you are a better man than any of us."

During this time the housekeeper had put supper on the table. The soup was made of olive oil, water and salt with bread swimmers, while there were some cold pork, mutton, figs, fresh cheese, and a large barley loaf. She had of her own impulse added to the usual bottle, one of old Mauves wine.

Her master's face assumed the gayety proper to hospitable hosts.

"To table!" said he quickly.

As commonly when he had company he had the guest on his right. His sister took the left, with perfect peacefulness, and naturally.

Having said the blessing, the bishop served the soup with his own hand as was his wont. The man began to eat greedily. Suddenly the host exclaimed: "I seem to miss something usually on the board!"

The housekeeper had put on only the necessary silver for three sitters. But it was their rule when the bishop had company, to make an innocent parade of the half-dozen plates, forks, and spoons, amusing in its childishness in this house where poverty was raised to dignity.

Understanding the reproof, Madam Magloire went out again without a word, and in a twinkling the extra show of plate glittered on the cloth, symmetrically set out.

The best way to give an idea of what happened at this feast, is to transcribe from a letter of the lady's to a friend, Madam Boischevron, where all is related with simple minutiæ.

This man (says the letter) paid attention to nobody, but ate with the voracity of the famished. Still, after the meal, he did speak, saying: —

"Father, under the Father our good God, all this is downright too kind to me, but I am bound to say that those carters who would not let me have a snack with them, live a great deal better than you."

Between ourselves, this censure somewhat shocked me, but my brother merely replied: "They work harder than I do."

"No, that is not it," said the man, "but they get more money. I can clearly see that you are poor. I am afraid you are not even the parish priest — are you not his deputy? Ah, if heaven played us square, you ought to be the full-blown priest here!"

"Our good God is more than square," said my brother; adding presently: "M. Jean Valjean, did you not say you were going to Pontarlier?"

"Ay, and obliged to stick to a route laid down. You see, I shall have to take to the road at daybreak to-morrow. Travelling is pretty rough, for you are frizzled by day and *friz* at night."

"You are going into a nice country," went on my brother. "When my family was ruined in the Revolution, I took refuge in Franche Comte in the first place, where I had to get my living by manual labor. I was willing for anything, and I found a lot to do. There was an abundance to choose among: paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil mills, watch factories, steel and copper works, at least a score of iron mills — " interrupting himself, he said to me: " Dear sister, have we not some kin in those parts?"

"Yes, among others M. de Lucenet, city-gate captain when the King was reigning."

"Yes," continued my brother, "but in '93, relatives were no use — a man had to rely on his own arm. I had to work. Where you are going, M. Jean Valjean, there is one branch of manufactures — quite patriarchal and lovely, my sister dear! cheese-making of a kind called fruity."

While pressing the man to eat, my brother explained at length how Pontarlier cheese-making was managed. The factories are of two sorts: the big granges are run by the rich dairy farmers, who keep forty or fifty head of milchers and produce seven or eight thousands of cheese yearly; and the co-operative factories, societies formed by the petty farmers on the mid-upland, who mass their produce and share the proceeds. They hire a practical cheese-maker, who receives the society's milk thrice a day and keeps account of the quantity. Towards the end of April the cheese factories begin running, and about the middle of June the cattle men drive their herds upon the highlands.

The man became animated while eating. My brother made him drink the Mauves wine, which he says he cannot touch as it is too dear for him. My brother went into the particulars above with that easy gayety which you knew so well, glancing off with pleasant reflections for me. He dwelt upon the cheese-making to impress on the man that it would be a good business for him to be attached to, an asylum for him, wishing him to see it in that light, without rudely and directly advising him.

One matter struck me; throughout the repast and the whole of the evening, — though I have told you what kind of a man this was, — my brother did not say a word, with the exception of the remark about Jesus when he entered, to remind him what he was or to tell him his own position. Yet it seemed an occasion to preach a little sermon and to let the bishop leave on the galley-slave an impression of the interview. Perhaps another would have grasped this chance to nourish the soul of this sinner, being under the hand, at the same time as the body, and deliver reproaches fraught with counsel and morality, or at least show commiseration with exhortation to behave better in the future.

My brother did not even ask him where he came from, or his story. There must have been a fault, but my brother deemed to avoid so much as reminding him of it. This was so, for, at one point, as my brother was expatiating on the Pontarlier mountaineers, who have "the sweeter toil as it is high up nearer the heavens, and are happy because guileless," he stopped short, fearing that something in the remark might wound the man's feelings.

On thinking this over, I believe I can see what was passing in Charles' mind. Not but he thought that this Valjean man had his misery too plainly before him, and that the better way was to divert him, and make him believe even for a while that he was like other men — by treating him in the ordinary way. Is not this indeed genuine charity? something truly evangelic in the delicacy abstaining from all lecturing, moralizing, and allusions; the best pity being in not touching the raw spot in the soul? It seems to me that such was my brother's inward thought. In any case I must say that if this were so, he did not reveal the ideas even to me. From beginning to end, he was the same as ever all the evening and he supped with this vagabond with the same manners as if it were his curate or a neighbor.

Towards the close, as we were at the fruit, a knock came at the door. It was Mother Gerbaud, with her little boy in her arms. My brother kissed the little one and borrowed some silver that I had to give the woman. The man did not pay any great heed. He did not speak any more, and appeared deeply tired. Poor old Gerbaud having gone, my brother said grace, and turning to the man, said: —

"You must want to go to bed."

Madam Magloire had cleared away very briskly and we went to our rooms. I sent her directly after to carry to the man's bed a Black Forest buckskin robe which I have, as the nights are icy, and it is a warm wrap. When Madam Magloire returned, we said our prayers and retired without speaking about the guest.

After saying good-night to his sister, Bishop Myriel took up one of the silver candlesticks from the table for himself, gave the other to his guest, and said: —

"If you are ready, sir, I will show you your bedroom."

The man followed him. The rooms were so located that to pass in or out of the oratory where the guest was placed, one had to cross through the bishop's bedroom. As the two were doing so, Housekeeper Magloire was shutting up the silver plate in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was her last care before going to rest.

The bishop installed his guest in the alcove, where a fresh, white bed was ready. The man stood the candle on the little table.

"I hope you will have a good night," said the host. "Before you start in the morning I shall have a bowl of new milk for you."

"Thank you, master priest," said the man.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, full of peace, than a sudden strange thrill shook him, and would have frozen the two women with horror had they seen it. It is hard to say at present what inspired him at that moment. Did he mean to give warning or throw out a threat? Or did he merely obey some instinctive impulse obscure to himself? He wheeled round sharply on the old gentleman, folded his arms and cried in a hoarse voice as he fastened a wild look on him: —

"Come, come, is it a fact that you make me at home like this?" he added with a chuckle in which was a monster's tone. "Have you thought the thing over? how are you to know but that I have committed murder?"

"That is the concern of our good God," replied the prelate.

Gravely, moving his lips as though he were praying or speaking to himself, he raised two fingers of the right hand, and blessed the man, who did not bow to the benediction, and, without turning his head or looking behind him, he went into his own chamber.

When the recess was occupied, a wide serge screen was drawn from side to side to conceal the altar in the oratory. The bishop bent the knee in passing before the curtain and made a brief prayer.

In another moment he was in his garden, walking in reverie, contemplative, with his soul and brain given wholly to those grand, mysterious matters which heaven shows in the night to open eyes.

As for his guest, he was so tired that he did not even take advantage of the nice white sheets. He had blown out his candle by stopping up one nostril with his finger laid beside it and blowing through the other, after the manner of prisoners when candles were used, and dropped dressed on the couch, where he went off at once into deep slumber.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from the garden into his room.

A few minutes subsequently, all were asleep throughout the little house.

VALJEAN. — WITHIN DESPAIR. — THE SEA AND THE SHADOW. — NEW BURDENS.

In a couple of hours Jean Valjean awoke.

Jean came of a poor rustic family in Brie. He was not taught to read in his infancy. When he attained manhood, he became a resin-gatherer at Faverolles. His mother was Jeanne Mathieu; his father Jean Valjean, probably *V'la Jean!* (here is John!) — a nickname.

Young Jean was of a thoughtful turn without being sad, common to affectionate characters. In appearance he was on the whole sleepy and insignificant. At a very early age he lost his parents, his mother dying of neglected milk fever, and his father, also a gum-gatherer, was killed falling out of a tree.

Jean had none left to him but an elder sister, who was a widow with seven children of both sexes. She brought up Jean, and managed to keep and clothe him as long as her husband had lived. But he died, the eldest being eight and the youngest one. Jean was at his twenty-fifth year; he replaced the father and in his turn supported the sister who had "raised" him. He did this simply as his duty, though he was rather begrudging.

Thus was his youth spent in hard, poorly paid work. He was not known to have a sweetheart, having no time to "fool away in love-making."

In the evening he would come home and drink his soup without saying a word. Mother Jeanne, his sister, while he was having his meal, would often take the best of the eatables, the meat or the slice of salt pork, into her own platter to cut it up for the young ones; he would eat right on, leaning over the board with his head almost in his bowl, his long hair falling round it and hiding his eyes, for he wanted it to seem that he could not see this act.

Not far from Valjean's cot, across the road, was a farmer's wife, named Marie Claude; the Valjean children, always hungry, would sometimes borrow a pint of milk in their mother's name of her, which they would drink behind a hedge or in the turn of a lane, snatching the can from one another greedily and so hastily as to spill the milk over their pinafores and bibs. If the mother had known of this trickery she would have severely punished the babes, but Jean, though surly and brusque, used to pay for the milk surreptitiously and the children were never corrected.

In the season he made eighteen sous a day, and then he went out as a mower, day-laborer, cowman, or man of all work, doing what he could. His sister worked at what she could find, but what could she do with seven little ones to attend to? It was a pitiable group which poverty wound around and drew its coils more tightly upon. One winter came very severe. Jean had no work and the family were literally without bread — seven children, mark!

One Sunday evening, Maubert Isabeau, keeping the bakery on Church Place, Faverolles, was going to lie down when he heard a violent blow at his barred and glazed store-window front. He ran in time to see an arm passed through a hole smashed by a fist in the pane and through the grating. The hand grabbed a loaf and was drawn out. Isabeau hastened out but the thief was in flight at full speed. Isabeau ran after and caught him. The thief had thrown aside the loaf but his arm was bleeding. It was Jean Valjean.

This was in 1795.

Jean was dragged before the court for burglary. He owned a gun which he used as a master marksman; he was a bit of a poacher, which was a bad thing when there were stiff game laws. Against poachers there is a legitimate prejudice. Like the smuggler, he is allied to the highwayman. Still, be it noticed, there is an abyss between these races and the loathsome cutthroat in towns. The poacher lives in the woods and the smuggler on the mountains or by the sea. Town life makes ferocious men because they are corrupt; the mountain, forest, and ocean make wild men, developing the old Adam, but often not destroying the human side.

Jean was found guilty. The law was clear. In our civilization are dreadful periods — when penality pronounces a wreck shall be. What a fatal time when society casts off and consummates the irreparable abandonment of a thinking being! Jean Valjean was condemned to stay five years in the galleys.

He was marched off to Toulon with the chain-gang, where he arrived after twenty-seven days on the road, with the iron round his neck, and in a cart, when footsore. At the chief prison he had the red cassock put on. All was blotted out of his previous life, even unto his name. He was no longer Jean Valjean, but No. 24,601. What became of his sister and the seven children? Who troubled about them? What comes to the leaves when the tree is laid by the root?

During all his stay at Toulon, he only once heard of his sister. It was about the end of the fourth year of his captivity, when the information reached him by some means. Some one who had known him in his part of the country had met his sister in Paris, where she was living in a poor quarter, with only one of her children with her, the last little boy. Where were the other six? She would herself be puzzled to tell. Every morning she went to work in a bookbindery, where she folded and stitched. She had to begin at six, which is well before daylight in winter. In this printer's however, was a school to which she took her boy of seven. But as the school did not open before seven, the lad had to wait in the yard till then — an hour in the open air in dead winter! They would not let him inside the works, as he would be in the way. Workmen often saw the boy sitting on the stones, ready to fall off into sleep, crouched up over his satchel. When it rained, a janitress, an old woman, took pity on him, and brought him into her den, a hole with a trestle bed, spinning-wheel, and a couple of wooden chairs; the boy went to sleep in a corner, hugging the cat to be a little less cold. At seven the school opened and he could go in.

This is what was told the convict.

This was a flash upon him, as if a window were abruptly opened for a glimpse at these beings whom he had loved, then it was shut; he never heard of them again, never saw them, never met them, and throughout this story they will appear nevermore.

About this time Jean's turn to be helped to escape came round. His mates aided him, as is the rule in that doleful abode. He got out. For two days he wandered in the fields, free if it is freedom to be hunted: to turn the head every instant; to start at the faintest sound; to be frightened by everything — the smoking chimney, the passing wayfarer, the barking dog, the clock striking, the daylight because then one can be seen, the night because it is too dark to see danger, the road, the path, the bushes, sleep! On the second evening he was caught. He had not rested or eaten for thirty-six hours.

The naval court punished him for this offence to three years added to his term, making eight.

In the sixth year, his turn to escape came again; he tried but could not get away clear. He was missed at the master-call. The alarm-gun was fired, and the watch found him at night hidden under the keel of a ship building in the dry dock; he resisted the warders who seized him — escape and rebellion! Provided for in the law, this was punished with five years added, with two of them to be on the double chain. Thirteen years. On the tenth year, his turn to escape was round once more. He tried but succeeded no better. They gave him three years for that: Sixteen years! At last, during his thirteenth year, he broke out and was able to enjoy four hours' absence. Three years for that release. Nineteen years. In October, 1815, he was liberated, having been put away in 1796 for breaking a pane of glass and stealing a loaf of bread.

He had entered quivering and sobbing; he came out feeling less. Despairing at entering, he departed gloomy.

What had passed in his soul?

Society must look at these things, since it creates them.

Jean was an ignorant man, but not a fool. Natural light had been kindled in him. Misfortune, which is also a light, augmented what day was in him. Under the scourge and in chains, in the dungeon, and fatigue, under the scorching sun or on the prison plank bed, he withdrew to commune with his conscience, and he reflected.

He sat in judgment on himself and acknowledged that he was wrong to have seized society by the collar, so to say, and demand that it should give him bread.

Then he tried society, and condemned it to his hatred. He made it responsible for the doom he underwent, and said to himself that he might one day fight this out with it. He declared that the balance was not even between the injury he had done and what was visited on him; his punishment might not be really injustice but it was surely iniquity.

Therefore, human society having done nothing but harm to him, leaving him the vanquished in the strife of life, he would use his only weapon, his hate, which he meant to sharpen in his captivity and take out on the battle-ground with him.

Sorrowful to say, after having judged the society which had made him unfortunate, he condemned the Providence which allows society.

We must not omit a detail: Jean was of physical strength unapproached by his fellow prisoners. At hard labor, to haul on a hawser, to walk round the capstan, etc., Jean was worth any four. He could lift and carry enormous weights on his back and so easily replace the instrument known as the derrick that he had been given its name by his mates.

His suppleness surpassed his vigor. Perpetually dreaming of breaking out of prison, some old felons finally make a science of combined skill and strength. Everlastingly envious of the fly and the bird, such practise all their arts. To climb up a smooth wall, to "work up" a corner like a chimney-sweep, to find foothold and a grip where ordinary men see nothing tangible — these were child's play for Valjean. Sometimes he scaled the room of the prison with no better place to second than an angle.

Thus, in nineteen years, the inoffensive pitch-gatherer of Faverolles and the dread "old lag" of Toulon Jail had become what his release-paper described not without reason as "a most dangerous man."

Year after year, his soul had withered, slowly but inevitably. With the dryness of heart had come that of the eye. On leaving the galleys, he was one who had not shed a tear in nearly twenty years.

When Jean heard the strange words "You are free!" it was an unheard-of, incredible time; a beam of light such as shines on those truly in life suddenly burst in upon him. But it was fated soon to grow pale. Dazzled with the idea of freedom, he believed in a new existence. But he was soon to learn what kind of liberty his Yellow Passport gave.

Besides, there was more bitterness. He had calculated his earnings, during his prison life, to amount to 171 francs. It is only fair to note that he had forgotten to calculate the loss by holidays and Sundays, which reduced the gross amount by some twenty-four francs. Be that as it may, divers stoppages brought his pile to 109 francs and fifteen sous, which was paid over to him on his departure. He did not comprehend these clippings and thought he was "played with" — to put it plain, that he was robbed.

The day following his being set free, at Grasse he saw some men unloading a wagon before a perfume distillery and he offered his services. They were short-handed and in a hurry, and put him on the job. He was sharp, skilful, and robust, and did his best, so that the overseer seemed content. While he was working, a policeman came along who noticed him and asked him to show his papers. He had to produce the prison release. This done, Jean resumed his work. A little before he had asked one of the other workmen what they were to be paid and was answered "Thirty sous is the day's wage." As he was obliged to go on his way next morning, he asked to be paid that night. The distillery man did not say a word but handed him fifteen sous. He protested, and was answered: "That is all your labor is worth." He persisted and the master, looking at him steadily, said: "Mind I don't have you locked up again!" Here he also considered he was robbed.

Society, the State, had robbed him in a wholesale way; now this individual robbed him by retail.

That is what happened him at Grasse; we know how he was welcomed in Digne.

THE MAN AWAKES. — WHAT HE DID. — HOLY WORK. — LITTLE GERVAIS.

As two in the morning was booming from the cathedral clock, Jean Valjean awoke. The bed was too good. It was twenty years since he had slept on a real bed, and the sensation was too novel not to break his rest, although he had lain down dressed.

He had slept for four hours, and his weariness was gone. He was accustomed to sleep deeply in a short spell.

Opening his eyes he looked into the darkness all around him and shut them to go off to sleep again.

One may sleep after many different sensations have agitated the day, and many things busied the mind, but not go to sleep a second time. Sleep comes more readily than it returns. So was it with Jean, who could not doze off and had to muse.

It was a time when one's ideas are confused. The brain oscillates vaguely. Old memories and the most recent float pell-mell, cross confusedly, lose shape, grow out of all proportion, and suddenly disapper as in a muddy pool. Many thoughts beseiged him, but one came continually and drove away all the others. We state it immediately: he had remarked the silver plate put on the table by the housekeeper.

The service possessed him. The articles were close by, at a few steps. As he was passing through the next room to enter this one, the old servant was putting the things away in a small locker by the head of the bed. He had taken notice of this receptacle, on the right, as you enter from the dining room. The silver was massive. Genuine old metal; with the ladle, one could get about two hundred francs for the lot. Double what he had earned in twenty years; true, he had earned more, but the Government had robbed him.

His mind wavered for a full hour, with something like a struggle. Three struck. He opened his eyes, sat up abruptly, extended his arms, and felt for his haversack, which he had thrown in the recess corner. He slung his legs over the edge of the bed, and setting his feet on the floor, was thus at his bedside, without clearly knowing what he was about.

In this attitude, he brooded for some time, with much that was gruesome to any one who had perceived him in the shadow, the only wakeful person in the house. Suddenly he stopped, took off his shoes and softly placed them on the rug by the bed ere resuming his moody position and immobility.

He might have dwelt so indefinitely till daybreak, if the clock had not struck — it was a quarter or a half hour. The sound seemed to him to mean "Get to work!"

He started to his feet, still faltered a moment, and listened; all was silent throughout the house; he went with short steps to the window of which he had a glimpse.

It was not a very dark night, as there was full moon, though broad clouds driven by the wind ran over it. This made alternations of light and dark, eclipses and flashes, and a kind of twilight on the whole. This, while fit for one to see about them, was intermittent on account of the clouds, and resembled the effect in a cellar when passers go by.

Jean examined the window: it had no bars, looked out on the garden, and was fastened according to the rural mode with a plain catch. He opened it, but as a keen, cold breath rushed in, he shut it at once. He peered down on the garden with the glance which studies more than it merely looks. The garden was enclosed by a white wall low enough to be scaled easily. Beyond it he made out the tops of trees so regularly spaced out as to show it was a planted walk or a street bordered by timber.

After this survey, he shook himself like a man who had screwed up his mind, walked back to the recess, where he took up his sack, out of which he drew something which he laid on the bed. He stuffed his shoes into one of his pockets, fastened up the sack which he loaded on his shoulders, put on his cap, pulling the peak down over his eyes, and groped for his club, which he went to stand up by the window. Returning to the bed, he resolutely picked up the article he had left on it: it resembled an iron bar, sharpened at one end.

In the dark it was hard to tell the purpose of this tool — whether made for a lever or to be used as a mace. By day it would have turned out to be a rock-driller's borer, used at that time for the prison quarrymen to extract the rock from the hills around Toulon. He took this straight pick in his right hand, and, holding his breath and softening his footfalls, proceeded towards the next room, which was, we know, the sleeping apartment of the bishop. This door was ajar; the bishop had not even drawn it to.

Jean listened, but there was no sound.

He shoved the door, but with the finger tip lightly, with the furtive and uneasy gentleness of the cat wanting to go into a room. The door yielded to that pressure, silently widening the gap a little.

Waiting a bit, he pushed the barrier more forcibly and it continued to open noiselessly. The aperture was wide enough for him to slip through. But there was a small table by the doorway so as to bar the entrance in an awkward way.

Valjean ascertained the obstacle and meant to make the entrance good by force. Pushing more stoutly than the previous times, a poorly oiled hinge raised its grating and prolonged squeak.

Jean started; the sound rang in his ear as splitting and formidable as the Last Trump.

In the magnifying fancy of the moment, he imagined that the hinge assumed a terrible life, and barked like a watchdog to warn all hearers and arouse the sleepers.

Shuddering and bewildered, he stopped and sank down on his heel from having been on tiptoe. He heard his temple arteries beating like trip-hammers, and it seemed that his breath was issuing like wind roaring out of a cavern. It appeared impossible that the awful clangor of that irritated hinge should not have shaken the whole house like an earthquake; as the door, urged by him, had taken the alarm and shrieked out, the old priest would get up, the women would scream and help would come; before a quarter of an hour the town would be in an uproar, and the armed police afoot.

He believed he was lost.

He stayed where he was, petrified like the Pillar of Salt, not daring to make a movement.

Several minutes passed. The door was wide open. He ventured to peep into the chamber where nothing stirred. He lent his ear, but nothing was moving all over the house; the squeaking hinge had aroused nobody.

This first danger was over, but a frightful turmoil was going on within him. He did not retreat; though he had believed himself lost, he had not retreated. All he thought of was to finish as quickly as possible. He took one step which brought him into the room.

It was in perfect calm. Here and there were shapes ill-distinguished, which in the day would appear as papers scattered on a table, folio volumes left open, closed books on a footstool, an armchair heaped up with clothes, a praying-desk — and what were at present shady corners and grayish spots.

Jean went forward with precaution, taking heed not to knock up against the furniture. At the end of the room he heard the sleeping bishop's regular and tranquil respiration.

He stopped suddenly as he was near the bed, which he had come upon sooner than he expected.

Nature sometimes mingles her effects and scenes with our actions with a kind of sombre and intelligent timeliness as if to make us reflect.

A thick cloud had been cloaking the moon for the last half-hour. Just as Valjean halted by the bed, that cloud was rent asunder as though expressly done, and a moonbeam, shooting through the long window, suddenly illumined the prelate's pallid face. He was placidly slumbering. On account of the nights being chill, he was not wholly undressed, a brown woolen vestment covering his arms to the wrist. His head was thrown back on the pillow with the freedom of utter repose; he let that hand hang over the bedside which was adorned with his pastoral ring — the hand whence fell so many good deeds and holy ones. His entire countenance was lighted with mild hope, satisfaction, and beatitude. It was more than a mere smile, almost a heavenly radiance. On that brow was the unspeakable reflection of a Light which no man may see direct. During sleep, the soul of the just contemplates mysterious heaven.

It was at the same time a transparent lustre, for he had this heaven within his bosom — this heaven was his conscience.

At the time when the moonbeam shone to superimpose its glow on this inner luminosity, the sleeping saint seemed mantled in a glory. Yet it was dimmed, softly veiled in an ineffable twilight. To the repose of the venerable man there was added much that was solemn and indescribable by this moon in the sky, mollified nature, the garden without a rustle, the becalmed mansion, the time, the stillness, the situation; and a majestic and serene halo enwrapped the sealed eyes and snowy locks of the aged face where all was hope and trustfulness in this child-like rest.

Unaware how august he looked, the man attained some scintillation of divinity.

Lurking in the shadow, standing with the crowbar in his hand, unmoving, he was awed by this light-giving old man. Never had he seen the like. Such confidence astounded him. The moral world has no grander sight than this: a ruffled and restless conscience on the verge of an evil deed, contemplating the slumber of the good.

He felt, though vaguely, that sleep had sublimity in such isolation with such a companion as he.

None can tell what he felt, not himself even. To try to appreciate it, one should bear in mind that it was extreme violence confronting utter gentleness. Nothing could be discerned on his visage; it was but haggard amazement. He looked on, that was all.

But what was his thought? It was impossible to divine. It was solely clear that he was revolutioned — but not the nature of his emotion.

His gaze could not be detached from the old man. Strange indecision was all that could be safely gleaned from his bearing and physiognomy. He seemed reeling between two gulfs — in one to be lost, in the other to be saved. He was as likely to smash that skull as kiss that hand.

At the end of a few instants, his left hand slowly rose to his brow, where he removed his cap and let the hand fall with the same slowness; he returned into his contemplation, with his iron club in one hand but his cap respectfully in the other, his hair bristling on his ferocious head.

The bishop continued to sleep on, in profound peace, beneath that frightening look.

A glance of the moonbeam glinted the crucifix above the fireplace, where the ivory arms seemed to open, with a blessing for one and forgiveness for the other.

All at once Jean Valjean put his cap on again, and strode alongside the bed without looking at the bishop, straight to the plate press of which he had caught a glimpse at the head. He lifted the pick to pry open the lock but the key was in it; he opened it; the first thing he saw was the plate-basket, which he took. With long strides, without heed, he crossed the room and, still without care as to the noise he made, entered the oratory, where he opened the window, grasped his staff, got one leg over the sill, put the plate in his sack, dropped the basket, crossed the garden, jumped over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

At sunrise the next morning, while the bishop was strolling in his garden, Madam Magloire came running out to him, in consternation.

"My lord, my lord! does your Highness know where the plate-basket is?" she screamed.

"Yes," was the answer.

"The Lord be thanked — I did not know whatever had become of it," she said.

He had just picked up the basket on a border, and handed it to the housekeeper.

"Yes, but there is nothing in it; where is the plate?" she inquired.

"Oh, if you are anxious about the plate, I cannot give you any information on that score," replied the prelate.

"Great good heavens! it has been stolen! That man who was here last night took it."

In a twinkling, with all the vivacity of a lively old body Magloire ran to the oratory, dived into the recess, and returned to her master. He was bending down and sighing over a broken stem of cochleariæ snapped by the basket when cast down.

He rose at her outcry that, "The man has gone — the plate is stolen!"

While vociferating, her eyes fell on the corner of the wall where were traces of somebody dashing over it. The coping was chipped.

"Look! there is the way he went! He jumped over into Cochefilet alley. The abominable rogue, to steal our silver!"

For a space the reverend man was silent, and raising his serious eyes upon her, he said with blandness:—

"In the first place, is it so sure a thing that this silver was ours?" She was stupefied, and, after more silence, he went on: "Too long and wrongfully have I detained this silver. It belonged to the poor. And who was this man? evidently one of the poor."

"Alas!" returned Magloire, "I am not speaking on account of my mistress or myself, it being all the same to us both, but for your lordship. What will your highness eat off of now?"

"How now! are there no pewter platters?" he retorted, with an astonished look.

"But pewter has a smell;" and the housekeeper shrugged her shoulders.

"What is the trouble with japanned metal?"

"It has a tang," and she made a wry face.

"Well, we will try wooden platters," said the dignitary.

Shortly after, he was breakfasting at the same table where he feasted Jean Valjean the night before. He called the attention of his sister, who said never a word, and of the sullenly grumbling attendant, to the fact that one could eat bread and milk by converting the latter into a sop, without plate or spoon.

"The idea!" snapped out Magloire when by herself, going and coming, "of harboring such a fellow! and to lodge him in the next room! but what a blessing that he only committed robbery! Good gracious! I am all of a flutter to think of it!"

A knock came at the door as the brother and sister were rising from table.

"Come in!" said the former.

The door opening, a strange and violent group was on the sill. Three men were holding another by the collar. They were rural constabulary, the prisoner, Jean Valjean.

The corporal, leader of the party, was nearest the door. He stepped in, and saluted in the military style as he advanced to the bishop.

"My lord," he began.

At this title, Jean lifted his head with a stupefied air, from being dull and downcast.

"My lord—then, it is not the parish priest?" he muttered.

"Silence! this is our bishop!" said one of the military police.

Bishop Bienvenu had approached as briskly as his great age allowed him to do.

"Ah, so you are here again!" he said to Valjean. "I am glad to see you, for you omitted to take the candlesticks along with the rest, though sterling silver also, so that the lot will realize you a round two hundred francs. Why did you not carry them off with the balance of the service?"

Valjean distended his eyes and stared at the speaker with an expression which no human language can utter.

"Was the story true, then, that we had from this man, my lord?" queried the gendarme officer. "We met him, and he seemed to be on the run. We stopped him to see what was his little game, and found silver plate upon him."

"I suppose," took up the bishop, smiling, "that he told you that it was given him by a good old priest in whose house he passed the night? I can see what occurred. And you brought him back to verify? You made a mistake."

"Does your lordship mean that we are to let him go?" asked the corporal.

"Of course," replied the bishop.

The police released the convict, who drew off a little.

"Is this true that they are letting me go?" he gasped in a scarcely articulate voice, as if speaking in a dream.

"Yes, can't you hear — you are let off," said one of the constables.

"But this time, my friend, before you go, don't forget your candlesticks. Here they are!"

Going to the mantel-shelf, he took the pair of ornaments and brought them to Valjean. The two women looked on at this without interfering with the bishop by word, gesture, or look. Trembling in every limb, Valjean mechanically took the pair with a bewildered mien.

"Now, go in peace," went on the bishop. "By the way, next time you come, do not use the garden, as you may come and go by the street door. We keep it on the latch day and night. Gentlemen," he concluded, turning to the police, "you can go."

They went away.

The felon seemed about to swoon as the bishop approached him and said to him in an undertone: —

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but unto good. It is your soul that I have bought; I redeem it from black thoughts and the Spirit of Perdition, and I offer it to God."

Like one fleeing from himself, Jean Valjean raced out of the town. He wandered over the fields without being aware that he was rambling on the same roads and streets as he had already come through. Thus he spent the morning, without having eaten and without feeling hunger, a prey to a swarm of novel sensations.

He felt wrathful towards — he knew not what! He could not have told if he were touched or humbled. A strange weakening overwhelmed him at whiles, which he fought and opposed with the hardening of heart during those twenty years. This condition wearied him.

With testiness he saw the dreadful calmness crumble which the injustice of his misfortune had given him. He wondered what was going to replace it.

It would have less agitated him if things had not happened so, and if the police had flung him into prison.

Though the season was so far advanced, a few belated flowers bloomed in the hedgerows, and their odor as he crushed them reminded him of youthful days. These memories were almost unbearable from his not having recalled them since so long.

All day, inexpressible thoughts heaped themselves upon him.

As the sun was going down and making the least pebble cast a lengthening shadow, Jean sat behind a bush on a broad level, ruddy with sand and absolutely deserted. The Alps were the sole horizon. Not even the steeple of a village church appeared. He might be three leagues from Digne.

A few steps from him a path cut across the plain.

In the midst of his meditation, which not a little contributed to make such a tatterdemalion alarming for anybody meeting him, he heard a merry sound.

Turning his head, he saw a little Savoyard about twelve years old, singing as he skipped along, with a hurdy-gurdy by his side and a pet marmot on his back; one of those meek and lively boys who carol from land to land with their elbows out of their jackets.

While singing, the lad stopped now and then to juggle with coin which he had in hand, probably the whole of his fortune. Among the pieces was one for forty sous.

Without seeing Valjean, the urchin stopped by the bush and threw up the coins so that he caught them with dexterity on the back of his hand; but for once the larger coin escaped him and rolled in the thicket right up to the man, who put his foot upon it.

But the boy had watched it and saw what he had done.

Without any astonishment he walked straight up to him.

It was a perfectly solitary spot. As far as eye could reach there was no one on the path or the plain. The only sound was the faint calls of birds of passage crossing the sky at an immense height. The child turned his back to the sun, which gilded, turned his curls to gold and empurpled the other's wild face with bloody glare.

"I want my coin, sir," said the youth with that childish confidence which is composed of ignorance and innocence.

"Who are you?" challenged Valjean.

"Little Gervais, sir."

"Be off!" said Jean Valjean.

"Not before I get my money," said the boy.

Hanging his head, the man made no reply.

"My coin, sir," repeated the boy.

Jean's eye remained fastened on the ground.

"My money — my silver piece — my silver!" screamed the lad.

Jean did not seem to hear. The boy took him by the collar and shook him, at the same time trying to move the heavy iron-studded brogue set on his treasure.

"I want my money — my forty-sous piece!"

The boy began to weep. Jean kept seated but he lifted his head with troubled eyes. He gazed on the Savoyard with astonishment, stretched out his hand for his cudgel and shouted in a terrible voice: —

"Who is there?"

"I, sir — Little Gervais," replied the boy; "give me back my money, if you please. Lift up your foot, sir! please!" Irritated into becoming almost menacing, though so small, he cried: "D'ye hear? take away your big hoof, will you?"

"What, are you still here?" said Jean, rising abruptly to his full height but keeping his foot on the coin. "Will you be off!"

The frightened lad took a look at him and began to shake from head to foot, and, after some seconds' stupor, ran off with all his powers, without daring to turn his head or utter a cry. At a distance he was winded and was forced to stop, and through his reverie, Valjean heard him sobbing. Soon the boy disappeared.

The sun went down.

The shades thickened around the lonely man; he had not had anything to eat that day and perhaps he had fever.

He kept the same erect attitude in which he was when the boy fled. His breath heaved his chest at long and irregular intervals. His glance, fixed ten or twelve paces off, seemed to study the shape of an old blue potsherd, fallen on the sward.

All of a sudden, he shivered, for he felt the night chill. He settled his cap on his head, mechanically folded his smock over and tried to button it, took a forward step and stooped to pick up his stick from the ground.

At this he perceived the coin shining in the pebbles where his tread had partly buried it. His commotion was as from an electric battery.

"What is that?" he hissed between his clenched teeth.

He receded three steps, and stopped without power to tear his glance from the spot which his foot had pressed shortly before, as though this object were an eye fixed on his.

When a few minutes were ended, he convulsively sprang on the coin, caught it up, and looked afar over the waste, scanning all points of the compass and quivering like a wild beast seeking a covert.

He saw nothing, for night was falling, and from the dim and bleak plain thick violet mists were mounting into the crepuscular glimmer.

"Ah!" he said, and walked rapidly in the direction where the Savoyard had disappeared. After thirty strides, he halted to look but he saw nothing.

"Little Gervais!" he shouted with all his lungs, "Little Gervais!"

He paused and waited; but nothing made answer.

The country was drear and deserted. He was surrounded by space. Nothing was round him but shadows in which his glance was lost, and stillness in which his voice was wasted.

An icy breeze sprang up, and gave things a mocking liveliness. Shrubs shook their feeble limbs with incredible fury. They seemed to be threatening somebody whom they chased.

He set to walking and then to running, with stoppages to roar in the loneliness, in a voice which could not be more formidable and disconsolate: "Little Gervais!"

If the child had heard this, he certainly would have been frightened and taken good care not to show himself. But he was far away, no doubt.

All he met was a priest on horseback to whom he went up and said: —

"Did you see a boy passing, father? His name is Little Gervais."

"I have seen nobody."

He took two five-franc pieces from his pouch and gave them to him.

"For your poor. It is one of those Savoyards, you know — a little chap of ten, with a marmot, I believe, and a hurdy-gurdy."

"I have not seen him!"

"Little Gervais! are there any villages round here? Can't you tell me?"

"According to what you say, friend, it is one of those foreign boys who just pass through without any one knowing them."

Valjean took out two more five-franc pieces which he forced upon the priest.

"For your poor," he said wildly. "Father, have me arrested. I am a thief!"

Frightened, the priest drove in both spurs and fled.

Valjean continued to run in the direction he had previously taken, without meeting anybody. At last his legs gave way under him as if an unseen Power overweighted him with his bad conscience; he fell exhausted on a rock, with his hands clutching his hair and his face between his knees, gasping: —

"I am a villain!"

His heart seemed to burst a dam and he wept, for the first time in twenty years. He wept for a long while, with more weakness than a woman, and in more fright than a child.

While weeping, an extraordinary day of a new life dawned more and more brightly, delighting and terrifying at the same time.

All returned to him, his past life, his first offence, his external brutifying, his inward hardening, his return to freedom gladdened by so many plans of revenge, what happened at the bishop's, his last deed — the petty theft from the child, a crime the more monstrous and dastardly as it came at the heels of the prelate's pardon — all this clearly appeared in the light unseen before. Looking at his life it appeared horrible; at his soul and it seemed dreadful.

Nevertheless, a sweet light gleamed on his life and soul. It was as though Satan stood in the ray from Paradise.

How many hours did he mourn? What did he do when weeping was done and whither did he go? None knew. It was only learnt that the carrier, who went between Grenoble and Digne, on arriving at the latter place about three in the morning, saw, as he crossed Bishop Street, a man in a praying attitude, kneeling on the paving stones, in the dark, before Bishop Myriel's door.

The Man and the Cannon.

(From "Ninety-Three.")

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, — a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it, — it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gundeck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant, — the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun, — mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the corvette carried a whole cargo: an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, — it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made — but how?

What a combatant — this cannon!

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville: —

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied: —

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent: the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, — the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began, a titanic strife, — the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws? It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began, — struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul, — strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also, — a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was — one might have fancied so, at least — cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon, — a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had, — because it seemed to all a sentient being, — a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames. The carronade which had heen captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the levelling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself, — immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted, the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette, — kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger.

Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him: —

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued: —

"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added: —

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said: —

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an axe upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added: —

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the mainmast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville: —

"The Vendée has found a head!"

. . . .

The passenger had not quitted the deck; he watched all the proceedings with the same impassible mien.

Boisberthelot approached.

"Sir," he said to him, "the preparations are complete. We are now lashed fast to our tomb; we shall not let go our hold. We are the prisoners of either the squadron or the reef. To yield to the enemy, or founder among the rocks: we have no other choice. One resource remains to us, — to die. It is better to fight than be wrecked. I would rather be shot than drowned; in the matter of death, I prefer fire to water. But dying is the business of the rest of us; it is not yours. You are the man chosen by the princes; you are appointed to a great mission, — the direction of the war in Vendée. Your loss is perhaps the monarchy lost; therefore you must live. Our honor bids us remain here; yours bids you go. General, you must quit the ship. I am going to give you a man and a boat. To reach the coast by a detour is not impossible. It is not yet day; the waves are high, the sea is dark; you will escape. There are cases when to fly is to conquer."

The old man bowed his stately head in sign of acquiescence.

Count du Boisberthelot raised his voice: —

"Soldiers and sailors!" he cried.

Every movement ceased; from each point of the vessel all faces turned toward the captain.

He continued: —

"This man who is among us represents the king. He has been confided to us; we must save him. He is necessary to the throne of France; in default of a prince he will be — at least this is what we try for — the leader in the Vendée. He is a great general. He was to have landed in France with us; he must land without us. To save the head is to save all."

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the voices of the whole crew.

The captain continued: —

"He is about to risk, he also, serious danger. It will not be easy to reach the coast. In order to face the angry sea the boat should be large, and should be small in order to escape the cruisers. What must be done is to make land at some safe point, and better toward Fougeres than in the direction of Coutances. It needs an athletic sailor, a good oarsman and swimmer, who belongs to this coast, and knows the Channel. There is night enough, so that the boat can leave the corvette without being perceived. And besides, we are going to have smoke, which will serve to hide her. The boat's size will help her through the shallows. Where the panther is snared, the weasel escapes. There is no outlet for us; there is for her. The boat will row rapidly off; the enemy's ship will not see her: and moreover, during that time we are going to amuse them ourselves. Is it decided?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the crew.

"There is not an instant to lose," pursued the captain. "Is there any man willing?"

A sailor stepped out of the ranks in the darkness, and said, "I."

A few minutes later, one of those little boats called a "gig," which are especially appropriated to the captain's service, pushed off from the vessel. There were two men in this boat, — the old man in the stern, and the sailor who had volunteered in the bow. The night still lingered. The sailor, in obedience to the captain's orders, rowed vigorously in the direction of the Minquiers. For that matter, no other issue was possible. Some provisions had been put into the boat, — a bag of biscuit, a smoked ox-tongue, and a cask of water.

At the instant the gig was let down, La Vieuville, a scoffer even in the presence of destruction, leaned over the corvette's stern-post, and sneered this farewell to the boat: —

"She is a good one if one want to escape, and excellent if one wish to drown."

"Sir," said the pilot, "let us laugh no longer."

The start was quickly made, and there was soon a considerable distance between the boat and the corvette. The wind and the waves were in the oarsman's favor; the little bark fled swiftly, undulating through the twilight, and hidden by the height of the waves.

The sea seemed to wear a look of sombre, indescribable expectation.

Suddenly, amid the vast and tumultuous silence of the ocean, rose a voice, which, increased by the speaking-trumpet as if by the brazen mask of antique tragedy, sounded almost superhuman.

It was the voice of Captain Boisberthelot giving his commands: "Royal marines," cried he, "nail the white flag to the mainmast. We are about to see our last sunrise."

And the corvette fired its first shot.

"Long live the king!" shouted the crew.

Then from the horizon's verge echoed an answering shout, immense, distant, confused, yet distinct nevertheless: —

"Long live the Republic!"

And a din like the peal of three hundred thunderbolts burst over the depths of the sea.

The battle began.

The sea was covered with smoke and fire. Streams of foam, made by the falling bullets, whitened the waves on every side.

The "Claymore" began to spit flame on the eight vessels. At the same time the whole squadron, ranged in a half-moon about the corvette, opened fire from all its batteries. The horizon was in a blaze. A volcano seemed to have burst suddenly out of the sea. The wind twisted to and fro the vast crimson banner of battle, amid which the ships appeared and disappeared like phantoms.

In front the black skeleton of the corvette showed against the red background.

The white banner, with its *fleur-de-lis*, could be seen floating from the main.

The two men seated in the little boat kept silence. The triangular shallows of the Minquiers, a sort of submarine Trinacrium, is larger than the entire island of Jersey. The sea covers it. It has for culminating point a platform which even the highest tides do not reach, from whence six mighty rocks detach themselves toward the northeast, ranged in a straight line, and producing the effect of a great wall, which has crumbled here and there. The strait between the plateau and the six reefs is only practicable to boats drawing very little water. Beyond this strait is the open sea.

The sailor who had undertaken the command of the boat made for this strait. By that means he put the Minquiers between the battle and the little bark. He manœuvred the narrow channel skilfully, avoiding the reefs to larboard and starboard. The rocks now masked the conflict. The lurid light of the horizon, and the awful uproar of the cannonading, began to lessen as the distance increased; but the continuance of the reports proved that the corvette held firm, and meant to exhaust to the very last her one hundred and seventy-one broadsides. Presently the boat reached safe water, beyond the reef, beyond the battle, out of reach of the bullets.

Little by little the face of the sea became less dark; the rays, against which the darkness struggled, widened; the foam burst into jets of light, and the tops of the waves gave back white reflections.

Day appeared.

The boat was out of danger so far as the enemy were concerned, but the most difficult part of the task remained. She was saved from grape-shot, but not from shipwreck. She was a mere egg-shell, in a high sea, without deck, without sail, without mast, without compass, having no resource but her oars, in the presence of the ocean and the hurricane, — an atom at the mercy of giants.

Then, amid this immensity, this solitude, lifting his face, whitened by the morning, the man in the bow of the boat looked fixedly at the one in the stern, and said: —

"I am the brother of him you ordered to be shot."

The old man slowly raised his head. He who had spoken was a man of about thirty. His forehead was brown with sea-tan; his eyes were peculiar: they had the keen glance of a sailor in the open pupils of a peasant. He held the oars vigorously in his two hands. His air was mild.

In his belt were a dirk, two pistols, and a rosary.

"Who are you?" asked the old man.

"I have just told you."

"What do you want with me?"

The sailor shipped the oars, folded his arms, and replied: —

"To kill you."

"As you please," said the old man.

The other raised his voice: —

"Get ready!"

"For what?"

"To die."

"Why?" asked the old man.

There was a silence. The sailor seemed for an instant confused by the question. He repeated: —

"I say that I mean to kill you."

"And I ask you, what for?"

The sailor's eyes flashed lightning: —

"Because you killed my brother."

The old man replied with perfect calmness: —

"I began by saving his life."

"That is true. You saved him first, then you killed him."

"It was not I who killed him."

"Who, then?"

"His own fault."

The sailor stared open-mouthed at the old man; then his eyebrows met again in their murderous frown.

"What is your name?" asked the old man.

"Halmalo; but you do not need to know my name in order to be killed by me."

At this moment the sun rose. A ray struck full upon the sailor's face, and vividly lighted up that savage countenance. The old man studied it attentively.

The cannonading, though it still continued, was broken and irregular. A vast cloud of smoke weighed down the horizon. The boat, no longer directed by the oarsman, drifted to leeward.

The sailor seized in his right hand one of the pistols at his belt, and the rosary in his left.

The old man raised himself in his full height.

"You believe in God?" said he.

"Our Father which art in heaven," replied the sailor; and he made the sign of the cross.

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes."

He made a second sign of the cross. Then he resumed: —

"It is all said. I give you a minute, my lord." And he cocked the pistol.

"Why do you call me 'my lord'?"

"Because you are a lord. That is plain enough to be seen."

"Have you a lord — you?"

"Yes, and a grand one. Does one live without a lord?"

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. He has left this country. He is called the Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount de Fontenay, Prince in Brittany; he is the lord of the Seven Forests. I never saw him, but that does not prevent his being my master."

"And if you were to see him, would you obey him?"

"Indeed, yes. Why, I should be a heathen if I did not obey him. I owe obedience to God; then to the king, who is like God; and then to the lord, who is like the king. But we have nothing to do with all that. You killed my brother; I must kill you."

The old man replied: —

"Agreed; I killed your brother. I did well."

The sailor clinched the pistol more tightly.

"Come," said he.

"So be it," said the old man. Still perfectly composed, he added, "Where is the priest?"

The sailor stared at him.

"The priest?"

"Yes; the priest. I gave your brother a priest; you owe me one."

"I have none," said the sailor. And he continued, "Are priests to be found out at sea?"

The convulsive thunderings of battle sounded more and more distant.

"Those who are dying yonder have theirs," said the old man.

"That is true," murmured the sailor; "they have the chaplain."

The old man continued: "You will lose me my soul; that is a serious matter."

The sailor bent his head in thought.

"And in losing me my soul," pursued the old man, "you lose your own. Listen. I have pity on you. Do what you choose. As for me, I did my duty a little while ago, — first, in saving your brother's life, and afterward in taking it from him; and I am doing my duty now in trying to save your soul. Reflect. It is your affair. Do you hear the cannon-shots at this instant? There are men perishing yonder, there are desperate creatures dying, there are husbands who will never again see their wives, fathers who will never again see their children, brothers who, like you, will never again see their brothers. And by whose fault? Your brother's — yours! You believe in God, do you not? Well, you know that God suffers in this moment; he suffers in the person of his Most Christian Son the King of France, who is a child as Jesus was, and who is a prisoner in the fortress of the Temple. God suffers in his Church of Brittany; he suffers in his insulted cathedrals, his desecrated Gospels, in his violated houses of prayer, in his murdered priests. What did we intend to do, we, with that vessel which is perishing at this instant? We were going to succor God's children. If your brother had been a good servant, if he had faithfully done his duty like a wise and prudent man, the accident of the carronade would not have occurred, the corvette would not have been disabled, she would not have got out of her course, she would not have fallen in with this fleet of perdition, and at this hour we should be landing in France, — all, like valiant soldiers and seamen as we were, sabre in hand, the white flag unfurled, numerous, glad, joyful; and we should have gone to help the brave Vendean peasants to save France, to save the king; we should have been doing God's work. This was what we meant to do; this was what we should have done. It is what I — the only one who remains — set out to do. But you oppose yourself thereto. In this contest of the impious against the priests, in this strife of the regicides against the king, in this struggle of Satan against God, you are on the devil's side. Your brother was the demon's first auxiliary; you are the second. He commenced; you finish. You are with the regicides against the throne; you are with the impious against the Church. You take away from God his last resource. Because I shall not be there, — I, who represent the king, — the hamlets will continue to burn, families to weep, priests to bleed, Brittany to suffer, the king to remain in prison, and Jesus Christ to be in distress. And who will have caused this? You! Go on; it is your affair. I depended on you to help bring about just the contrary of all this. I deceived myself. Ah, yes! it is true, — you are right: I killed your brother. Your brother was courageous: I recompensed that. He was culpable; I punished that. He had failed in his duty; I did not fail in mine. What I did, I would do again. And I swear by the great

Saint Anne of Auray, who sees us, that in a similar case I would shoot my son as I shot your brother. Now you are master. Yes, I pity you. You have lied to your captain. You, Christian, are without faith; you, Breton, are without honor. I was confided to your loyalty and accepted by your treason; you offer my death to those to whom you had promised my life. Do you know who it is you are destroying here? It is yourself. You take my life from the king, and you give your eternity to the devil. Go on; commit your crime, — it is well. You sell cheaply your share in Paradise. Thanks to you, the devil will conquer; thanks to you, the churches will fall; thanks to you, the heathen will continue to melt the bells and make cannon of them. They will shoot men with that which used to warn souls! At this moment in which I speak to you, perhaps the bell that rang for your baptism is killing your mother. Go on; aid the devil, — do not hesitate. Yes, I condemned your brother; but know this: I am an instrument of God. Ah, you pretend to judge the means God uses! Will you take it on yourself to judge Heaven's thunderbolt? Wretched man, you will be judged by it. Take care what you do. Do you even know whether I am in a state of grace? No. Go on, all the same. Do what you like. You are free to cast me into hell, and to cast yourself there with me. Our two damnations are in your hand. It is you who will be responsible before God. We are alone; face to face in the abyss. Go on — finish — make an end. I am old and you are young; I am without arms and you are armed; kill me!"

While the old man stood erect, uttering these words in a voice louder than the noise of the sea, the undulations of the waves showed him now in the shadow, now in the light. The sailor had grown lividly white; great drops of sweat fell from his forehead; he trembled like a leaf; he kissed his rosary again and again. When the old man finished speaking, he threw down his pistol and fell on his knees.

"Mercy, my lord! Pardon me!" he cried; "you speak like God. I have done wrong. My brother did wrong. I will try to repair his crime. Dispose of me. Command; I will obey."

"I give you pardon," said the old man.

NAPOLEON.

"Tu domines notre âge ; ange ou démon, qu'importe !"

ANGEL or demon ! thou — whether of light
The minister, or darkness — still dost sway
This age of ours ; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,
Shuns thee in vain ; thy mighty shadow thrown
Rests on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon !

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici from fair Parthenope,
Or, lingering long in dreamy revery,
O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way :

Him, whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power ;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour ;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone, and deep,
Of that sad city in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep ;

Or be his bark at Posilippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleasèd shade, —
Ever he sees throughout that circuit wide,
From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
From sea and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore !

THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM MOSCOW

(*From a Painting by Fr. Adam*)

The Retreat from Moscow.

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once the eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! the Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled moustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on for ever went,
With nought to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim, —
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar — That, worst.
Cannon were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke or woke to die.

Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,
Unlike a downfall known before or the defeat
Of Hannibal — reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army — fled French glory then,
Though there the Emperor! he stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw —
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass —
Backwards and forwards, for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! it could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do — a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate.
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul:
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed,
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness; — a Voice answered: "No!
Not yet."
Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed? or but a dream?
It was the vulture's, but how like the *sea-bird's scream.*

Poor Folk.

'T is night — within the close stout cabin door,
The room is wrapped in shade save where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
  A few white dishes glimmer; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
  And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie —
  A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams:
In the high chimney the last embers die,
  And redden the dark room with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with fear,
  She prays alone, hearing the billows shout:
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
  The ominous old ocean sobs without.

. . . .

My Thoughts of Ye.

What do I dream of? Far from the low roof
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer ripening to its fall.
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries, —
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two — more anxious thought —
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some sleepy shore,
While the waves, opening all their nostrils, breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back:
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,

And while the pilot from the infinite main
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I, dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you, —
Love sweet and powerful, and everlasting, —
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

MOURNING.

PATHS over which long grasses wave!
Hill-sides and valleys! woods moss'd o'er!
Wherefore thus silent as the grave!
— "Since he who came now comes no more."

Why no one at thy casement seen,
Thy flower-less garden why so bare?
O house! where has thy master been?
— "I only know he is elsewhere."

Watch, dog! — "And why, around a home
Now empty, by no footsteps cross'd?"
Whom weep'st thou? Child! — "My father." Whom
Sad woman! weepest thou? — "The Lost."

Where is he gone? — "Into the dark."
Wild waves, heard breaking in the gloom!
Whence are ye? — "From the convict-bark."
And what bear ye from us? — "A tomb."

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Humboldt, Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von, a German scientist; born at Berlin, September 14, 1769; died there, May 6, 1859. He studied at the Universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Göttingen. His earliest work was an essay on "The Basalts on the Rhine" (1790). In 1791 he went to the Mining Academy at Freiberg, where he remained eight months, during which he wrote "Flora Subterranea Friburgensis." During several succeeding years he was employed in the mining department, during which he prepared a work relating to Galvani's discovery and its bearings upon the "Chemical Process of Life in the Animal and Vegetable World" (2 vols., 1797, 1799). He determined upon making a great scientific expedition, having in the meanwhile familiarized himself with such portions of astronomical science as would aid him in accurately determining geographical positions. He set out in 1797. His travels extended over a great portion of Central Europe, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies; those in America occupying about five years. In 1804 he returned to Paris, which was his residence for most of the time until 1827. There appeared his notable work, "Voyage aux Regions Équinoxiales du Nouveau Monde" (3 vols., folio, with an atlas, 1809--25). In 1829 began a new era in his active career. Under the patronage of the Russian Government he undertook an expedition to Northern Asia, the Chinese Dzungaria, and the Caspian Sea. The expedition, which was magnificently fitted out by the Russian Government, numbered several eminent scientists. This journey of more than 10,000 miles was made in nine months. The main results are embodied in Humboldt's "Asie Centrale: Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatologie comparée" (2 vols., 1837, 1842). Besides the works already mentioned, Humboldt made important contributions to almost every department of natural science, especially to botany and zoölogy. In 1848 he took up his residence at Berlin, where he continued his scientific and literary labors to the close of his life. His great work, "Kosmos," was begun in 1845, the fifth and concluding volume being published after his death.

The Beauty and Unity of Nature.

(From "Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.")

In attempting, after a long absence from my native country, to develop the physical phenomena of the globe and the simultaneous action of the forces that pervade the regions of space, I experience a twofold cause of anxiety. The subject before me is so inexhaustible and so varied, that I fear either to fall into the superficiality of the encyclopædist, or to weary the mind of my reader by aphorisms consisting of mere generalities clothed in dry and dogmatical forms. Undue conciseness often checks the flow of expression, whilst diffuseness is detrimental to a clear and precise exposition of our ideas. Nature is a free domain; and the profound conceptions and enjoyments she awakens within us can only be vividly delineated by thought clothed in exalted forms of speech, worthy of bearing witness to the majesty and greatness of the creation.

In considering the study of physical phenomena, not merely in its bearings on the material wants of life, but in its general influence on the intellectual advancement of mankind, we find its noblest and most important result to be a knowledge of the chain of connection by which all natural forces are linked together and made mutually dependent upon each other; and it is the perception of these relations that exalts our views and ennobles our enjoyments. Such a result, however, can only be reaped as the fruit of observation and intellect, combined with the spirit of the age, in which are reflected all the varied phases of thought. He who can trace, through bygone times, the stream of our knowledge to its primitive source, will learn from history how for thousands of years man has labored, amid the ever recurring changes of form, to recognize the invariability of natural laws, and has thus by the force of mind gradually subdued a great portion of the physical world to his dominion. In interrogating the history of the past, we trace the mysterious course of ideas yielding the first glimmering perception of the same image of a Cosmos, or harmoniously ordered whole, which, dimly shadowed forth to the human mind in the primitive ages of the world, is now fully revealed to the maturer intellect of mankind as the result of long and laborious observation.

Each of those epochs of the contemplation of the external world — the earliest dawn of thought, and the advanced stage of civilization — has its own source of enjoyment. In the former, this enjoyment, in accordance with the simplicity of the primitive ages, flowed from an intuitive feeling of the order that was proclaimed by the invariable and successive reappearance of the heavenly bodies, and by the progressive development of organized beings; whilst in the latter, this sense of enjoyment springs from a definite knowledge of the phenomena of nature. When man began to interrogate nature, and not content with observing, learnt to evoke phenomena under definite conditions; when once he sought to collect and record facts, in order that the fruit of his labors might aid investigation after his own brief existence had passed away, — the *philosophy of Nature* cast aside the vague and poetic garb in which she had been enveloped from her origin; and having assumed a severer aspect, she now weighs the value of observations, and substitutes induction and reasoning for conjecture and assumption. The dogmas of former ages survive now only in the superstitions of the people and the prejudices of the ignorant, or are perpetuated in a few systems, which, conscious of their weakness, shroud themselves in a veil of mystery. We may also trace the same primitive intuitions in languages exuberant in figurative expressions; and a few of the best chosen symbols engendered by the happy inspiration of the earliest ages, having by degrees lost their vagueness through a better mode of interpretation, are still preserved amongst our scientific terms.

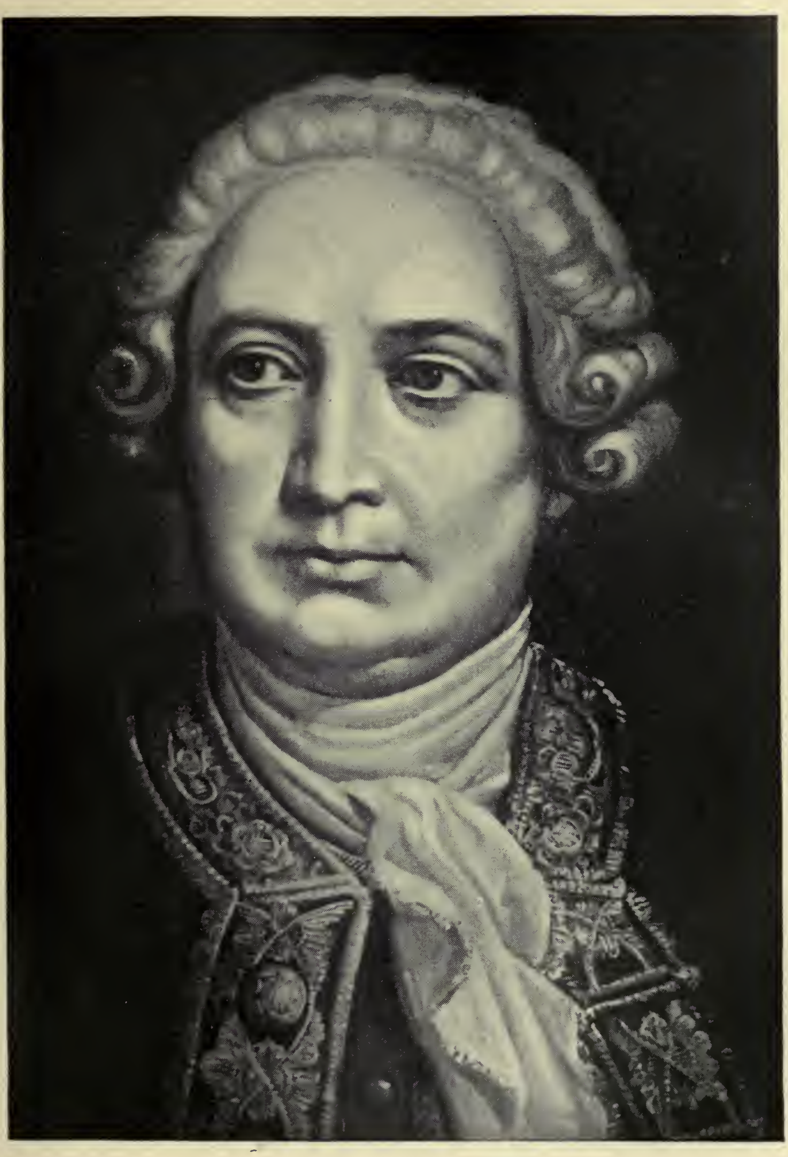
Nature considered *rationally* — that is to say, submitted to the process of thought — is a unity in diversity of phenomena; a harmony, blending together all created things, however dissimilar in form and attributes; one great whole (τὸ πᾶν) animated by the breath of life. The most important result of a rational inquiry into nature is therefore to establish the unity and harmony of this stupendous mass of force and matter, to determine with impartial justice what is due to the discoveries of the past and to those of the present, and to analyze the individual parts of natural phenomena without succumbing beneath the weight of the whole. Thus, and thus alone, is it permitted to man, while mindful of the high destiny of his race, to comprehend nature, to lift the veil that shrouds her phenomena, and, as it were, submit the results of observation to the test of reason and intellect.

In reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves softly rippling over the beach leave a track green with the weeds of the sea: everywhere the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul by a mysterious inspiration the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercises a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calms the storm of passion, and softens the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence and the image of infinity revealed on every side; whether we look upwards to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

The contemplation of the individual characteristics of the landscape, and of the conformation of the land in any definite region of the earth, gives rise to a different source of enjoyment, awakening impressions that are more vivid, better defined, and more congenial to certain phases of the mind than those of which we have already spoken. At one time the heart is stirred by a sense of the grandeur of the face of nature, by the strife of the elements, or, as in Northern Asia, by the aspect of the dreary barenness of the far-stretching steppes; at another time softer emotions are excited by the contemplation of rich harvest wrested by the hand of man from the wild fertility of nature, or by the sight of human habitations raised beside some wild and foaming torrent. Here I regard less the degree of intensity, than the difference existing in the various sensations that derive their charm and permanence from the peculiar character of the scene.

If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance among the most striking scenes of nature the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, "a forest above a forest;" or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it.

When, far from our native country, after a long voyage, we tread for the first time the soil of a tropical land, we experience a certain feeling of surprise and gratification in recognizing in the rocks that surround us the same inclined schistose strata, and the same columnar basalt covered with cellular amygdaloids, that we had left in Europe, and whose identity of character in latitudes so widely different reminds us that the solidification of the earth's crust is altogether independent of climatic influences. But these rocky masses of schist and of basalt are covered with vegetation of a character with which we are unacquainted, and of a physiognomy wholly unknown to us; and it is then, amid the colossal and majestic forms of an exotic flora, that we feel how wonderfully the flexibility of our nature fits us to receive new impressions, linked together by a certain secret analogy. We so readily perceive the affinity existing amongst all the forms of organic life, that although the sight of a vegetation similar to that of our native country might at first be most welcome to the eye, as the sweet familiar sounds of our mother tongue are to the ear, we nevertheless, by degrees and almost imperceptibly, become familiarized with a new home and a new climate. As a true citizen of the world, man everywhere habituates himself to that which surrounds him: yet, fearful as it were of breaking the links of association that bind him to the home of his childhood, the colonist applies to some few plants in a far distant clime the names he had been familiar with in his native land; and by the mysterious relations existing amongst all types of organization, the forms of exotic vegetation present themselves to his mind as nobler and more perfect developments of those he had loved in earlier days. Thus do the spontaneous impressions of the untutored mind lead, like the laborious deductions of cultivated intellect, to the same intimate persuasion that one sole and indissoluble chain binds together all nature.



DAVID HUME

DAVID HUME.

Hume, David, a Scottish historian and philosopher; born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711; died there, August 25, 1776. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1734 he entered a counting-house at Bristol, where he remained only a short time, then went to France, where he resided three years, and wrote his "Treatise of Human Nature." This was published in 1738, and, as he says, "fell dead from the press." Returning to Edinburgh, he published in 1742 the first volume of his "Essays." General St. Clair in 1746 was sent as minister to Turin, and Hume accompanied him as secretary. While at Turin he wrote his "Inquiry into the Human Understanding," which is essentially an enlargement of his earlier "Treatise of Human Nature." He returned to Scotland in 1749, and published his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals" and "Political Discourses." In 1752 he was chosen Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and began his "History of England," a standard classic in our language. The first volume appeared in 1754. The second volume appeared in 1756. In 1759 appeared his "History of the House of Tudor," and in 1761 the volumes relating to the earlier portions of the English annals. He had in mind to write two more volumes, treating of the reigns of William III. and of Anne. But this purpose was never executed. Hume's "History of England," as written by himself, closes with the conclusion of the reign of James II. Near the close of his life Hume wrote a partial autobiography.

Of Refinement in the Arts.

Luxury is a word of an uncertain signification, and may be taken in a good as well as in a bad sense. In general it means great refinement in the gratification of the senses; and any degree of it may be innocent or blamable, according to the age or country or condition of the person. The bounds between the virtue and the vice cannot here be exactly fixed, more than in other moral subjects. To imagine that the gratifying of any sense, or the indulging of any delicacy in meat, drink, or apparel, is of itself a vice, can never enter into a head that is not disordered by the frenzies of enthusiasm. I have indeed heard of a monk abroad, who, because the windows of his cell opened upon a noble prospect, made a *covenant with his eyes* never to turn that way, or receive so sensual a gratification. And such is the crime of drinking champagne or Burgundy, preferable to small-beer or porter. These indulgences are only vices when they are pursued at the expense of some virtue, as liberality or charity; in like manner as they are follies when for them a man ruins his fortune, and reduces himself to want and beggary. Where they intrench upon no virtue, but leave ample subject whence to provide for friends, family, and every proper object of generosity or compassion, they are entirely innocent, and have in every age been acknowledged such by almost all moralists. To be entirely occupied with the luxury of the table, for instance, without any relish for the pleasures of ambition, study, or conversation, is a mark of stupidity, and is incompatible with any vigor of temper or genius. To confine one's expense entirely to such a gratification, without regard to friends or family, is an indication of a heart destitute of humanity or benevolence. But if a man reserves time sufficient for all laudable pursuits, and money sufficient for all generous purposes, he is free from every shadow of blame or reproach.

Since luxury may be considered either as innocent or blamable, one may be surprised at those preposterous opinions which have been entertained concerning it: while men of libertine principles bestow praises even on vicious luxury, and represent it as highly advantageous to society; and on the other hand, men of severe morals blame even the most innocent luxury, and represent it as the source of all corruptions, disorders, and factions incident to civil government. We shall here endeavor to correct both these extremes, by proving, *first*, that the ages of refinement are both the happiest and most virtuous; *secondly*, that wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far, is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

To prove the first point, we need but consider the effects of refinement both on *private* and on *public* life. Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients,— action, pleasure, and indolence; and though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting, without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment; but like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which though agreeable for a moment, yet if prolonged beget a languor and lethargy that destroy all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of these pursuits; and it must be owned that where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favorable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy as their reward the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labor. The mind acquires new vigor; enlarges its powers and faculties; and by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labor, and recruits the spirits exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied in some degree with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be brought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become. Nor is it possible that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge, to show their wit or their breeding, their taste in conversation or living, in clothes or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed. Both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men as well as their behavior refine apace. So that beside the improvements which they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together, and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus *industry*, *knowledge*, and *humanity* are linked together by an indissoluble chain; and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages.

Nor are these advantages attended with disadvantages that bear any proportion to them. The more men refine upon pleasure, the less will they indulge in excesses of any kind; because nothing is more destructive to true pleasure than such excesses. One may safely affirm that the Tartars are oftener guilty of beastly gluttony, when they feast on their dead horses, than European courtiers with all their refinements of cookery. And if [libertinism] be more frequent in polite ages, when it is often regarded only as a piece of gallantry, drunkenness on the other hand is much less common. . . .

But industry, knowledge, and humanity are not advantageous in private life alone: they diffuse their beneficial influence on the *public*, and render the government as great and flourishing as they make individuals happy and prosperous. The increase and consumption of all the commodities which serve to the ornament and pleasure of life are advantages to society; because, at the same time that they multiply those innocent gratifications to individuals, they are a kind of *storehouse* of labor, which in the exigencies of State may be turned to the public service. In a nation where there is no demand for such superfluities, men sink into indolence, lose all enjoyment of life, and are useless to the public, which cannot maintain or support its fleets and armies from the industry of such slothful members.

The bounds of all the European kingdoms are at present nearly the same as they were two hundred years ago. But what a difference is there in the power and grandeur of those kingdoms! which can be ascribed to nothing but the increase of art and industry. When Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy, he carried with him about 20,000 men; yet this armament so exhausted the nation, as we learn from Guicciardin, that for some years it was not able to make so great an effort. The late King of France in time of war kept in pay above 400,000 men; though from Mazarine's death to his own he was engaged in a course of wars that lasted near thirty years.

This industry is much promoted by the knowledge inseparable from ages of art and refinement; as on the other hand this knowledge enables the public to make the best advantage of the industry of its subjects. Laws, order, police, discipline, — these can never be carried to any degree of perfection before human reason has refined itself by exercise, and by an application to the more vulgar arts, at least, of commerce and manufacture. Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people who know not how to make a spinning-wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage? Not to mention that all ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which throws the government off its bias, and disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness.

Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigor and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable by cutting off all hopes of pardon. When the tempers of men are softened as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilized age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honor and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defence of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both.

And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement, — a sense of honor which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigor by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this that courage can neither have any duration, nor be of any use, when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people. The ancients remarked that Datames was the only barbarian that ever knew the art of war. And Pyrrhus, seeing the Romans marshal their army with some art and skill, said with surprise, "These barbarians have nothing barbarous in their discipline!" It is observable that as the old Romans, by applying themselves solely to war, were almost the only uncivilized people that ever possessed military discipline, so the modern Italians are the only civilized people among Europeans that ever wanted courage and a martial spirit. Those who would ascribe this effeminacy of the Italians to their luxury, or politeness, or application to the arts, need but consider the French and English, whose bravery is as incontestable as their love for the arts and their assiduity in commerce. The Italian historians give us a more satisfactory reason for this degeneracy of their countrymen. They show us how the sword was dropped at once by all the Italian sovereigns: while the Venetian aristocracy was jealous of its subjects, the Florentine democracy applied itself entirely to commerce, Rome was governed by priests and Naples by women. War then became the business of soldiers of fortune, who spared one another, and to the astonishment of the world, could engage a whole day in what they called a battle, and return at night to their camp without the least bloodshed.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty: but having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their State to the arts and riches imported from the East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman State, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modelled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire. Nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honor and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

Of all European kingdoms, Poland seems the most defective in the arts of war as well as peace, mechanical as well as liberal; yet it is there that venality and corruption do most prevail. The nobles seem to have preserved their crown elective for no other purpose than regularly to sell it to the highest bidder. This is almost the only species of commerce with which that people are acquainted.

The liberties of England, so far from decaying since the improvements in the arts, have never flourished so much as during that period. And though corruption may seem to increase of late years, this is chiefly to be ascribed to our established liberty, when our princes have found the impossibility of governing without Parliaments, or of terrifying Parliaments by the phantom of prerogative. Not to mention that this corruption or venality prevails much more among the electors than the elected, and therefore cannot justly be ascribed to any refinements in luxury.

If we consider the matter in a proper light, we shall find that a progress in the arts is rather favorable to liberty, and has a natural tendency to preserve if not produce a free government. In rude unpolished nations, where the arts are neglected, all labor is bestowed on the cultivation of the ground; and the whole society is divided into two classes, — proprietors of land, and their vassals or tenants. The latter are necessarily dependent and fitted for slavery and subjection, especially where they possess no riches and are not valued for their knowledge in agriculture; as must always be the case where the arts are neglected. The former naturally erect themselves into petty tyrants; and must either submit to an absolute master for the sake of peace and order, or if they will preserve their independency, like the ancient barons, they must fall into feuds and contests among themselves, and throw the whole society into such confusion as is perhaps worse than the most despotic government. But where luxury nourishes commerce and industry, the peasants, by a proper cultivation of the land, become rich and independent; while the tradesmen and merchants acquire a share of the property, and draw authority and consideration to that middling rank of men who are the best and firmest basis of public liberty. These submit not to slavery, like the peasants, from poverty and meanness of spirit; and having no hopes of tyrannizing over others, like the barons, they are not tempted for the sake of that gratification to submit to the tyranny of their sovereign. They covet equal laws, which may secure their property, and preserve them from monarchical as well as aristocratical tyranny.

The lower House is the support of our popular government; and all the world acknowledges that it owed its chief influence and consideration to the increase of commerce, which threw such a balance of property into the hands of the Commons. How inconsistent then is it to blame so violently a refinement in the arts, and to represent it as the bane of liberty and public spirit!

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature. And as the sentiments and opinions of civilized ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilized ages; and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly therefore have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honor and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled. But I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilized in the most civilized nations.

We come now to the *second* position which we proposed to illustrate: to wit, that as innocent luxury, or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life, is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree farther begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor, — would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labor which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessities and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of pease at Christmas would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labor would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote for another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate: I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life than can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that Omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never in such a Utopian State feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness; and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follows. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing *vicious* luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the State, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us therefore rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a State may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a *philosophical* question, not a *political* one. For whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate, who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another; and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury when excessive is the source of many ills; but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labor of the State suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the laborers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

Character of Hume, by Himself.

(From "Autobiography.")

I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed £1000 a year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation. In the spring of 1775 I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder, and, what is more strange, have — notwithstanding the great decline of my person — never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirit; insomuch that were I to name a period of my life which I should choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms to my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I now am.

To conclude historically with my own character: I am, or rather was — (for that is the style which I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) — I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor; capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them.

In a word, though most men in any ways eminent have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

The Murder of Thomas à Becket.

(From "History of England.")

When [1170] the suspended and excommunicated prelates arrived at Baieux, where the king [Henry II.] then resided, and complained to him of the violent proceedings of Becket [Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England], he instantly perceived the consequences; was sensible that his whole plan of operations was overthrown; foresaw that the dangerous contest between the civil and religious powers — a contest which he himself had first roused, but which he had endeavored by all his late negotiations and concessions to appease — must come to an immediate and decisive issue; and he was thence thrown into the most violent commotion. The Archbishop of York remarked to him that so long as Becket lived he could never expect to enjoy peace or tranquillity. The king himself being vehemently agitated, burst forth into an exclamation against his servants whose want of zeal, he said, had so long left him exposed to the enterprises of that ungrateful and ambitious prelate.

Four gentlemen of his household, — Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Traci, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito, — taking these passionate expressions to be a hint for Becket's death, immediately communicated their thoughts to each other; and swearing to avenge their prince's quarrel, secretly withdrew from court. Some menacing expressions which they had dropped gave a suspicion of their design; and the king despatched a messenger after them, charging them to attempt nothing against the person of the primate; but these orders arrived too late to prevent their fatal purpose.

The four assassins, though they took different roads to England, arrived nearly about the same time at Saltwoode, near Canterbury; and being joined there by some assistants, proceeded in great haste to the archi-episcopal palace. They found the primate — who trusted entirely to the sacredness of his character — very slenderly attended; and though they threw out many menaces and reproaches against him, he was so incapable of fear — that, without using any precautions against their violence, he immediately went to St. Benedict's Church to hear vespers. They followed him thither, attacked him before the altar, and having cloven his head with many blows, retired without meeting with any opposition.

This was the tragical end of Thomas à Becket — a prelate of the most lofty, intrepid, and inflexible spirit, who was able to cover to the world, and probably to himself, the enterprises of pride and ambition under the disguise of sanctity and zeal for the interests of religion. An extraordinary personage, surely, had he been allowed to remain in his first station, and had he directed the vehemence of his character to the support of law and justice, instead of being engaged by the prejudices of the times to sacrifice all private duties and public connections to ties which he imagined or represented as superior to every civil and political consideration. But no man who enters into the genius of that age can reasonably doubt of this prelate's sincerity. The spirit of superstition was so prevalent that it infallibly caught every careless reasoner — much more every one whose interest, and honor, and ambition were engaged to support it.

The Murder of Edward II.

(From "History of England.")

The suspicions which soon arose [1327] of Queen Isabella's criminal commerce with Mortimer, the proofs which daily broke out of this part of her guilt, increased the general abhorrence against her; and her hypocrisy in publicly bewailing with tears the king's unhappy fate, was not able to deceive even the most stupid and most prejudiced of her adherents. In proportion as the queen became the object of public hatred, the dethroned monarch who had been the victim of her crimes and her ambition, was regarded with pity, with friendship, with veneration; and men became sensible that all his misconduct, which faction had so much exaggerated, had been owing to the unavoidable weakness, not to any voluntary depravity, of his character.

The Earl of Leicester, — now Earl of Lancaster, — to whose custody he had been committed, was soon touched with those generous sentiments; and besides using his prisoner with gentleness and humanity, he was suspected to have entertained still more honorable intentions in his favor. The king, therefore, was taken from his hands, and delivered over to Lord Berkeley and Maltravers and Gournay, who were intrusted alternately — each for a month — with the charge of guarding him. While he was in the custody of Berkeley he was still treated with the gentleness due to his rank and his misfortunes; but when the turn of Maltravers and Gournay came, every species of indignity was practised against him, as if their intention had been to break entirely the prince's spirit, and to employ his sorrows and afflictions, instead of more violent and more dangerous expedients, for the instruments of his murder. It is reported that one day when Edward was to be shaved, they ordered cold and dirty water to be brought from the ditch for that purpose; and when he desired it to be changed, and was still denied his request, he burst into tears, which bedewed his cheeks; and he exclaimed that, in spite of their insolence, he should be shaved with clean and warm water.

But as this method of laying Edward in the grave appeared still too slow to the impatient Mortimer, he secretly sent orders to the two keepers, who were at his devotion, instantly to despatch him; and these ruffians contrived to make the manner of his death as cruel and barbarous as possible. Taking advantage of Berkeley's sickness, in whose custody he then was, and who was thereby incapacitated from attending his charge, they proceeded to Berkeley Castle, and put themselves in possession of the king's person. They threw him on a bed, held him down violently with a table which they flung over him; thrust into his fundament a red-hot iron, which they inserted through a horn; and though the outward marks of violence upon his person were prevented by this expedient, the horrid deed was discovered to all the guards and attendants by the screams with which the agonized king filled the castle while his bowels were consuming.

The Arguments for Toleration and for Persecution.

(From "History of England.")

The success which Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, from his cautious and prudent conduct, had met with in governing the Parliament, and engaging them to concur both in the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and in the re-establishment of the ancient religion, — two points to which it was believed they bore an extreme aversion, — had so raised his character for wisdom and policy, that his opinion was received as an oracle in the Council; and his authority, as it was always great in his own party, no longer suffered any opposition or control. Cardinal Pole himself — though more beloved on account of his virtue and candor, and though superior in birth and station — had not an equal weight in public deliberations; and while his learning, piety, and humanity were extremely respected, he was represented more as a good man than a great minister. A very important question was frequently debated before the Queen and Council by these two ecclesiastics: whether the laws lately revived against heretics should be put in execution, or should only be employed to restrain by terror the bold attempts of these zealots?

Pole was very sincere in his religious principles; and though his moderation had made him be suspected at Rome of a tendency toward Lutheranism, he was seriously persuaded of the Catholic doctrines, and thought that no consideration of human policy ought ever to come in competition with such important interests. Gardiner, on the contrary, had always made his religion subservient to his schemes of safety or advancement, and by his unlimited complaisance to Henry VIII. he had shown that, had he not been pushed to extremity under the late minority, he was sufficiently disposed to make a sacrifice of his principles to the established theology. This was the well-known character of these two great councillors; yet such is the prevalence of temper above system, that the benevolent disposition of Pole led him to advise a toleration of the heretical tenets which he highly blamed; while the severe disposition of Gardiner inclined him to support by persecution that religion which at the bottom he regarded with great indifference.

This circumstance of public conduct was of the highest importance; and from being the object of deliberation in the council, it soon became the subject of discourse throughout the nation. We shall relate, in a few words, the topics by which each side supported, or might have supported, their scheme of policy: and shall display the opposite reasons which have been employed with regard to an argument that ever has been, and ever will be, so much canvassed.

The practice of persecution, said the defenders of Pole's opinion, is the scandal of all religion; and the theological animosity so fierce and violent, far from being an argument of men's conviction in their opposite sects, is a certain proof that they have never reached any serious persuasion with regard to those remote and sublime subjects. . . . But while men zealously maintain what they neither comprehend nor entirely believe, they are shaken in their imagined faith by the opposite persuasion or even doubts of other men, and vent on their antagonists that impatience which is the natural result of so disagreeable a state of the understanding; and if they can also find a color for connecting this violence with the interests of civil government, they can no longer be restrained from giving uncontrolled scope to vengeance and resentment. But surely never enterprise was more unfortunate than that of founding persecution upon policy, or endeavoring, for the sake of policy, to settle an entire uniformity of opinion in questions which of all others are least subject to the criterion of human reason. The universal and uncontradicted prevalence of one opinion in religious subjects can be owing at first to the stupid ignorance alone and barbarism of the people, who never indulge themselves in any speculation or inquiry; and there is no expedient for maintaining that uniformity so fondly sought after, but by banishing forever all curiosity and all improvement in science and cultivation. It may not, indeed, appear difficult to check, by steady severity, the first beginnings of controversy; but besides that this policy exposes forever the people to all the abject terrors of superstition, and the magistrate to the endless encroachments of ecclesiastics; it also renders men so delicate that they can never endure to hear of opposition. . . . But whatever may be said in favor of suppressing by persecution the first beginnings of heresy, no solid arguments can be alleged for exercising severity toward multitudes, or endeavoring by capital punishment to extirpate an opinion which has diffused itself among men of every rank and station. Besides the extreme barbarity of such an attempt, it commonly proves ineffectual to the purpose intended; and serves only to make men more obstinate in their persuasion, and to increase the number of their proselytes. . . . Open the door to toleration, mutual hatred relaxes among the sectaries; their attachment to their particular modes of religion decays; the common occupations and pleasures of life succeed to the acrimony of disputation, and the same man who in other circumstances would have braved flames and tortures is induced to change his sect from the smallest prospect of favor and advancement, or even from the frivolous hope of becoming more fashionable in his principles. If any exception can be admitted to this maxim of toleration, it will only be where a theology altogether new is imported from foreign countries, and may easily at one blow be eradicated, without leaving the seeds of future innovation. But as this exception would imply some apology for the ancient pagan persecutions, or for the extirpation of Christianity in China and Japan, it surely, on account of this detested consequence, ought to be rather buried in eternal silence and oblivion.

Though these arguments appear entirely satisfactory, yet such is the subtlety of human wit, that Gardiner and the other enemies to toleration were not reduced to silence; and they still found topics on which to maintain the controversy. The doctrine, said they, of liberty of conscience, is founded on the most flagrant impiety, and supposes such an indifference among all religions, such an obscurity in theological doctrines, as to render the church and magistrate incapable of distinguishing with certainty the dictates of heaven from the mere fictions of human imagination. If the divinity reveals principles to mankind, he will surely give a criterion by which they may be ascertained; and a prince who knowingly allows these principles to be perverted or adulterated is infinitely more criminal than if he gave permission for the vending of poison, under the shape of food, to all his subjects. Persecution may indeed seem better calculated to make hypocrites than converts; but experience teaches us that the habits of hypocrisy often turn into reality; and the children at least, ignorant of the dissimulation of their parents, may happily be educated in more orthodox tenets. It is absurd, in opposition to considerations of such unspeakable importance to plead the temporal and frivolous interests of civil society, and if matters be thoroughly examined, even that topic will not appear so universally certain in favor of toleration, as by some it is represented. Where sects arise whose fundamental principle on all sides is to execrate and abhor each other, what choice has the magistrate left but to take part, and by rendering one sect entirely prevalent, to restore, at least for a time, the public tranquillity. The political body, being here sickly, must not be treated as if it were in a state of sound health; and an affected neutrality in the prince, or even a cool preference, may serve only to encourage the hopes of all the sects, and keep alive their animosity: . . . and if persecution of any kind be admitted, the most bloody and violent will surely be allowed the most justifiable, as the most effectual. Imprisonments, fines, confiscations, whippings, serve only to irritate the sects; but the stake, the wheel, and the gibbet must soon terminate in the extirpation or banishment of all the heretics inclined to give disturbance, and in the entire silence and submission of the rest.

The arguments of Gardiner, being more agreeable to the cruel bigotry of Mary and Philip, were better received; and though Pole pleaded, as is affirmed, the advice of the emperor, who recommended it to his daughter-in-law not to exercise violence against the Protestants, and desired her to consider his own example, who, after endeavoring through his whole life to extirpate heresy, had in the end reaped nothing but disappointment, the scheme of toleration was entirely rejected. It was determined to let loose the laws in their full vigor against the reformed religion; and England was soon filled with scenes of horror which have ever since rendered the Catholic religion the object of general detestation, and which proved that no human depravity can equal revenge and cruelty covered with the mantle of religion.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH UNDER ELIZABETH.

(From "History of England.")

Of all the European churches which shook off the yoke of papal authority, no one proceeded with so much reason and moderation as the Church of England: an advantage which had been derived partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate in this innovation, partly from the gradual and slow steps by which the Reformation was conducted in that kingdom. Rage and animosity against the Catholic religion was as little indulged as could be supposed in such a revolution; the fabric of the secular hierarchy was maintained entire; the ancient liturgy was preserved, so far as was thought consistent with the new principles; many ceremonies, become venerable from age and preceding use, were retained; the splendor of the Romish worship, though removed, had at least given place to order and decency; the distinctive habits of the clergy, according to their different ranks, were continued: no innovation was admitted merely from spite and opposition to former usage: and the new religion, by mitigating the genius of the ancient superstition, and rendering it more compatible with the peace and interests of society, had preserved itself in that happy medium which wise men have always sought, and which the people have so seldom been able to maintain.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(From "History of England.")

Thus perished, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary, Queen of Scots —

a woman of great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person and graces of her air combined to make her the most amiable of women, and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite, and gentle, and affable in her demeanor, she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornament of her sex.

In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man; and must consider these faults — whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes — as the result of inexplicable though not uncommon inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influences which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsel of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay sufficiently under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may with some difficulty be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, nor even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric; an account of her conduct must in some parts wear the aspect of severe satire and invective.

Queen Elizabeth.

(From "History of England.")

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration and the strong features of her character were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, — and, what is more, of religious animosities, — produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities — the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration — the true secret for managing religious factions — she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impression on their states. Her own greatness meanwhile remained unimpaired. . . .

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity, but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.

LEIGH HUNT

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, an English poet, critic, and essayist; born at Southgate, near London, October 19, 1784; died at Putney, near London, August 28, 1859. He wrote a number of poems, published in 1802, under the title of "Juvenilia." He was then engaged as theatrical critic for "The News," and in 1807 published a volume of "Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres." Later he joined his brother John in the management of "The Examiner." In 1815 he published "The Descent of Liberty," a mask, and in 1816 a narrative poem, "The Story of Rimini." The "Round-Table," the joint work of Hunt and William Hazlitt, appeared in 1817, "Foliage" in 1818, "Hero and Leander" and "Bacchus and Ariadne" in 1819. His health failed, and in 1821 he sailed to Italy. During his residence in Italy he translated Redi's "Bacco in Toscana" and wrote "The Religion of the Heart." In 1825 he returned to England. For several years after this Hunt struggled with ill-health and misfortune. His industry was unremitting. Among his works not previously mentioned are "Sir Ralph Esher" (1832); "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" (1835); "A Legend of Florence," a drama (1840); "Palfrey, a Love-Story of Old Times" (1842); "Stories from the Italian Poets" (1846); "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," a volume on the "Pastoral Poetry of Sicily" (1847); "The Town, its Character and Events" (1848); his "Autobiography" (1850); "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "A Book for a Corner," and "The Old Court Suburb." His narrative poems, original and translated, were published in 1855 in a volume entitled "Stories in Verse." He also edited "The Tatler," "The London Journal," "The Monthly Repository," and "The Indicator," and contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," the "Westminster Review," and edited the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar.

RONDEAU.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief! who love to get
  Sweets into your list, put that in!

Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
  Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I 'm growing old; but add, —
    Jenny kissed me!

The Old Lady.

(From "The Indicator.")

If the old lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, and she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well-behaved itself.

She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in colored ware; the man perhaps in a pink jacket, and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess; the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gypsy hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns of course are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold, — containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the the mantelpiece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colors; the whole concluding with an A-B-C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the "Spectator" and "Guardian," the "Turkish Spy," a Bible and Prayer-Book, Young's "Night Thoughts" with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's "Devout Exercises of the Heart," Mrs. Glasse's "Cookery," and perhaps "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa." "John Buncle" is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers.

Her grandchildren disliked him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough, but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, etc.; and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her children and her husband lie buried, serious but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life: her marriage; her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family; and a compliment on her figure she once received in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as "a sad loose man, but engaging." His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs even for that. The last time but one that she went was to see the Duke of Würtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, "a fine royal young creature," and "Daughter of England."

The Old Gentleman.

(From "The Indicator.")

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former.

We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious; nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favorite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him and pull the silver hairs out ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala-days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book among other things contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning —

"When beauteous Mira walks the plain."

He intends this for a commonplace book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns, some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakespeare's Plays and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" "The Spectator;" the "History of England;" the Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the "Gentleman's Magazine;" Sir John Sinclair on "Longevity;" several plays with portraits in character; "Account of Elizabeth Canning;" "Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy;" "Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton;" Blair's Works; Elegant Extracts; Junius, as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, etc., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and by a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, — all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubtful eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced, by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as —

"Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,"

or

"Come, gentle god of soft repose,"

or his wife's favorite ballad, beginning —

"At Upton on the hill
There lived a happy pair."

Of course no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord" Rockingham" — for he rarely says simply lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's-length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years: but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters, who if ill players are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A——, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L——, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan What's-her-name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxful in Tavistock Street on his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favorite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself, which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school he often goes to see them, and makes them blush by telling the master of the upper scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast, and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper) — "*She*'ll talk."

Captain Sword and Captain Pen.

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD MARCHED TO WAR.

Captain Sword got up one day,
Over the hills to march away,
Over the hills and through the towns;
They heard him coming across the downs,
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,
Which his drums sent before him into the street,
And lo! 't was a beautiful sight in the sun;
For first came his foot, all marching like one,
With tranquil faces, and bristling steel,
And the flag full of honor as though it could feel,

And the officers gentle, the sword that hold
'Gainst the shoulder heavy with trembling gold,
And the massy tread, that in passing is heard,
Though the drums and the music say never a word.

And then came his horse, a clustering sound,
Of shapely potency, forward bound,
Glossy black steeds, and riders tall,
Rank after rank, each looking like all,
Midst moving repose and a threatening charm,
With mortal sharpness at each right arm,
And hues that painters and ladies love,
And ever the small flag blush'd above.

And ever and anon the kettle-drums beat
Hasty power midst order meet;
And ever and anon the drums and fifes
Came like motion's voice, and life's;
Or into the golden grandeurs fell
Of deeper instruments, mingling well,
Burdens of beauty for winds to bear;
And the cymbals kiss'd in the shining air,
And the trumpets their visible voices rear'd,
Each looking forth with its tapestried beard,
Bidding the heavens and earth make way
For Captain Sword and his battle-array.

He, nevertheless, rode indifferent-eyed,
As if pomp were a toy to his manly pride,
Whilst the ladies loved him the more for his scorn,
And thought him the noblest man ever was born,
And tears came into the bravest eyes,
And hearts swell'd after him double their size,
And all that was weak, and all that was strong,
Seem'd to think wrong's self in him could not be wrong;
Such love, though with bosom about to be gored,
Did sympathy get for brave Captain Sword.

So, half that night, as he stopp'd in the town,
'T was all one dance going merrily down,
With lights in windows and love in eyes,
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
But all the next morning 't was tears and sighs;
For the sound of his drums grew less and less,
Walking like carelessness off from distress;
And Captain Sword went whistling gay,
"Over the hills and far away."

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD WON A GREAT VICTORY.

Through fair and through foul went Captain Sword,
Pacer of highway and piercer of ford,
Steady of face in rain or sun,
He and his merry men, all as one;
Till they came to a place, where in battle-array
Stood thousands of faces, firm as they,
Waiting to see which could best maintain
Bloody argument, lords of pain;
And down the throats of their fellow-men
Thrust the draught never drunk again.

It was a spot of rural peace,
Ripening with the year's increase,
And singing in the sun with birds,
Like a maiden with happy words —
With happy words which she scarcely hears
In her own contented ears,
Such abundance feeleth she
Of all comfort carelessly,
Throwing round her, as she goes,
Sweet half thoughts on lily and rose,
Nor guesseth what will soon arouse
All ears — that murder 's in the house;
And that, in some strange wrong of brain,
Her father hath her mother slain.

Steady! steady! The masses of men
Wheel, and fall in, and wheel again,
Softly as circles drawn with pen.

Then a gaze there was, and valor, and fear,
And the jest that died in the jester's ear,
And preparation, noble to see,
Of all-accepting mortality;
Tranquil Necessity gracing Force;
And the trumpets danced with the stirring horse;
And lordly voices, here and there,
Call'd to war through the gentle air;
When suddenly, with its voice of doom,
Spoke the cannon 'twixt glare and gloom,
Making wider the dreadful room:
On the faces of nations round
Fell the shadow of that sound.

Death for death! The storm begins;
Rush the drums in a torrent of dins;
Crash the muskets, gash the swords;
Shoes grow red in a thousand fords;
Now for the flint, and the cartridge bite;
Darkly gathers the breath of the fight,
Salt to the palate, and stinging to sight;
Muskets are pointed they scarce know where;
No matter: Murder is cluttering there.
Reel the hollows: close up! close up!
Death feeds thick, and his food is his cup.
Down go bodies, snap burst eyes;
Trod on the ground are tender cries;
Brains are dash'd against plashing ears;
Hah! no time has battle for tears;
Cursing helps better — cursing, that goes
Slipping through friends' blood, athirst for foes'.
What have soldiers with tears to do? —
We, who this mad-house must now go through,
This twenty-fold Bedlam, let loose with knives —
To murder, and stab, and grow liquid with lives —
Gasping, staring, treading red mud,
Till the drunkenness' self makes us steady of blood?

[O! shrink not thou, reader! Thy part 's in it, too;
Has not thy praise made the thing they go through,
Shocking to read of, but noble to do?]

No time to be "breather of thoughtful breath"
Has the giver and taker of dreadful death.
See where comes the horse-tempest again,
Visible earthquake, bloody of mane!
Part are upon us, with edges of pain;
Part burst, riderless, over the plain,
Crashing their spurs, and twice slaying the slain.
See, by the living God! see those foot
Charging down hill — hot, hurried, and mute!
They loll their tongues out! Ah-hah! pell-mell!
Horses roll in a human hell;
Horse and man they climb one another —
Which is the beast, and which is the brother?
Mangling, stifling, stopping shrieks
With the tread of torn-out cheeks,
Drinking each other's bloody breath —
Here 's the fleshliest feast of Death.

An odor, as of a slaughter-house,
The distant raven's dark eye bows.

Victory! victory! Man flies man;
Cannibal patience hath done what it can —
Carved, and been carved, drunk the drinkers down,
And now there is one that hath won the crown; —
One pale visage stands lord of the board —
Joy to the trumpets of Captain Sword!

His trumpets blow strength, his trumpets neigh,
They and his horse, and waft him away;
They and his foot, with a tired proud flow,
Tatter'd escapers and givers of woe.
Open, ye cities! Hats off! hold breath!
To see the man who has been with Death;
To see the man who determineth right
By the virtue-perplexing virtue of might.
Sudden before him have ceased the drums,
And lo! in the air of empire he comes.

All things present, in earth and sky,
Seem to look at his looking eye.

OF THE BALL THAT WAS GIVEN TO CAPTAIN SWORD.

But Captain Sword was a man among men,
And he hath become their playmate again:
Boot, nor sword, nor stern look hath he,
But holdeth the hand of a fair ladye,
And floweth the dance a palace within,
Half the night, to a golden din,
Midst lights in windows and love in eyes,
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
And ever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that 's thank'd, and the look that 's adored.

There was the country-dance, small of taste;
And the waltz, that loveth the lady's waist;
And the galopade, strange agreeable tramp,
Made of a scrape, a hobble, and stamp;
And the high-stepping minuet, face to face,
Mutual worship of conscious grace;
And all the shapes in which beauty goes
Weaving motion with blithe repose.

And then a table a feast display'd,
Like a garden of light without a shade,

All of gold, and flowers, and sweets,
With wines of old church-lands, and sylvan meats,
Food that maketh the blood feel choice;
Yet all the face of the feast, and the voice,
And heart, still turn'd to the head of the board;
Forever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that 's thank'd, and the look that 's adored.

Well content was Captain Sword;
At his feet all wealth was pour'd;
On his head all glory set;
For his ease all comfort met;
And around him seem'd entwined
All the arms of womankind.

And when he had taken his fill
Thus, of all that pampereth will,
In his down he sunk to rest
Clasp'd in dreams of all its best.

ON WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE THE NIGHT AFTER THE VICTORY.

'T is a wild night out of doors;
The wind is mad upon the moors,
And comes into the rocking town,
Stabbing all things, up and down,
And then there is a weeping rain
Huddling 'gainst the window-pane,
And good men bless themselves in bed;
The mother brings her infant's head
Closer, with a joy like tears,
And thinks of angels in her prayers;
Then sleeps, with his small hand in hers.

Two loving women, lingering yet
Ere the fire is out, are met,
Talking sweetly, time beguiled,
One of her bridegroom, one her child,
The bridegroom he. They have received
Happy letters, more believed
For public news, and feel the bliss
The heavenlier on a night like this.
They think him housed, they think him blest,
Curtain'd in the core of rest,
Danger distant, all good near;
Why hath their "Good night" a tear?

Behold him! By a ditch he lies
Clutching the wet earth, his eyes
Beginning to be mad. In vain
His tongue still thirsts to lick the rain,
That mock'd but now his homeward tears;
And ever and anon he rears
His legs and knees with all their strength,
And then as strongly thrusts at length.
Raised, or stretch'd, he cannot bear
The wound that girds him, weltering there:
And "Water!" he cries, with moonward stare.

["I will not read it!" with a start,
Burning cries some honest heart;
"I will not read it! Why endure
Pangs which horror cannot cure?
Why — Oh why? and rob the brave,
And the bereaved, of all they crave,
A little hope to gild the grave?"

Ask'st thou why, thou honest heart?
'T is *because* thou dost ask, and *because* thou dost start.
'T is because thine own praise and fond outward thought
Have aided the shows which this sorrow has wrought.]

A wound unutterable — O God!
Mingles his being with the sod.

["I'll read no more." — Thou must, thou must:
In thine own pang doth wisdom trust.]

His nails are in earth, his eyes in air,
And "Water!" he crieth — he may not forbear.
Brave and good was he, yet now he dreams
The moon looks cruel; and he blasphemes.

["No more! no more!" Nay, this is but one;
Were the whole tale told, it would not be done
From wonderful setting to rising sun.
But God's good time is at hand — be calm,
Thou reader! and steep thee in all thy balm
Of tears or patience, of thought or good will,
For the field — the field awaiteth us still.]

"Water! water!" all over the field:
To nothing but Death will that wound-voice yield.
One, as he crieth, is sitting half bent;
What holds he so close? — his body is rent.

Another is mouthless, with eyes on cheek;
Unto the raven he may not speak.
One would fain kill him; and one half round
The place where he writhes, hath up-beaten the ground.
Like a mad horse hath he beaten the ground,
And the feathers and music that litter it round,
The gore, and the mud, and the golden sound.
Come hither, ye cities! ye ball-rooms, take breath!
See what a floor hath the Dance of Death!

The floor is alive, though the lights are out;
What are those dark shapes, flitting about?
Flitting about, yet no ravens they,
Not foes, yet not friends, — mute creatures of prey;
Their prey is lucre, their claws a knife,
Some say they take the beseeching life.
Horrible pity is theirs for despair,
And they the love-sacred limbs leave bare.
Love will come to-morrow, and sadness,
Patient for the fear of madness,
And shut its eyes for cruelty,
So many pale beds to see.
Turn away, thou Love, nor weep
More in covering his last sleep;
Thou *hast* him: — blessed is thine eye!
Friendless Famine has yet to die.

A shriek! — Great God! what superhuman
Peal was that? Not man, nor woman,
Nor twenty madmen, crush'd, could wreak
Their soul in such a ponderous shriek.
Dumbly, for an instant, stares
The field; and creep men's dying hairs.

O friend of man! O noble creature!
Patient and brave, and mild by nature,
Mild by nature, and mute as mild,
Why brings he to these passes wild,
Thee, gentle horse, thou shape of beauty?
Could he not do his dreadful duty,
(If duty it be, which seems mad folly)
Nor link thee to his melancholy?

Two noble steeds lay side by side,
One cropp'd the meek grass ere it died;

Pang-struck it struck t' other, already torn,
And out of its bowels that shriek was born.

Now see what crawleth, well as it may,
Out of the ditch, and looketh that way.
What horror all black, in the sick moonlight,
Kneeling, half human, a burthensome sight;
Loathly and liquid, as fly from a dish;
Speak, Horror! thou, for it withereth flesh.

"The grass caught fire; the wounded were by;
Writhing till eve did a remnant lie;
Then feebly this coal abateth his cry;
But he hopeth! he hopeth! joy lighteth his eye,
For gold he possesseth, and Murder is nigh!"

O goodness in horror! O ill not all ill!
In the worst of the worst may be fierce Hope still.
To-morrow with dawn will come many a wain,
And bear away loads of human pain,
Piles of pale beds for the 'spitals; but some
Again will awake in home-mornings, and some,
Dull herds of the war, again follow the drum.
From others, faint blood shall in families flow,
With wonder at life, and young oldness in woe,
Yet hence may the movers of great earth grow.
Now, even now, I hear them at hand,
Though again Captain Sword is up in the land,
Marching anew for more fields like these
In the health of his flag in the morning breeze.

Sneereth the trumpet, and stampeth the drum,
And again Captain Sword in his pride doth come;
He passeth the fields where his friends lie lorn,
Feeding the flowers and the feeding corn,
Where under the sunshine cold they lie,
And he hasteth a tear from his old gray eye.
Small thinking is his but of work to be done,
And onward he marcheth, using the sun:
He slayeth, he wasteth, he spouteth his fires
On babes at the bosom, and bed-rid sires;
He bursteth pale cities, through smoke and through yell,
And bringeth behind him, hot-blooded, his hell.
Then the weak door is barr'd, and the soul all sore,
And hand-wringing helplessness paceth the floor,
And the lover is slain, and the parents are nigh —

Oh God! let me breathe, and look up at thy sky!
Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
Round about goeth the golden sun.

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS GREAT VICTORIES, BECAME INFIRM IN HIS WITS.

But to win at the game, whose moves are death,
It maketh a man draw too proud a breath:
And to see his force taken for reason and right,
It tendeth to unsettle his reason quite.
Never did chief of the line of Sword
Keep his wits whole at that drunken board.
He taketh the size, and the roar, and fate,
Of the field of his action, for soul as great:
He smiteth and stunneth the cheek of mankind,
And saith, "Lo! I rule both body and mind."

Captain Sword forgot his own soul,
Which of aught save itself, resented control;
Which whatever his deeds, ordained them still,
Bodiless monarch, enthroned in his will:
He forgot the close thought, and the burning heart,
And pray'rs, and the mild moon hanging apart,
Which lifted the seas with her gentle looks,
And growth, and death, and immortal books,
And the Infinite Mildness, the soul of souls,
Which layeth earth soft 'twixt her silver poles;
Which ruleth the stars, and saith not a word;
Whose speed in the hair of no comet is heard;
Which sendeth the soft sun, day by day,
Mighty, and genial, and just alway,
Owning no difference, doing no wrong,
Loving the orbs and the least bird's song,
The great, sweet, warm angel, with golden rod,
Bright with the smile of the distance of God.

Captain Sword, like a witless thing,
Of all under heaven must needs be a king,
King of kings, and lord of lords,
Swayer of souls as well as of swords,
Ruler of speech, and through speech, of thought;
And hence to his brain was a madness brought.
He madden'd in East, he madden'd in West.
Fiercer for sights of men's unrest,

Fiercer for talk, amongst awful men,
Of their new mighty leader, Captain Pen,
A conqueror strange, who sat in his home
Like the wizard that plagued the ships of Rome,
Noiseless, showless, dealing no death,
But victories, winged, went forth from his breath.

Three thousand miles across the waves
Did Captain Sword cry, bidding souls be slaves:
Three thousand miles did the echo return
With a laugh and a blow made his old cheeks burn.

Then he call'd to a wrong-madden'd people, and swore
Their name in the map should never be more:
Dire came the laugh, and smote worse than before.
Were earthquake a giant, up-thrusting his head
And o'erlooking the nations, not worse were the dead.

Then, lo! was a wonder, and sadness to see;
For with that very people, their leader, stood he,
Incarnate afresh, like a Cæsar of old;
But because he look'd back, and his heart was cold,
Time, hope, and himself for a tale he sold.
Oh largest occasion, by man ever lost!
Oh throne of the world, to the war-dogs tost!

He vanish'd; and thinly there stood in his place
The new shape of Sword, with a humbler face,
Rebuking his brother, and preaching for right,
Yet aye when it came, standing proud on his might,
And squaring its claims with his old small sight;
Then struck up his drums, with ensigned furl'd,
And said, "I will walk through a subject world:
Earth, just as it is, shall forever endure,
The rich be too rich, and the poor too poor;
And for this I'll stop knowledge. I'll say to it, 'Flow
Thus far; but presume no farther to flow:
For me, as I list, shall the free airs blow.'"

Laugh'd after him loudly that land so fair,
"The king thou sett'st over us, by a free air
Is swept away, senseless." And old Sword then
First knew the might of great Captain Pen.
So strangely it bow'd him, so wilder'd his brain,
That now he stood, hatless, renouncing his reign;

Now mutter'd of dust laid in blood; and now
'Twixt wonder and patience went lifting his brow.
Then suddenly came he, with gowned men,
And said, "Now observe me — *I'm* Captain Pen:
I'll lead all your changes — I 'll write all your books —
I'm everything — all things — I 'm clergymen, cooks,
Clerks, carpenters, hosiers, — I 'm Pitt — I 'm Lord Grey."

'T was painful to see his extravagant way;
But heart ne'er so bold, and hand ne'er so strong,
What are they, when truth and the wits go wrong?

OF CAPTAIN PEN AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH CAPTAIN SWORD.

Now tidings of Captain Sword and his state
Were brought to the ears of Pen the Great,
Who rose and said, "His time is come."
And he sent him, but not by sound of drum,
Nor trumpet, nor other hasty breath,
Hot with questions of life and death,
But only a letter calm and mild;
And Captain Sword he read it, and smiled,
And said, half in scorn, and nothing in fear,
(Though his wits seem'd restor'd by a danger near,
For brave was he ever,) "Let Captain Pen
Bring at his back a million men,
And I 'll talk with his wisdom, and not till then."
Then replied to his messenger Captain Pen,
"I 'll bring at my back a *world* of men."

Out laugh'd the captains of Captain Sword,
But their chief look'd vex'd, and said not a word,
For thought and trouble had touch'd his ears
Beyond the bullet-like sense of theirs,
And wherever he went, he was 'ware of a sound
Now heard in the distance, now gathering round,
Which irk'd him to know what the issue might be;
But the soul of the cause of it well guess'd he.

Indestructible souls among men
Were the souls of the line of Captain Pen;
Sages, patriots, martyrs mild,
Going to the stake, as child
Goeth with his prayer to bed;
Dungeon-beams, from quenchless head;

Poets, making earth aware
Of its wealth in good and fair;
And the benders to their intent,
Of metal and of element;
Of flame the enlightener, beauteous,
And steam, that bursteth his iron house;
And adamantine giants blind,
That, without master, have no mind.

Heir to these, and all their store,
Was Pen, the power unknown of yore;
And as their might still created might,
And each work'd for him by day and by night,
In wealth and wondrous means he grew,
Fit to move the earth anew;
Till his fame began to speak
Pause, as when the thunders wake,
Muttering in the beds of heaven:
Then, to set the globe more even,
Water he call'd, and Fire, and Haste,
Which hath left old Time displaced —
And Iron, mightiest now for Pen,
Each of his steps like an army of men —
(Sword little knew what was leaving him then)
And out of the witchcraft of their skill,
A creature he call'd, to wait on his will —
Half iron, half vapor, a dread to behold —
Which evermore panted and evermore roll'd,
And uttered his words a million fold.
Forth sprang they in air, down raining like dew,
And men fed upon them, and mighty they grew.

Ears giddy with custom that sound might not hear,
But it woke up the rest, like an earthquake near;
And that same night of the letter, some strange
Compulsion of soul brought a sense of change;
And at midnight the sound grew into a roll
As the sound of all gath'rings from pole to pole,
From pole unto pole, and from clime to clime,
Like the roll of the wheels of the coming of time; —
A sound as of cities, and sound as of swords
Sharpening, and solemn and terrible words,
And laughter as solemn, and thunderous drumming,
A tread as if all the world were coming.
And then was a lull, and soft voices sweet
Call'd into music those terrible feet,

Which rising on wings, lo! the earth went round
To the burn of their speed with a golden sound;
With a golden sound, and a swift repose,
Such as the blood in the young heart knows;
Such as Love knows, when his tumults cease;
When all is quick, and yet all is at peace.

And when Captain Sword got up next morn,
Lo! a new-faced world was born;
For not an anger nor pride would it show,
Nor aught of the loftiness now found low,
Nor would his own men strike a single blow:
Not a blow for their old, unconsidering lord
Would strike the good soldiers of Captain Sword;
But weaponless all, and wise they stood,
In the level dawn, and calm brotherly good;
Yet bowed to him they, and kiss'd his hands,
For such were their new good lord's commands,
Lessons rather, and brotherly plea;
Reverence the past, O brothers, quoth he;
Reverence the struggle and mystery,
And faces human in their pain;
Nor his the least that could sustain
Cares of mighty wars, and guide
Calmly where the red deaths ride.

"But how! what now?" cried Captain Sword;
"Not a blow for your gen'ral? not even a word?
What! traitors? deserters?"

"Ah no!" cried they;
"But the 'game's' at an end; the 'wise' won't play."

"And where's your old spirit?"

"The same, though another;
Man may be strong without maiming his brother."

"But enemies?"

"Enemies! Whence should they come,
When all interchange what was but known to some?"

"But famine? but plague? worse evils by far."

"O last mighty rhet'ric to charm us to war!
Look round — what has earth, now it equably speeds,
To do with these foul and calamitous needs?
Now it equably speeds, and thoughtfully glows,
And its heart is open, never to close?"

"Still I can govern," said Captain Sword;
"Fate I respect; and I stick to my word."
And in truth so he did; but the word was one
He had sworn to all vanities under the sun,
To do, for their conq'rors, the least could be done.
Besides, what had *he* with his worn-out story,
To do with the cause he had wrong'd, and the glory?

No: Captain Sword a sword was still,
He could not unteach his lorldly will;
He could not attemper his single thought;
It might not be bent, nor newly wrought:
And so, like the tool of a disused art,
He stood at his wall, and rusted apart.

'T was only for many-soul'd Captain Pen
To make a world of swordless men.

TO JUNE.

MAY 's a word 't is sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start, and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune —
Hear it — in the sound of "June."
June 's a month, and June 's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame.
Summer 's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds, —
And of loitering lover's words, —
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very color's tone
Russet now, and fervid grown;
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gypsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or dispos'd, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the butter-cups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine, or clover.
O could I walk round the earth,
With a heart to share my mirth,
With a look to love me ever,
Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
I could be content to see
June and no variety,
Loitering here, and living there,
With a book and frugal fare,
With a finer gypsy time,
And a cuckoo in the clime,
Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

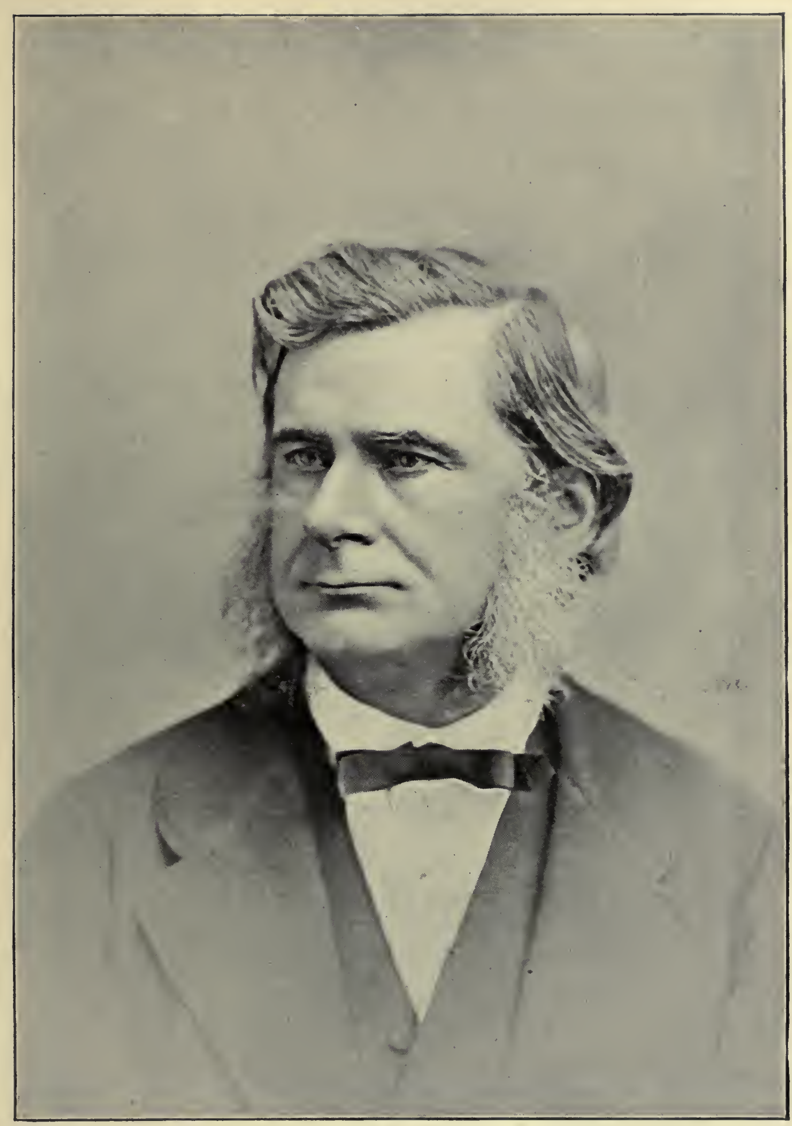
The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T' OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor — Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d' ye think I did? — I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers, children, men
Whose life we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath: —
Soft is the travelling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it? — men not fit to die?
Oh, hush — for He that made us all is by!
Human were all — all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others;
Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

Huxley, Thomas Henry, a distinguished English scientist; born at Ealing, near London, May 4, 1825; died at Eastbourne, June 29, 1895. In 1845 he passed his examination at the University of London for the degree of M.B., and in the following year was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the "Victory." In 1847 he was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," and spent the greater part of the ensuing three years off the coast of Australia. In 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines; Fullerian Professor of Physiology to the Royal Institution, and Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy to the University of London. In 1860 he delivered a course of lectures to working-men at the School of Mines, his subject being "The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals." In 1862 he delivered another course, — "Lectures on our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature." In 1870 he was elected a member of the London School Board. In 1872 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University; and in 1873 Secretary of the Royal Society, of which he was chosen President in 1883. In 1881 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries; but in 1885 he was compelled by ill-health to resign. In 1892 he was called to the Privy Council.

The following are Mr. Huxley's principal works: "Lessons in Elementary Physiology" (1866); "Introduction to the Classification of Animals" (1869); "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews" (1870); "Manual of the Anatomy of the Vertebrated Animals" (1871); "Critiques and Addresses" (1873); "American Addresses" (1877); "Physiography: an Introduction to the Study of Nature" (1877); "Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals" (1877); "The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy" (1879); "Science and Culture" (1882); "The Origin of the Existing Forms of Animal Life," being the Rede Lecture at Cambridge for 1883; "Essays on Some Controverted Questions" (1892); "Evolution and Ethics" (1893). Besides these he has delivered numerous lectures, which have been separately published.

The Origin of Species.

If we consider, that by far the largest proportion of recorded existing species are known only by the study of their skins, or bones, or other lifeless exuvia; that we are acquainted with none, or next to none, of their physiological peculiarities, beyond those which can be deduced from their structure, or are open to cursory observation; and that we cannot hope to learn more of any of those extinct forms of life which now constitute no inconsiderable proportion of the known Flora and Fauna of the world: it is obvious that the definitions of these species can be only of a purely structural or morphological character. It is probable that naturalists would have avoided much confusion of ideas if they had more frequently borne the necessary limitations of our knowledge in mind. But while it may safely be admitted that we are acquainted with only the morphological characters of the vast majority of species — the functional, or physiological, peculiarities of a few have been carefully investigated, and the result of that study forms a large and most interesting portion of the physiology of reproduction.

The student of Nature wonders the more and is astonished the less, the more conversant he becomes with her operations; but of all the perennial miracles she offers to his inspection, perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or of an animal from its embryo. Examine the recently laid egg of some common animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute spheroid in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, enclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions, in so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion, that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic, would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work.

As life advances, and the young amphibian ranges the waters, the terror of his insect contemporaries, not only are the nutritious particles supplied by its prey, by the addition of which to its frame growth takes place, laid down, each in its proper spot, and in such due proportion to the rest, as to reproduce the form, the color, and the size, characteristic of the parental stock; but even the wonderful powers of reproducing lost parts possessed by these animals are controlled by the same governing tendency. Cut off the legs, the tail, the jaws, separately or all together, and, as Spallanzani showed long ago, these parts not only grow again, but the redintegrated limb is formed on the same type as those which were lost. The new jaw, or leg, is a newt's, and never by any accident more like that of a frog. What is true of the newt is true of every animal and of every plant; the acorn tends to build itself up again into a woodland giant such as that from whose twig it fell; the spore of the humblest lichen reproduces the green or brown incrustation which gave it birth; and at the other end of the scale of life, the child that resembled neither the paternal nor the maternal side of the house would be regarded as a kind of monster.

So that the one end to which, in all living beings, the formative impulse is tending — the one scheme which the Archæus of the old speculators strives to carry out, seems to be to mould the offspring into the likeness of the parent. It is the first great law of reproduction, that the offspring tends to resemble its parent or parents, more closely than anything else.

Science will some day show us how this law is a necessary consequence of the more general laws which govern matter; but, for the present, more can hardly be said than that it appears to be in harmony with them. We know that the phenomena of vitality are not something apart from other physical phenomena, but one with them; and matter and force are the two names of the one artist who fashions the living as well as the lifeless. Hence living bodies should obey the same great laws as other matter — nor, throughout Nature, is there a law of wider application than this, that a body impelled by two forces takes the direction of their resultant. But living bodies may be regarded as nothing but extremely complex bundles of forces held in a mass of matter, as the complex forces of a magnet are held in the steel by its coercive force ; and since the differences of sex are comparatively slight, or, in other words, the sum of the forces in each has a very similar tendency, their resultant, the offspring, may reasonably be expected to deviate but little from a course parallel to either, or to both.

Represent the reason of the law to ourselves by what physical metaphor or analogy we will, however, the great matter is to apprehend its existence and the importance of the consequences deducible from it. For things which are like to the same are like to one another, and if, in a great series of generations, every offspring is like its parent, it follows that all the offspring and all the parents must be like one another; and that, given an original parental stock, with the opportunity of undisturbed multiplication, the law in question necessitates the production, in course of time, of an indefinitely large group, the whole of whose members are at once very similar and are blood relations, having descended from the same parent, or pair of parents. The proof that all the members of any given group of animals, or plants, had thus descended, would be ordinarily considered sufficient to entitle them to the rank of physiological species, for most physiologists consider species to be definable as "the offspring of a single primitive stock."

But though it is quite true that all those groups we call species *may*, according to the known laws of reproduction, have descended from a single stock, and though it is very likely they really have done so, yet this conclusion rests on deduction and can hardly hope to establish itself upon a basis of observation. And the primitiveness of the supposed single stock, which, after all, is the essential part of the matter, is not only a hypothesis, but one which has not a shadow of foundation, if by "primitive" be meant "independent of any other living being." A scientific definition, of which an unwarrantable hypothesis forms an essential part, carries its condemnation within itself; but even supposing such a definition were, in form, tenable, the physiologist who should attempt to apply it in Nature would soon find himself involved in great, if not inextricable, difficulties. As we have said, it is indubitable that offspring *tend* to resemble the parental organism, but it is equally true that the similarity attained never amounts to identity, either in form or in structure. There is always a certain amount of deviation, not only from the precise characters of a single parent, but when, as in most animals and many plants, the sexes are lodged in distinct individuals, from an exact mean between the two parents. And indeed, on general principles, this slight deviation seems as intelligible as the general similarity, if we reflect how complex the co-operating "bundles of forces" are, and how improbable it is that, in any case, their true resultant shall coincide with any mean between the more obvious characters of the two parents. Whatever be its cause, however, the coexistence of this tendency to minor variation with the tendency to general similarity, is of vast importance in its bearing on the question of the origin of species.

As a general rule, the extent to which an offspring differs from its parent is slight enough; but, occasionally, the amount of difference is much more strongly marked, and then the divergent offspring receives the name of a Variety. Multitudes, of what there is every reason to believe are such varieties, are known, but the origin of very few has been accurately recorded, and of these we will select two as more especially illustrative of the main features of variation. The first of them is that of the "Ancon" or "Otter" sheep, of which a careful account is given by Colonel David Humphreys, F.R.S., in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1813. It appears that one Seth Wright, the proprietor of a farm on the banks of the Charles River, in Massachusetts, possessed a flock of fifteen ewes and a ram of the ordinary kind. In the year 1791, one of the ewes presented her owner with a male lamb, differing, for no assignable reason, from its parents by a proportionally long body and short bandy legs, whence it was unable to emulate its relatives in those sportive leaps over the neighbors' fences, in which they were in the habit of indulging, much to the good farmer's vexation.

The second case is that detailed by a no less unexceptionable authority than Réaumur, in his "Art de faire éclore les Poulets." A Maltese couple, named Kelleia, whose hands and feet were constructed upon the ordinary human model, had born to them a son, Gratio, who possessed six perfectly movable fingers on each hand and six toes, not quite so well formed, on each foot. No cause could be assigned for the appearance of this unusual variety of the human species.

Two circumstances are well worthy of remark in both these cases. In each, the variety appears to have arisen in full force, and, as it were, *per saltum;* a wide and definite difference appearing, at once, between the Ancon ram and the ordinary sheep; between the six-fingered and six-toed Gratio Kelleia and ordinary men. In neither case is it possible to point out any obvious reason for the appearance of the variety. Doubtless there were determining causes for these as for all other phenomena; but they do not appear, and we can be tolerably certain that what are ordinarily understood as changes in physical conditions, as in climate, in food, or the like, did not take place and had nothing to do with the matter. It was no case of what is commonly called adaptation to circumstances; but, to use a conveniently erroneous phrase, the variations arose spontaneously. The fruitless search after final causes leads their pursuers a long way; but even those hardy teleologists, who are ready to break through all the laws of physics in chase of their favorite will-o'-the-wisp, may be puzzled to discover what purpose could be attained by the stunted legs of Seth Wright's ram or the hexadactyle members of Gratio Kelleia.

Varieties then arise we know not why; and it is more than probable that the majority of varieties have arisen in this "spontaneous" manner, though we are, of course, far from denying that they may be traced, in some cases, to distinct external influences; which are assuredly competent to alter the character of the tegumentary covering, to change color, to increase or diminish the size of muscles, to modify constitution, and, among plants, to give rise to the metamorphosis of stamens into petals, and so forth. But however they may have arisen, what especially interests us at present is, to remark that, once in existence, varieties obey the fundamental law of reproduction that like tends to produce like, and their offspring exemplify it by tending to exhibit the same deviation from the parental stock as themselves. Indeed, there seems to be, in many instances, a pre-potent influence about a newly-arisen variety which gives it what one may call an unfair advantage over the normal descendants from the same stock. This is strikingly exemplified by the case of Gratio Kelleia, who married a woman with the ordinary pentadactyle extremities, and had by her four children, Salvator, George, André, and Marie. Of these children Salvator, the eldest boy, had six fingers and six toes, like his father; the second and third, also boys, had five fingers and five toes, like their mother, though the hands and feet of George were slightly deformed; the last, a girl, had five fingers and five toes, but the thumbs were slightly deformed. The variety thus reproduced itself purely in the eldest, while the normal type reproduced itself purely in the third, and almost purely in the second and last: so that it would seem, at first, as if the normal type were more powerful than the variety. But all these children grew up and intermarried with normal wives and husband, and then, note what took place: Salvator had four children, three of whom exhibited the hexadactyle members of their grandfather and father, while the youngest had the pentadactyle limbs of the mother and grandmother; so that here, notwithstanding a double pentadactyle dilution of the blood, the hexadactyle variety had the best of it. The same pre-potency of the variety was still more markedly exemplified in the progeny of two of the other children, Marie and George. Marie (whose thumbs only were deformed) gave birth to a boy with six toes, and three other normally formed children; but George, who was not quite so pure a pentadactyle, begot, first, two girls, each of whom had six fingers and toes; then a girl with six fingers on each hand and six toes on the right foot, but only five toes on the left; and, lastly, a boy with only five fingers and toes. In these instances, therefore, the variety, as it were, leaped over one generation to reproduce itself in full force in the next. Finally, the purely pentadactyle André was the father of many children, not one of whom departed from the normal parental type.

If a variation which approaches the nature of a monstrosity can strive thus forcibly to reproduce itself, it is not wonderful that less aberrant modifications should tend to be preserved even more strongly; and the history of the Ancon sheep is, in this respect, particularly instructive. With the "'cuteness" characteristic of their nation, the neighbors of the Massachusetts farmer imagined it would be an excellent thing if all his sheep were imbued with the stay-at-home tendencies enforced by Nature upon the newly-arrived ram; and they advised Wright to kill the old patriarch of his fold, and install the Ancon ram in his place. The result justified their sagacious anticipations, and coincided very nearly with what occurred to the progeny of Gratio Kelleia. The young lambs were almost always either pure Ancons, or pure ordinary sheep. But when sufficient Ancon sheep were obtained to interbreed with one another, it was found that the offspring was always pure Ancon. Colonel Humphreys, in fact, states that he was acquainted with only "one questionable case of a contrary nature." Here, then, is a remarkable and well-established instance, not only of a very distinct race being established *per saltum*, but of that race breeding "true" at once, and showing no mixed forms, even when crossed with another breed.

By taking care to select Ancons of both sexes, for breeding from, it thus became easy to establish an extremely well-marked race; so peculiar that, even when herded with other sheep, it was noted that the Ancons kept together. And there is every reason to believe that the existence of this breed might have been indefinitely protracted; but the introduction of the Merino sheep, which were not only very superior to the Ancons in wool and meat, but quite as quiet and orderly, led to the complete neglect of the new breed, so that, in 1813, Colonel Humphreys found it difficult to obtain the specimen, whose skeleton was presented to Sir Joseph Banks. We believe that, for many years, no remnant of it has existed in the United States.

Gratio Kelleia was not the progenitor of a race of six-fingered men, as Seth Wright's ram became a nation of Ancon sheep, though the tendency of the variety to perpetuate itself appears to have been fully as strong in the one case as in the other. And the reason of the difference is not far to seek. Seth Wright took care not to weaken the Ancon blood by matching his Ancon ewes with any but males of the same variety, while Gratia Kelleia's sons were too far removed from the patriarchal times to intermarry with their sisters; and his grandchildren seem not to have been attracted by their six-fingered cousins. In other words, in the one example a race was produced, because, for several generations, care was taken to *select* both parents of the breeding stock from animals exhibiting a tendency to vary in the same direction; while, in the other, no race was evolved, because no such selection was exercised. A race is a propagated variety; and as, by the laws of reproduction, offspring tend to assume the parental forms, they will be more likely to propagate a variation exhibited by both parents than that possessed by only one.

There is no organ of the body of an animal which may not, and does not, occasionally, vary more or less from the normal type; and there is no variation which may not be transmitted, and which, if selectively transmitted, may not become the foundation of a race. This great truth, sometimes forgotten by philosophers, has long been familiar to practical agriculturists and breeders; and upon it rest all the methods of improving the breeds of domestic animals, which, for the last century, have been followed with so much success in England. Color, form, size, texture of hair or wool, proportions of various parts, strength or weakness of constitution, tendency to fatten or to remain lean, to give much or little milk, speed, strength, temper, intelligence, special instincts; there is not one of these characters whose transmission is not an every-day occurrence within the experience of cattle-breeders, stock-farmers, horse-dealers, and dog and poultry fanciers. Nay, it is only the other day that an eminent physiologist, Dr. Brown-Séquard, communicated to the Royal Society his discovery that epilepsy, artificially produced in guinea-pigs, by a means which he has discovered, is transmitted to their offspring.

But a race, once produced, is no more a fixed and immutable entity than the stock whence it sprang; variations arise among its members, and as these variations are transmitted like any others, new races may be developed out of the pre-existing one *ad infinitum*, or, at least, within any limit at present determined. Given sufficient time and sufficiently careful selection, and the multitude of races which may arise from a common stock is as astonishing as are the extreme structural differences which they may present. A remarkable example of this is to be found in the rock-pigeon, which Mr. Darwin has, in our opinion, satisfactorily demonstrated to be the progenitor of all our domestic pigeons, of which there are certainly more than a hundred well-marked races. The most noteworthy of these races are, the four great stocks known to the "fancy" as tumblers, pouters, carriers, and fantails; birds which not only differ most singularly in size, color, and habits, but in the form of the beak and of the skull: in the proportions of the beak to the skull; in the number of tail-feathers; in the absolute and relative size of the feet; in the presence or absence of the uropygial gland; in the number of vertebræ in the back; in short, in precisely those characters in which the genera and species of birds differ from one another.

And it is most remarkable and instructive to observe, that none of these races can be shown to have been originated by the action of changes in what are commonly called external circumstances, upon the wild rock-pigeon. On the contrary, from time immemorial, pigeon fanciers have had essentially similar methods of treating their pets which have been housed, fed, protected, and cared for in much the same way in all pigeonries. In fact, there is no case better adapted than that of the pigeons to refute the doctrine which one sees put forth on high authority, that " no other characters than those founded on the development of bone for the attachment of muscles " are capable of variation. In precise contradiction of this hasty assertion, Mr. Darwin's researches prove that the skeleton of the wings in domestic pigeons has hardly varied at all from that of the wild type ; while, on the other hand, it is in exactly those respects, such as the relative length of the beak and skull, the number of the vertebræ, and the number of the tail-feathers, in which muscular exertion can have no important influence, that the utmost amount of variation has taken place.

We have said that the following out of the properties exhibited by physiological species would lead us into difficulties, and at this point they begin to be obvious, for if, as the result of spontaneous variation and of selective breeding, the progeny of a common stock may become separated into groups distinguished from one another by constant, not sexual, morphological characters, it is clear that the physiological definition of species is likely to clash with the morphological definition. No one would hesitate to describe the pouter and the tumbler as distinct species, if they were found fossil, or if their skins and skeletons were imported, as those of exotic wild birds commonly are — and, without doubt, if considered alone, they are good and distinct morphological species. On the other hand, they are not physiological species, for they are descended from a common stock, the rock-pigeon.

Under these circumstances, as it is admitted on all sides that races occur in Nature, how are we to know whether any apparently distinct animals are really of different physiological species, or not, seeing that the amount of morphological difference is no safe guide ? Is there any test of a physiological species ? The usual answer of physiologists is in the affirmative. It is said that such a test is to be found in the phenomena of hybridization — in the results of crossing races, as compared with the results of crossing species.

So far as the evidence goes at present, individuals, of what are certainly known to be mere races produced by selection, however distinct they may appear to be, not only breed freely together, but the offspring of such crossed races are only perfectly fertile with one another. Thus, the spaniel and the greyhound, the dray-horse and the Arab, the pouter and the tumbler, breed together with perfect freedom, and their mongrels, if matched with other mongrels of the same kind, are equally fertile.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the individuals of many natural species are either absolutely infertile, if crossed with individuals of other species, or, if they give rise to hybrid offspring, the hybrids so produced are infertile when paired together. The horse and the ass, for instance, if so crossed, give rise to the mule, and there is no certain evidence of offspring ever having been produced by a male and female mule. The unions of the rock-pigeon and the ring-pigeon appear to be equally barren of result. Here, then, says the physiologist, we have a means of distinguishing any two true species from any two varieties. If a male and a female, selected from each group, produce offspring, and that offspring is fertile with others produced in the same way, the groups are races and not species. If, on the other hand, no result ensues, or if the offspring are infertile with others produced in the same way, they are true physiological species. The test would be an admirable one, if, in the first place, it were always practicable to apply it, and if, in the second, it always yielded results susceptible of a definite interpretation. Unfortunately, in the great majority of cases, this touchstone for species is wholly inapplicable.

The constitution of many wild animals is so altered by confinement that they will not breed even with their own females, so that the negative results obtained from crosses are of no value; and the antipathy of wild animals of different species for one another, or even of wild and tame members of the same species, is ordinarily so great, that it is hopeless to look for such unions in Nature. The hermaphrodism of most plants, the difficulty in the way of ensuring the absence of their own, or the proper working of other pollen, are obstacles of no less magnitude in applying the test to them. And in both animals and plants is superadded the further difficulty, that experiments must be continued over a long time for the purpose of ascertaining the fertility of the mongrel or hybrid progeny, as well as of the first crosses from which they spring.

Not only do these great practical difficulties lie in the way of applying the hybridization test, but even when this oracle can be questioned, its replies are sometimes as doubtful as those of Delphi. For example, cases are cited by Mr. Darwin, of plants which are more fertile with the pollen of another species than with their own; and there are others, such as certain *fuci*, whose male element will fertilize the ovule of a plant of distinct species, while the males of the latter species are ineffective with the females of the first. So that, in the last-named instance, a physiologist, who should cross the two species in one way, would decide that they were true species; while another, who should cross them in the reverse way, would, with equal justice, according to the rule, pronounce them to be mere races. Several plants, which there is great reason to believe are mere varieties, are almost sterile when crossed; while both animals and plants, which have always been regarded by naturalists as of distinct species, turn out, when the test is applied, to be perfectly fertile. Again, the sterility or fertility of crosses seems to bear no relation to the structural resemblances or differences of the members of any two groups.

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Up to this point we have been dealing with matters of fact, and the statements which we have laid before the reader would, to the best of our knowledge, be admitted to contain a fair exposition of what is at present known respecting the essential properties of species, by all who have studied the question. And whatever may be his theoretical views, no naturalist will probably be disposed to demur to the following summary of that exposition: —

Living beings, whether animals or plants, are divisible into multitudes of distinctly definable kinds, which are morphological species. They are also divisible into groups of individuals, which breed freely together, tending to reproduce their like, and are physiological species. Normally resembling their parents, the offspring of members of these species are still liable to vary, and the variation may be perpetuated by selection, as a race, which race, in many cases, presents all the characteristics of a morphological species. But it is not as yet proved that a race ever exhibits, when crossed with another race of the same species, those phenomena of hybridization which are exhibited by many species when crossed with other species. On the other hand, not only is it not proved that all species give rise to hybrids infertile *inter se*, but there is much reason to believe that, in crossing, species exhibit every gradation from perfect sterility to perfect fertility.

Such are the most essential characteristics of species. Even were man not one of them — a member of the same system and subject to the same laws — the question of their origin, their causal connection, that is, with the other phenomena of the universe, must have attracted his attention, as soon as his intelligence had raised itself above the level of his daily wants.

Indeed history relates that such was the case, and has embalmed for us the speculations upon the origin of living beings, which were among the earliest products of the dawning intellectual activity of man. In those early days positive knowledge was not to be had, but the craving after it needed, at all hazards, to be satisfied, and according to the country, or the turn of thought of the speculator, the suggestion that all living things arose from the mud of the Nile, from a primeval egg, or from some more anthropomorphic agency, afforded a sufficient resting-place for his curiosity. The myths of Paganism are as dead as Osiris or Zeus, and the man who should revive them, in opposition to the knowledge of our time, would be justly laughed to scorn; but the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very name and age are admitted by every scholar to be unknown, have unfortunately not yet shared their fate, but, even at this day, are regarded by nine-tenths of the civilized world as the authoritative standard of fact and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions, in all that relates to the origin of things, and, among them, of species. In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo, until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities — whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of Science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party.

It is true that if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules; and history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated: scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though, at present, bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of sound science; and to visit, with such petty thunderbolts as its half-paralyzed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade Nature to the level of primitive Judaism.

Philosophers, on the other hand, have no such aggressive tendencies. With eyes fixed on the noble goal to which "per aspera et ardua" they tend, they may, now and then, be stirred to momentary wrath by the unnecessary obstacles with which the ignorant, or the malicious, encumber, if they cannot bar, the difficult path; but why should their souls be deeply vexed? The majesty of Fact is on their side, and the elemental forces of Nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justice of their methods — their beliefs are "one with the falling rain and with the growing corn." By doubt they are established, and open inquiry is their bosom friend. Such men have no fear of traditions however venerable, and no respect for them when they become mischievous and obstructive; but they have better than mere antiquarian business in hand, and if dogmas, which ought to be fossil but are not, are not forced upon their notice, they are too happy to treat them as non-existent.

HENRIK IBSEN.

Henrik Ibsen, a Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien, a small village on Langesund Fjord, Norway, March 20, 1828. While in his twentieth year he wrote several poems which were published in country papers. While preparing for Christiania University he wrote a drama entitled "Catilina." The same year he entered Christiania University and began writing for the daily and other periodicals, and he closed the year by obtaining the presentation of a one-act play, "Kjaempehöjen," at the Christiania Theater. At this period Ibsen was a Radical and a pronounced Socialist. His Christiania career was cut short by the offer of the post of theater director and dramatic author for the theater at Bergen, the second city of Norway. His first drama at Bergen, "Sancthansnat," was not successful and was not published. The next, "Fru Inger til Östraat," was well received and is still considered one of his best acting dramas. "Gildet Paa Solhaug" and "Haermaendene paa Helgeland" were also successful.

When his engagement closed, Ibsen returned to Christiania. He subsequently visited Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, being absent from Norway for ten years. In the first year he wrote "Brand," and in the second "Peer Gynt."

Five years after his departure from Norway he published a prose drama for actual stage presentation, "De Unges Forbund." The presentation of this drama at Christiania caused great excitement, and from that moment Ibsen's sway over the Norwegian stage was complete.

His plays have been translated into all the principal languages.

The following is a list of Ibsen's dramas, with the titles in English: "Catiline," "Lady Inger of Ostraat," "The Feast at Solhaug," "The Warriors at Helgeland," "Claimants of the Throne," "The Comedy of Love," "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "The Young Men's League," "Emperor and Galilean," "The Pillars of Society," "Nora, or, a Doll-House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of Society," "Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," "Hedda Gabler," "Builder Solness," "Little Eyolf," and "John Gabriel Borkman."

THE DEPARTURE OF NORA.

(From "A Doll's House.")

SCENE: *Sitting-room in* TORVALD HELMER'S *house (a flat) in Christiania. Time: The Present Day.* NORA HELMER *enters, crossing to table in every-day dress.*

Helmer. — Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress.

Nora. — Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

Helmer. — But why now, so late?

Nora. — I shall not sleep to-night.

Helmer. — But, Nora dear —

Nora [*looking at her watch*]. — It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald: you and I have much to say to each other. [*She sits at one side of the table.*]

Helmer. — Nora, what does this mean? Your cold, set face —

Nora. — Sit down. It will take some time: I have much to talk over with you.

Helmer [*sitting down at the other side of the table*]. — You alarm me; I don't understand you.

Nora. — No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I have never understood you — till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say. We must come to a final settlement, Torvald!

Helmer. — How do you mean?

Nora [*after a short silence*]. — Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer. — What should strike me?

Nora. — We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two — you and I, man and wife — have talked together seriously?

Helmer. — Seriously! Well, what do you call seriously?

Nora. — During eight whole years and more — ever since the day we first met — we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer. — Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me to bear?

Nora. — I am not talking of cares. I say that we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer. — Why, my dear Nora, what have you to do with serious things?

Nora. — There we have it! You have never understood me. I have had great injustice done me, Torvald: first by my father, and then by you.

Helmer. — What! by your father and me? — by us who have loved you more than all the world?

Nora [*shaking her head*]. — You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me.

Helmer. — Why, Nora, what a thing to say!

Nora. — Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I concealed them, because he would not have liked it. He used to call me his doll child, and play with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house —

Helmer. — What an expression to use about our marriage!

Nora [*undisturbed*]. — I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste; and I got the same tastes as you; or I pretended to — I don't know which — both ways perhaps. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted.

Helmer. — Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora. — No, never: I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer. — Not — not happy?

Nora. — No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll child. And the children in their turn have been my dolls. I thought it was fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer. — There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it shall be different. Play-time is over; now comes the time for education.

Nora. — Whose education? Mine, or the children's?

Helmer. — Both, my dear Nora.

Nora. — O Torvald, you can't teach me to be a fit wife for you.

Helmer. — And you say that?

Nora. — And I — am I fit to educate the children?

Helmer. — Nora!

Nora. — Did you not say yourself a few minutes ago you dared not trust them to me?

Helmer. — In the excitement of the moment: why should you dwell upon that?

Nora. — No — you are perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There's another to be solved first — I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that is why I am now leaving you.

Helmer [*jumping up*]. — What — do you mean to say —

Nora. — I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you.

Helmer. — Nora! Nora!

Nora. — I am going at once. Christina will take me in for to-night —

Helmer. — You are mad. I shall not allow it. I forbid it.

Nora. — It's no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterward.

Helmer. — What madness!

Nora. — To-morrow I shall go home.

Helmer. — Home!

Nora. — I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

Helmer. — Oh, in your blind inexperience —

Nora. — I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

Helmer. — To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora. — I can pay no heed to that! I only know that I must do it.

Helmer. — It's exasperating! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

Nora. — What do you call my holiest duties?

Helmer. — Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

Nora. — I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer. — Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora. — My duties toward myself.

Helmer. — Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora. — That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are — or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer. — Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

Nora. — O Torvald, I don't know properly what religion is.

Helmer. — What do you mean?

Nora. — I know nothing but what our clergyman told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from here and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he taught me is true, or at any rate whether it is true for me.

Helmer. — Oh, this is unheard of! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience — for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me: perhaps you have none?

Nora. — Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know — I am all at sea about these things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear too that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father, or to save her husband's life. I don't believe that.

Helmer. — You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora. — No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right — society or I.

Helmer. — Nora, you are ill, you are feverish. I almost think you are out of your senses.

Nora. — I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

Helmer. — You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

Nora. — Yes, I am.

Helmer. — Then there is only one explanation possible.

Nora. — What is that?

Helmer. — You no longer love me.

Nora. — No, that is just it.

Helmer. — Nora! Can you say so?

Nora. — Oh, I'm so sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

Helmer [*keeping his composure with difficulty*]. — Are you clear and certain on this point too?

Nora. — Yes, quite. That is why I won't stay here any longer.

Helmer. — And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

Nora. — Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen; for then I saw you were not the man I had taken you for.

Helmer. — Explain yourself more clearly: I don't understand.

Nora. — I have waited so patiently all these eight years; for of course I saw clearly enough that miracles do not happen every day. When the crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world"; and that then —

Helmer. — Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame — ?

Nora. — Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

Helmer. — Nora!

Nora. — You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

Helmer. — I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora, — bear sorrow and want for your sake, — but no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

Nora. — Millions of women have done so.

Helmer. — Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora. — Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over, — not for me, but for yourself, — when there was nothing more to fear, then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll — whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile.

Helmer [*sadly*]. — I see it, I see it; an abyss has opened between us. But, Nora, can it never be filled up?

Nora. — As I now am, I am no wife for you.

Helmer. — I have strength to become another man.

Nora. — Perhaps — when your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer. — To part — to part from you! No, Nora, no; I can't grasp the thought.

Nora [*going into room at the right*]. — The more reason for the thing to happen. [*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling-bag, which she puts on a chair.*]

Helmer. — Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

Nora [*putting on cloak*]. — I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

Helmer. — But can't we live here as brother and sister?

Nora [*fastening her hat*]. — You know very well that would not last long. Good-by, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

Helmer. — But sometime, Nora — sometime —

Nora. — How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

Helmer. — But you are my wife, now and always?

Nora. — Listen, Torvald: when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her. At any rate I release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, there is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer. — That too?

Nora. — That too.

Helmer. — Here it is.

Nora. — Very well. Now it is all over. Here are the keys. The servants know about everything in the house better than I do. To-morrow when I have started, Christina will come to pack up my things. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer. — All over! All over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

Nora. — Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children — and this house.

Helmer. — May I write to you, Nora?

Nora. — No, never. You must not.

Helmer. — But I must send you —

Nora. — Nothing, nothing.

Helmer. — I must help you if you need it.

Nora. — No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

Helmer. — Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora [*taking her traveling-bag*]. — O Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen.

Helmer. — What is the miracle of miracles?

Nora. — Both of us would have to change so that — O Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

Helmer. — But I will believe. We must so change that —

Nora. — That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-by. [*She goes out.*]

Helmer [*sinks in a chair by the door with his face in his hands*]. — Nora! Nora! [*He looks around and stands up.*] Empty. She's gone! [*A hope inspires him.*] Ah! The miracle of miracles — ? [*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*]

FROM "PEER GYNT."

SCENE: *In front of a settler's newly built hut in the forest. A reindeer's horns over the door. The snow is lying deep around. It is dusk.* PEER GYNT *is standing outside the door, fastening a large wooden bar to it.*

Peer [*laughing between whiles*]. —
Bars I must fix me; bars that can fasten
The door against troll-folk, and men, and women.
Bars I must fix me; bars that can shut out
All the cantankerous little hobgoblins.
They come with the darkness, they knock and they rattle:
"Open, Peer Gynt, we're as nimble as thoughts are!
'Neath the bedstead we bustle, we rake in the ashes,
Down the chimney we hustle like fiery-eyed dragons.
Hee-hee! Peer Gynt, think you staples and planks
Can shut out cantankerous hobgoblin thoughts?"

SOLVEIG *comes on snowshoes over the heath; she has a shawl over her head and a bundle in her hand.*

Solveig — God prosper your labor. You must not reject me.
You sent for me hither, and so you must take me.
Peer — Solveig! It cannot be! — Ay, but it is! —
And you're not afraid to come near to me!
Solveig — One message you sent me by little Helga;
Others came after in storm and in stillness.

All that your mother told bore me a message,
That brought forth others when dreams sank upon me.
Nights full of heaviness, blank empty days,
Brought me the message that now I must come.
It seemed as though life had been quenched down there;
I could not laugh nor weep from the depths of my heart.
I knew not for sure how you might be minded;
I knew but for sure what I should do and must do.
Peer — But your father?
Solveig — In all of God's wide earth
I have none I can call either father or mother,
I have loosed me from all of them.
Peer — Solveig, you fair one —
And to come to me?
Solveig — Ay, to you alone;
You must be all to me, friend and consoler.
[*In tears.*]
The worst was leaving my little sister;
But parting from father was worse, still worse;
And worst to leave her at whose breast I was borne; —
Oh no, God forgive me, the worst I must call
The sorrow of leaving them all, ay, all!
Peer — And you know the doom that was passed in spring?
It forfeits my farm and my heritage.
Solveig — Think you for heritage, goods, and gear,
I forsook the paths all my dear ones tread?
Peer — And know you the compact? Outside the forest
Whoever may meet me may seize me at will.
Solveig — I ran upon snowshoes; I asked my way on;
They said, "Whither go you?" I answered, "I go home."
Peer — Away, away then with nails and planks!
No need now for bars against hobgoblin thoughts.
If you dare dwell with the hunter here,
I know the hut will be blessed from ill.
Solveig! Let me look at you! Not too near!
Only look at you! Oh, but you are bright and pure!
Let me lift you! Oh, but you are fine and light!
Let me carry you, Solveig, and I'll never be tired!
I will not soil you. With outstretched arms
I will hold you out far from me, lovely and warm one!
Oh, who would have thought I could draw you to me, —
Ah, but I've longed for you, daylong and nightlong.
Here you may see I've been hewing and building;
It must down again, dear: it is ugly and mean.

Solveig — Be it mean or brave, here is all to my mind,
One so lightly draws breath in the teeth of the wind.
Down below it was airless; one felt as though choked:
That was partly what drove me in fear from the dale.
But here, with the fir branches soughing o'erhead,
What a stillness and song! I am here in my home.
Peer — And know you that surely? For all your days?
Solveig — The path I have trodden leads back nevermore.
Peer — You are mine then! In! In the room let me see you!
Go in! I must go to fetch fir-roots for fuel.
Warm shall the fire be and bright shall it shine;
You shall sit softly and never be a-cold.
[*He opens the door;* SOLVEIG *goes in. He stands still for a while, then laughs aloud with joy and leaps into the air.*
Peer — My king's daughter! Now I have found her and won her!
Hei! Now the palace shall rise, deeply founded!
[*He seizes his ax and moves away; at the same moment an* OLD-LOOKING WOMAN, *in a tattered green gown, comes out from the wood; an* UGLY BRAT, *with an ale flagon in his hand, limps after, holding on to her skirt.*
The Woman — Good evening, Peer Lightfoot!
Peer — What is it? Who's there?
The Woman — Old friends of yours, Peer Gynt! My home is near by.
We are neighbors.
Peer — Indeed? That is more than I know.
The Woman — Even as your hut was builded, mine built itself too.
Peer [*going*] — I'm in haste —
The Woman — Yes, that you are always, my lad;
But I'll trudge behind you and catch you at last.
Peer — You're mistaken, good woman!
The Woman — I was so before;
I was when you promised such mighty fine things.
Peer — I promised —? What devil's own nonsense is this?
The Woman —
You've forgotten the night when you drank with my sire?
You've forgot —?
Peer — I've forgot what I never have known.
What's this that you prate of? When last did we meet?
The Woman — When last we met was when first we met.
[*To the Brat*]
Give your father a drink: he is thirsty, I'm sure.
Peer — Father? You're drunk, woman! Do you call him —?
The Woman —
I should think you might well know the pig by its skin!

Why, where are your eyes? Can't you see that he's lame in
His shank, just as you too are lame in your soul?
Peer — Would you have me believe —?
The Woman — Would you wriggle away?
Peer — This long-legged urchin?
The Woman — He's shot up apace.
Peer — Dare you, you troll-snout, father on me —?
The Woman —
Come now, Peer Gynt, you're as rude as an ox! [*Weeping.*
Is it my fault if no longer I'm fair,
As I was when you lured me on hillside and lea?
Last fall, in my labor, the Fiend held my back,
And so 'twas no wonder I came out a fright.
But if you would see me as fair as before,
You have only to turn yonder girl out of doors,
Drive her clean out of your sight and your mind; —
Do but this, dear my love, and I'll soon lose my snout!
Peer — Begone from me, troll-witch!
The Woman — Ay, see if I do!
Peer — I'll split your skull open!
The Woman — Just try if you dare!
Ho-ho, Peer Gynt, I've no fear of blows!
Be sure I'll return every day of the year.
I'll set the door ajar and peep in at you both.
When you're sitting with your girl on the fireside bench, —
When you're tender, Peer Gynt, — when you'd pet and caress her, —
I'll seat myself by you, and ask for my share.
She there and I, we will take you by turns.
Farewell, dear my lad, you can marry to-morrow!
Peer — You nightmare of hell!
The Woman — By-the-by, I forgot!
You must rear your own youngster, you light-footed scamp!
Little imp, will you go to your father?
The Brat [*spits at him*] — Faugh!
I'll chop you with my hatchet; only wait, only wait!
The Woman [*kisses the Brat*] —
What a head he has got on his shoulders, the dear!
You'll be father's living image when once you're a man.
Peer [*stamping*] —
Oh, would you were as far —!
The Woman — As we now are near?
Peer [*clinching his hands*] —
And all this —!

The Woman — For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!
Peer — For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!
The Woman — For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!
Peer — It is worst for another!
Solveig, my fairest, my purest gold!
The Woman — Oh ay, 'tis the guiltless must smart, said the Devil:
His mother boxed his ears when his father was drunk!
[*She trudges off into the thicket with the Brat, who throws the flagon at Peer Gynt.*
Peer [*after a long silence*] —
The Boyg said, "Go roundabout!" so one must here. —
There fell my fine palace, with crash and clatter!
There's a wall around her whom I stood so near;
Of a sudden all's ugly — my joy has grown old. —
Roundabout, lad! There's no way to be found
Right through all this from where you stand to her.
Right through? Hm, surely there should be one.
There's a text on repentance, unless I mistake.
But what? What is it? I haven't the book.
I've forgotten it mostly, and here there is none
That can guide me aright in the pathless wood. —
Repentance? And maybe 'twould take whole years,
Ere I fought my way through. 'Twere a meager life, that,
To shatter what's radiant and lovely and pure,
And clinch it together in fragments and shards?
You can do it with the fiddle, but not with a bell.
Where you'd have the sward green, you must mind not to trample.
'Twas naught but a lie though, that witch-snout business!
Now all that foulness is well out of sight. —
Ay, out of sight maybe, not out of mind.
Thoughts will sneak stealthily in at my heel.
Ingrid! And the three, they that danced on the heights!
Will they too want to join us? With vixenish spite
Will they claim to be folded, like her, to my breast,
To be tenderly lifted on outstretched arms?
Roundabout, lad: though my arms were as long
As the root of the fir, or the pine-tree's stem, —
I think even then I should hold her too near,
To set her down pure and untarnished again. —
I must roundabout here, then, as best I may,

And see that it bring me nor gain nor loss.
One must put such things from one, and try to forget. —
[*Goes a few steps towards the hut, and stops again.*]
Go in after this? So befouled and disgraced?
Go in with that troll rabble after me still?
Speak, yet be silent; confess, yet conceal — ?
[*Throws away his ax.*]
It's a holy-day evening. For me to keep tryst,
Such as now I am, would be sacrilege.
Solveig [*in the doorway*] —
Are you coming?
Peer [*half aloud*] — Roundabout!
Solveig — What?
Peer — You must wait.
It is dark, and I've got something heavy to fetch.
Solveig — Wait; I will help you; the burden we'll share.
Peer — No, stay where you are! I must bear it alone.
Solveig — But don't go too far, dear!
Peer — Be patient, my girl;
Be my way long or short — you must wait.
Solveig [*nodding to him as he goes*] — Yes, I'll wait!
[*Peer Gynt goes down the wood-path. Solveig remains standing in the open half-door.*

SELWYN IMAGE.

Selwyn Image, artist, born about 1850. Educated at Brighton College and Marlborough, and took a degree at New College, Oxford, 1872. Was ordained in the same year, and continued in orders until 1880, when he gave up clerical work altogether and began the study of art. With Herbert Stone, he started the *Hobby Horse* in 1886.

De Profundis.

(From "Poems and Carols.")

Because the world is very stern;
  Because the work is very long;
  Because the foes are very strong,
Whatever side I turn:

Because my spirit ebbs away;
  Because my spirit's eyes are dim;
  Because with failures to the brim
My cup fills day by day:

Because forbidden ways invite;
  Because the smile of sin is sweet;
  Because so readily run my feet
Towards paths, that close in night,

Because God's face I long to see;
  Because God's image stamps me yet;
  Oh! by Thy Passion, Christ, forget
Me not, who fly to Thee!

Finis.

A little while, and all in silence ends.
My best or worst! On each at last descends
The fatal curtain! Soul, thy part is played:
No voice thou heedest now of foes or friends!

In one strait space of clinging earth I lie,
Unmoved for storm or sunlight drifting by:

Yea, though one praise and love, or all forget,
That stark thing recks not, that but now was I.

Ah! so in dreams tired life affects content,
And wakes rebellious. "Not for this were sent,
My God," she cries, "Thy beauty and Thy Love,
That strove within me towards accomplishment."

Her Confirmation.

When my Clorinda walks in white
Unto her Confirmation rite,
  What sinless dove can show to heaven
A purer sight?

Beneath a lawn, translucent crown,
Her lovely curls conceal their brown;
  Her wanton eyes are fastened, even
Demurely down.

And that delicious mouth of rose
No words, no smile, may discompose;
  All of her feels the approaching awe,
And silent grows.

Come, then, Thou noiseless Spirit, and rest
Here, where she waits Thee for her Guest;
  Pass not, but sweetly onward draw,
Till heaven's possessed!

Urbanus Loquitur.

Let others sing the country's charm;
  The whispering trees, the tangled lane,
The perfume burdened air, the trills
  Of lark and nightingale; the wain
That homeward brings the scented hay,
When evening's peace absorbs the day.

Let others laud those primal cares,
  Which fill the country hours with bliss;
The timely rest; clear eyes that greet
  Earth waking 'neath Aurora's kiss;
The easy, sauntering walk; the toil,
That waits upon the bounteous soil.

Let others paint with fresh delight
  The country maiden's cheek of rose;

Her lover's artless, amorous gift,
  Which pure affection's heart inclose;
The children nestling round their sire
At night-fall, by the winter's fire.

For me, for me another world's
  Enchantments hold my heart in thrall;
Those London pavements, lowering sky,
  Store secrets, on mine eyes that fall,
More curious far, than earth or air
By country paths can make appear.

The stern reformer scowls aghast
  Mid the doomed city's trackless woe:
Apelles veils his shuddering gaze,
  Its ugliness "offends him so."
The dainty-eared musician dies
In torment, of its rancous cries.

Yet there are souls of coarser grain,
  Or else more flexible, who find
Strange, infinite, allurements lurk,
  Undreamed of by the simple mind,
Along these streets, within the walls
Of *cafés*, shops, and music halls.

'Twixt jar of tongues, at endless strife
  On art, religion, social needs,
How many a keen thought springs to birth
  In him, this dubious book who reads!
For curious eyes no hours are spent,
That bring not interest, content.

I'll call not these the best, nor those;
  The country fashions, or the town;
On each descend heaven's bounteous rains,
  On each the impartial sun looks down.
Why should we gird and argue, friend;
Not follow where our natures tend?

The secret's this; where'er our lot,
  To read, mark, learn, digest them well;
The devious paths we mortals take
  To gain, at length, our heaven or hell:
Alike in some still, rural scene
On Regent Street and Bethnal Green.

JEAN INGELOW.

Jean Ingelow, an English poet and romance-writer, born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1830; died at Kensington, July 20, 1897. Her first publication was "Tales of Orris" (1860). Her father was a banker and a man of superior intellectual culture. As a child Miss Ingelow was exceedingly shy and reserved. She first came into public notice as a poet when her volume of poems containing "Divided," "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and the "Songs of Seven," was published in 1863, and the author secured immediate recognition as a poet of high rank. She published "A Story of Doom, and Other Poems" (1867); "Monitions of the Unseen" and "Poems of Love and Childhood" (1870), and "Poems of the Old Days and the New" (1885). She wrote several works for the young, among which were "Studies for Stories" (1864); "Poor Matt" (1866); "Stories told to a Child," two series (1866-1872); "A Sister's Bye-Hours" (1868); "Mopsa the Fairy" (1869); "Little Wonder-Horn" (1872); "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," "The Suspicious Jackdaw," "The Grandmother's Shoe," "The Golden Opportunity," "The Moorish Gold," "The Minnows with Silver Tails," "Two Ways of Telling a Story," "The Wild Duck Shooter." Her second series of poems was published in 1876, and her third series in 1885. She was also the author of several novels: "Off the Skelligs" (1873); "Fated to be Free" (1874); "Sarah de Berenger" (1881); "Don John" (1881); "John Jerome" (1886), and "A Motto Changed" (1894). During the latter part of her life Miss Ingelow lived in London, and three times a week she gave what she called a "copyright dinner" to twelve needy persons just discharged from the hospitals.

Miss Ingelow's writings were popular in America, as well as in England. In 1874 her poems had reached a sale of 98,000 copies in this country. She was a writer of the widest popularity. She had among other requisites for poetical composition what the critics called the gift of clear, strong, and simple language, and her pictures showed at once accurate observation of nature combined with a strong sympathy with the common interests of life.

Songs of Seven.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times," over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,

And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
  The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
  While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
  All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
  And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover.
  You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
  Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
  O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
  Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
  For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
  While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
  For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
  Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
  Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
  Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover —
  Hush, nightingale, hush! O. sweet nightingale, wait
    Till I listen and hear
    If a step draweth near,
    For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
  A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
  To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?

Let the star-clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep —

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow" —
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!

"Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
. . . here's two bonny boys"

From a painting by B. Plockhurst

A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! O let me alone,
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and head:
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
But a world happy and fair!
I have not wished it to mourn with me —
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
O what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore —
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear;
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an entering angel trod,
But once — thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
  Drawn up like morning dews —
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
  Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
  And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
  Will let no longer smart. —
To hear, to heed, to wed,
  This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said
  "Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind!
  To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
  My soul put by her fears —
O fond, O fool, and blind!
  God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
  Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
  Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are aid,
  Thy face no more she views:
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
  She doth in nought accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To love — and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONGING FOR HOME.

I.

A song of a boat: —
  There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
  And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim —
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest,
The bushes among —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly —
O, one after one they flew away

Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me —
Ah me!

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower;
The ringers ran by two, by three:
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song: —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of "Enderby."

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of 'Enderby'!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe
  Of pyrate galleys warping down,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
  They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
    "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
  Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
  Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, — "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby"!

With that he cried and beat his breast;
  For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
  The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore,
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

GIVE US LOVE AND GIVE US PEACE.

ONE morning, oh! so early, my belovèd, my belovèd,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, "Hear the story, hear the story!"
And the lark sang, "Give us glory!"
And the dove said, "Give us peace!"

Then I listened, oh! so early, my belovèd, my belovèd,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty!"
When the wren sang, "Give us beauty!"
She made answer, "Give us love!"

Sweet is spring, and sweet the morning, my belovèd, my belovèd;
Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon the year's increase,
And my prayer goes up, "Oh, give us, crowned in youth with marriage glory,
Give for all our life's dear story,
Give us love, and give us peace!"

The Shepherd Lady.

(From "Mopsa the Fairy.")

I.

Who pipes upon the long green hill,
Where meadow grass is deep?
The white lamb bleats but followeth on —
Follow the clean white sheep.
The dear white lady in yon high tower,
She hearkeneth in her sleep.

All in long grass the piper stands,
Goodly and grave is he;
Outside the tower, at dawn of day,
The notes of his pipe ring free.
A thought from his heart doth reach to hers:
"Come down, O lady! to me."

She lifts her head, she dons her gown:
Ah! the lady is fair;
She ties the girdle on her waist,
And binds her flaxen hair,
And down she stealeth, down and down,
Down the turret stair.

Behold him! With the flock he wons
Along yon grassy lea.
"My shepherd lord, my shepherd love,
What wilt thou, then, with me?
My heart is gone out of my breast,
And followeth on to thee."

II.

"The white lambs feed in tender grass;
With them and thee to bide,
How good it were," she saith at noon;
"Albeit the meads are wide.

Oh! well is me," she saith when day
  Draws on to eventide.

Hark! hark! the shepherd's voice. Oh, sweet!
  Her tears drop down like rain.
"Take now this crook, my chosen, my fere,
  And tend the flock full fain;
Feed them, O lady, and lose not one,
  Till I shall come again."

Right soft her speech: "My will is thine,
  And my reward thy grace!"
Gone are his footsteps over the hill,
  Withdrawn his goodly face;
The mournful dusk begins to gather,
  The daylight wanes apace.

III.

On sunny slopes, ah! long the lady
  Feedeth her flock at noon;
She leads it down to drink at eve
  Where the small rivulets croon.
All night her locks are wet with dew,
  Her eyes outwatch the moon.

Beyond the hills her voice is heard,
  She sings when life doth wane:
"My longing heart is full of love,
  Nor shall my watch be vain.
My shepherd lord, I see him not,
  But he will come again."

Sleep.

(A Woman Speaks.)

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep
  Through space with thee, and, lo, a dazzling sight—
  Stars! They came on, I felt their drawing and might;
And some had dark companions. Once (I weep

When I remember that) we sailed the tide,
And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,
  And met there my lost love, who said to me,
That 'twas a long mistake: he had not died.
  Sleep, in the world to come how strange 'twill be
  Never to want, never to wish for thee!

Love.

  Who veileth love should first have vanquished fate.
  She folded up the dream in her deep heart,
  Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,
Thick fringèd eyes did on the grasses wait.
What good? one eloquent blush, but one, and straight
  The meaning of a life was known; for art
  Is often foiled in playing nature's part,
And time holds nothing long inviolate.
Earth's buried seed springs up — slowly, or fast
The ring came home, that one in ages past
  Flung to the keeping of unfathomed seas:
  And golden apples on the mystic trees
Were sought and found, and borne away at last
  Though watched of the divine Hesperides.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, a popular American historian and novelist, born at New York, April 3, 1783; died at Irvington, near New York, Nov. 28, 1859. He was placed in a law office, and was in time admitted to the bar, but he never entered into practice. In 1804 he set out on a tour in Europe, from which he returned in 1806. In conjunction with his brother William and James K. Paulding, he set up *Salmagundi*, a periodical modeled somewhat upon Addison's *Spectator*. His "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, was published in 1809. In 1815 he went to England. In 1819 appeared the first number of his "Sketch-Book," which was continued for about two years.

In 1826 he became United States Secretary of Legation at Madrid. He there commenced the translation of Navarete's "Voyages of Columbus," but he abandoned the mere work of translation, and wrote instead his own "Life and Voyages of Columbus." In 1829 he was appointed United States Secretary of Legation at London, where he remained until 1832, when he returned to America after an absence of seventeen years.

Soon afterward he purchased a cottage on the banks of the Hudson, which he partly rebuilt, and named "Sunnyside." In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain. He resigned this post in 1846, and returned to America, where the remaining thirteen years of his life were passed. He now set himself seriously to work upon the "Life of Washington," which he had had in contemplation for several years.

The following is a list of the works of Irving: "Salmagundi," only in part by Irving (1807); "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (1809); "The Sketch-Book" (1819–1820); "Bracebridge Hall" (1822); "Tales of a Traveler" (1824); "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828); "The Conquest of Granada" (1829); "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831); "The Alhambra" (1832); "A Tour on the Prairies" (1835); "Astoria" (1836); "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837); "Oliver Goldsmith" (1849); "Mahomet and His Successors" (1850); "Wolfert's Roost, and Other Sketches," mostly written some years earlier (1855); "Life of Washington" (1855–1859). The standard "Life of Irving" is that by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, which includes his "Letters" (4 vols., 1862–1863). Besides this is Charles Dudley Warner's "Life of Irving," in "American Men of Letters" (1881).

Rip Van Winkle.

A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; — in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-be-setting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon — "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows

"Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

(*Joseph Jefferson in the character of Rip*)

of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. — "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point — others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony-Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask: but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had retured to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins: and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

The Art of Book-Making.

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which Nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a room in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. While I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favored being generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight-errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among moldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall, tooth and nail, with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale, of a philosopher, who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of Nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose: — I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British Library, an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black-letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table — but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavoring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach, produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright colored clothes, with a chirping gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognized in him a diligent getter-up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' caldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes? may it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced? We see that Nature has wisely, though whimsically provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn-field, are, in fact, Nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works, also, undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history, revives in the shape of a romance — an old legend changes into a modern play, — and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, moldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of Nature, which declares that all sublunary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees, also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, passes away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and the species continue to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers; that is to say, with the authors who preceded them — and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted, so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi, I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about the great repository of cast-off clothes, Monmouth-street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several moldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavored to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly-looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court-dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front, but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small-clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and to catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patch-work manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters, and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribands from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention, was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of "thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvas, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavored in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half-a-dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, raged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colors as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, whom I had been accustomed to look upon with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatical old gentleman in the Greek frizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little pursy, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture-frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself wide awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

The Specter Bridegroom.

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech-trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon a neighboring country.

The Baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the Baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagle's nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the Baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary inveteracy all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The Baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the Baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins, assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care, under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions, she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing, could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly, that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little good-for-nothing lady-like knicknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnielieders by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men — pah! she was taught to hold them at such distance and distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world — no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one, for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the Baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the Baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The Baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests even exceeded his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family-gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: — it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the Baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other, and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the Baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarreled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the luster of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature; they were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The Baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle, with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent, and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly of a warm summer's day.

In the meantime, the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein*, and even the great Heidelburg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality — but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hope of catching a distant sight of the Count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes: a number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed — the bats began to flit by in the twilight — the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner, at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers; Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the Count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the Count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the Count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested with robbers as its castles by specters; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered when the Count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the Count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body. But half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate Count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium — raved about his bride — his engagements — his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort, and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character, that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the Count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little Baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The Baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The Baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The Baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The Baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably" —

Here the Baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted once or twice to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the Baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised, gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger, and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived, left no time for parley. The Baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked croslets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare: the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone, that could not be overheard — for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went, as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The Baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was any thing marvelous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if any thing facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The Baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke, but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced cousin of the Baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced, and, strange as it may appear, even the Baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales, and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the Baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora — a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Baron, and as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the Baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The Baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, every thing was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully, and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the Baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified — the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The Baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the Baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement" —

"Why," said the Baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute — I must attend it in person — I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral" —

"Ay," said the Baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow — to-morrow you will take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride — the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man — I have been slain by robbers — my body lies at Wurtzburg — at midnight I am to be buried — the grave is waiting for me — I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night-blast.

The Baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright; others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a specter. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the Baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young Count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The Baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests who had come to rejoice with him could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him — and such a husband! if the very specter could be so gracious and noble what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just told midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Specter Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the specter had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the specter of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared that she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the specter, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth — that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast-table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty — the bed had not been slept in — the window was open — and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which this intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the specter must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the specter on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor Baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grand-children. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The Baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the Baron's feet embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion — the Specter Bridegroom! The Baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the specter, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young Count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the Baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the Baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth — had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window — had wooed — had won — had borne away in triumph — and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the Baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The Baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous — and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvelous story marred, and that the only specter she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood — and so the story ends.

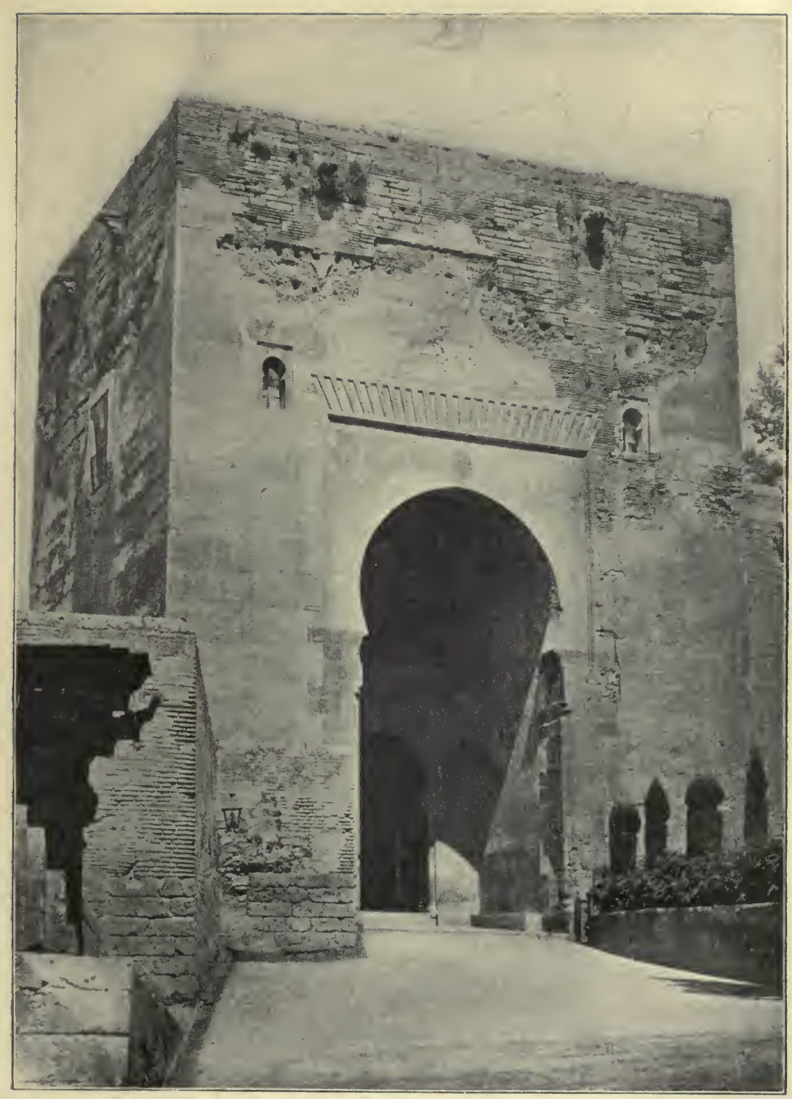
A Moorish Palace.

(From "The Alhambra.")

The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress; the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spire of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountain.

In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful Queen Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. . . .

Leaving our posada of La Espada, we traversed the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. From thence we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what was the great Bazaar in the time of the Moors, where the small shops and narrow alleys still retain their Oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the *Calle*, or street, of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to a mansion gate-



THE GATE OF JUSTICE

(*Alhambra*)

way of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

At the gate were two or three ragged and superannuated soldiers dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegris and the Abencerrages; while a tall meager varlet, whose rusty brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine, and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. . . .

We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right on the opposite side of the ravine we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos or Vermilion Towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra. Some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids; one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes; a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures.

The great vestibule or porch of the gate is formed by an immense Arabian arch of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is engraven in like manner a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. . . .

After passing through the barbican we ascended a narrow lane winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors for the supply of the fortress. Here also is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water, — another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended it is said to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion; and passing by it, we entered a simple unostentatious portal opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

The transition was almost magical; it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. It is called the Court of the Alberca. In the center was an immense basin or fish-pool, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold-fish and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great tower of Comares.

From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When we look upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveler. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court, a portal richly adorned opens into a lofty hall paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above, and a free circulation of air. The lower part of the walls is incrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs; the upper part is faced with the fine stucco work invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates cast in molds and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of having been laboriously sculptured by the hand into light relievos and fanciful arabesques, intermingled with texts of the Koran and poetical inscriptions in Arabian and Celtic characters. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices paneled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant and enduring colors. On each side of the wall are recesses for ottomans and arches. Above an inner porch is a balcony which communicated with the women's apartment. The latticed balconies still remain from whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below. . . .

From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or great fish-pool; crossing which we proceeded to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hillside which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs; thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed, and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceilings of cedar-wood, almost lost in obscurity from its height, still gleam with rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows, cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega. I might go on to describe the other delightful apartments of this side of the palace; the Tocador or toilet of the queen, an open belvedere on the summit of the tower, where the Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain and the prospect of the surrounding paradise; the secluded little patio or garden of

Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain, its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges; the cool halls and grottos of the baths, where the glare and heat of day are tempered into a self-mysterious light and a pervading freshness: but I appear to dwell minutely on these scenes. My object is merely to give the reader a general introduction into an abode where, if disposed, he may linger and loiter with me through the remainder of this work, gradually becoming familiar with all its beauties.

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and pastures, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra. . . .

The peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favorable to this phantasmagoria of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers, yet see — not one of those slender columns has been displaced; not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist.

I write in the midst of these mementos of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around. Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and then, surging upwards, darts away twittering over the roof; the busy bee toils humming among the flower-beds, and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem, loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He however who would behold this scene under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls: then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here were performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host, — that mixture of mitered prelate, and shorn monk, and steel-clad knight, and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned Te Deum.

The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares.

HELEN FISKE HUNT JACKSON.

Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson, an American novelist, poet, and general writer, born at Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831; died at San Francisco, Aug. 12, 1885. She was the daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst, Mass. Her first husband, Captain E. B. Hunt, died in 1863. Mrs. Jackson's earliest writings appeared over the signature of "H. H." In 1870 she published a volume entitled "Verses." Her first prose volume, "Bits of Travel" (1872), was followed by "Bits of Talk About Home Matters" (1873), "Bits of Talk for Young People" (1876), and "Bits of Travel at Home" (1878). In 1875 she married Mr. W. S. Jackson, of Colorado Springs. Here she became interested in the Indians, and in 1881 she published "A Century of Dishonor," relating to the dealings of the United States Government with the red-men. This led to her appointment in 1883 as a special commissioner to examine into the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California. After visiting the different tribes she wrote "Ramona" (1884), a novel relating to the Missions. She had previously written two novels in the "No Name" series: "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876) and "Hetty's Strange History" (1877). Besides these works she published "The Story of Boon," a poem (1879); "The Training of Children" (1882); and several books for young people: "Nelly's Silver Mine" (1878); "Mammy Tittleback and Her Family" (1881); and "The Hunter Cats of Connorloa" (1884). Since her death have appeared "Glimpses of Three Coasts," "Sonnets and Lyrics," "Zeph," a novel (1886), and "Between Whiles" (1887).

My Hickory Fire.

O helpless body of hickory-tree,
What do I burn in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;

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Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
O strong white body of hickory-tree,
How dare I burn all these in thee?
  But I too bring, as to a pyre,
Sweet things to feed thy funeral fire:
Memories waked by thy deep spell;
Faces of fears and hopes which fell;
Faces of darlings long since dead,—
Smiles that they smiled, and words they said;
Like living shapes they come and go,
Lit by the mounting flame's red glow.
But sacredest of all, O tree,
Thou hast the hour my love gave me.
Only thy rhythmic silence stirred
While his low-whispered tones I heard;
By thy last gleam of flickering light
I saw his cheek turn red from white;
O cold gray ashes, side by side
With yours, that hour's sweet pulses died!
  But thou, brave tree, how do I know
That through these fires thou dost not go
As in old days the martyrs went
Through fire which was a sacrament?
How do I know thou dost not wait
In longing for thy next estate?—
Estate of higher, nobler place,
Whose shapes no man can use or trace.
How do I know, if I could reach
The secret meaning of thy speech,
But I thy song of praise should hear,
Ringing triumphant, loud, and clear?—

Burnt Ships.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
  And foaming prow across the misty sea!
  O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west; that bloom no wintry gale

Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy
To shores unknown!
O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries:
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships?

CROSSED THREADS.

THE silken threads by viewless spinners spun,
Which float so idly on the summer air,
And help to make each summer morning fair,
Shining like silver in the summer sun,
Are caught by wayward breezes, one by one,
And blown to east and west and fastened there,
Weaving on all the roads their sudden snare.
No sign which road doth safest, freest, run,
The wingèd insects know, that soar so gay
To meet their death upon each summer day.
How dare we any human deed arraign;
Attempt to reckon any moment's cost;
Or any pathway trust as safe and plain
Because we see not where the threads have crossed?

OUTWARD BOUND.

THE hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore,
In sudden fear lest we return no more:
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untrod before.
Ah, foolish hearts! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our thresholds when the day is born:
We sail, at sunrise, daily, "outward bound."

HENRY JAMES.

HENRY JAMES, a leading American novelist and critic, was born in New York City, April 15, 1843. He was carefully educated in his native city, and at Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He studied law; but, turning his attention to literature, he began, in 1865, to write sketches for the magazines. "The Story of a Year," a tale of the War, was followed in 1867 by a short serial entitled "Poor Richard," and in 1869 by "Gabrielle de Bergerac." He went to Europe in 1869, and thereafter made his home in England and in Italy. He published "Watch and Ward" in 1871; and in 1874 he came to America for a few months to write criticisms for the *Atlantic Monthly,* and to publish his volume of "Trans-Atlantic Sketches." Returning to Europe, he issued serially in 1875 his first extended-novel, "Roderick Hudson," and published a volume of stories, including his "Passionate Pilgrim." Then followed "The American" (1877); "Daisy Miller" (1878); "An International Episode" (1878); "The Europeans" (1878); "Pension Beaurepas" (1878); "The Diary of a Man of Fifty" (1880); "The Portrait of a Lady" (1881); "The Bostonians" (1886); "The Princess Casamassima" (1886); "The Tragic Muse" (1890); "The Lesson of the Master" (1892); "The Real Thing" (1893); "Terminations" (1895); "Embarrassments" (1896); "The Other House" (1896). Among his critical works is a volume of valuable essays on "French Poets and Novelists." So complete is his mastery of the French language that a story which he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is said to be considered by the severest French critics as an example of most elegant French. The subject most frequently treated of in his novels is the contrast between American and European life and manners.

DAISY MILLER: A STUDY.[1]

PART SECOND.

WINTERBOURNE, who had returned to Geneva the day after his excursion to Chillon, went to Rome toward the end of January. His aunt had been established there for several weeks, and he had received a couple of letters from her. "Those people you were so devoted to last summer at Vevay have turned up here, courier and all," she wrote. "They seem to have made several acquaintances, but the courier continues to be the most *intime.* The young lady, however, is also very intimate with some third-rate Italians, with whom she rackets about in a way that makes much talk. Bring me that pretty novel of Cherbuliez's — 'Paule Méré' — and don't come later than the 23d."

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[1] Copyright 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

In the natural course of events, Winterbourne, on arriving in Rome, would presently have ascertained Mrs. Miller's address at the American banker's, and have gone to pay his compliments to Miss Daisy. "After what happened at Vevay, I think I may certainly call upon them," he said to Mrs. Costello.

"If, after what happens — at Vevay and everywhere — you desire to keep up the acquaintance, you are very welcome. Of course a man may know every one. Men are welcome to the privilege!"

"Pray what is it that happens — here, for instance?" Winterbourne demanded.

"The girl goes about alone with her foreigners. As to what happens further, you must apply elsewhere for information. She has picked up half a dozen of the regular Roman fortune-hunters, and she takes them about to people's houses. When she comes to a party she brings with her a gentleman with a good deal of manner and a wonderful mustache."

"And where is the mother?"

"I haven't the least idea. They are very dreadful people."

Winterbourne meditated a moment. "They are very ignorant — very innocent only. Depend upon it they are not bad."

"They are hopelessly vulgar," said Mrs. Costello. "Whether or no being hopelessly vulgar is being 'bad' is a question for the metaphysicians. They are bad enough to dislike, at any rate; and for this short life that is quite enough."

The news that Daisy Miller was surrounded by half a dozen wonderful mustaches checked Winterbourne's impulse to go straightway to see her. He had, perhaps, not definitely flattered himself that he had made an ineffaceable impression upon her heart, but he was annoyed at hearing of a state of affairs so little in harmony with an image that had lately flitted in and out of his own meditations; the image of a very pretty girl looking out of an old Roman window and asking herself urgently when Mr. Winterbourne would arrive. If, however, he determined to wait a little before reminding Miss Miller of his claims to her consideration, he went very soon to call upon two or three other friends. One of these friends was an American lady who had spent several winters at Geneva, where she had placed her children at school. She was a very accomplished woman, and she lived in the Via Gregoriana. Winterbourne found her in a little crimson drawing-room on a third floor; the room was filled with southern sunshine. He had not been there ten minutes when the servant came in, announcing "Madame Mila!" This announcement was presently followed by the entrance of little Randolph Miller, who stopped in the middle of the room and stood staring at Winterbourne. An instant later his pretty sister crossed the threshold; and then, after a considerable interval, Mrs. Miller slowly advanced.

"I know you!" said Randolph.

"I am sure you know a great many things," exclaimed Winterbourne, taking him by the hand. "How is your education coming on?"

Daisy was exchanging greetings very prettily with her hostess; but when she heard Winterbourne's voice she quickly turned her head. "Well, I declare!" she said.

"I told you I should come, you know," Winterbourne rejoined, smiling.

"Well, I didn't believe it," said Miss Daisy.

"I am much obliged to you," laughed the young man.

"You might have come to see me!" said Daisy.

"I arrived only yesterday."

"I don't believe that!" the young girl declared.

Winterbourne turned with a protesting smile to her mother; but this lady evaded his glance, and, seating herself, fixed her eyes upon her son. "We've got a bigger place than this," said Randolph. "It's all gold on the walls."

Mrs. Miller turned uneasily in her chair. "I told you if I were to bring you, you would say something!" she murmured.

"I told *you!*" Randolph exclaimed. "I tell *you*, sir!" he added, jocosely, giving Winterbourne a thump on the knee. "It *is* bigger, too!"

Daisy had entered upon a lively conversation with her hostess; Winterbourne judged it becoming to address a few words to her mother. "I hope you have been well since we parted at Vevay," he said.

Mrs. Miller now certainly looked at him — at his chin. "Not very well, sir," she answered.

"She's got the dyspepsia," said Randolph. "I've got it too. Father's got it. I've got it most!"

This announcement, instead of embarrassing Mrs. Miller, seemed to relieve her. "I suffer from the liver," she said. "I think it's this climate; it's less bracing than Schenectady, especially in the winter season. I don't know whether you know we reside at Schenectady. I was saying to Daisy that I certainly hadn't found anyone like Dr. Davis, and I didn't believe I should. Oh, at Schenectady he stands first; they think everything of him. He has so much to do, and yet there was nothing he wouldn't do for me. He said he never saw anything like my dyspepsia, but he was bound to cure it. I'm sure there was nothing he wouldn't try. He was just going to try something new when we came off. Mr. Miller wanted Daisy to see Europe for herself. But I wrote to Mr. Miller that it seems as if I couldn't get on without Dr. Davis. At Schenectady he stands at the very top; and there's a great deal of sickness there, too. It affects my sleep."

Winterbourne had a good deal of pathological gossip with Dr. Davis's patient, during which Daisy chattered unremittingly to her own companion. The young man asked Mrs. Miller how she was pleased with Rome. "Well, I must say I am disappointed," she answered. "We had heard so much about it; I suppose we had heard too much. But we couldn't help that. We had been led to expect something different."

"Ah, wait a little, and you will become very fond of it," said Winterbourne.

"I hate it worse and worse every day!" cried Randolph.

"You are like the infant Hannibal," said Winterbourne.

"No, I ain't!" Randolph declared, at a venture.

"You are not much like an infant," said his mother. "But we have seen places," she resumed, "that I should put a long way before Rome." And in reply to Winterbourne's interrogation, "There's Zürich," she concluded, "I think Zürich is lovely; and we hadn't heard half so much about it."

"The best place we've seen is the City of Richmond," said Randolph.

"He means the ship," his mother explained. "We crossed in that ship. Randolph had a good time on the *City of Richmond*."

"It's the best place I've seen," the child repeated. "Only it was turned the wrong way."

"Well, we've got to turn the right way some time," said Mrs. Miller, with a little laugh. Winterbourne expressed the hope that her daughter at least found some gratification in Rome, and she declared that Daisy was quite carried away. "It's on account of the society — the society's splendid. She goes round everywhere; she has made a great number of acquaintances. Of course she goes round more than I do. I must say they have been very sociable; they have taken her right in. And then she knows a great many gentlemen. Oh, she thinks there's nothing like Rome. Of course, it's a great deal pleasanter for a young lady if she knows plenty of gentlemen."

By this time Daisy had turned her attention again to Winterbourne. "I've been telling Mrs. Walker how mean you were!" the young girl announced.

"And what is the evidence you have offered?" asked Winterbourne, rather annoyed at Miss Miller's want of appreciation of the zeal of an admirer who on his way down to Rome had stopped neither at Bologna nor at Florence, simply because of a certain sentimental impatience. He remembered that a cynical compatriot had once told him that American women — the pretty ones, and this gave a largeness to the axiom — were at once the most exacting in the world and the least endowed with a sense of indebtedness.

"Why, you were awfully mean at Vevay," said Daisy. "You wouldn't do anything. You wouldn't stay there when I asked you."

"My dearest young lady," cried Winterbourne, with eloquence, "have I come all the way to Rome to encounter your reproaches?"

"Just hear him say that!" said Daisy to her hostess, giving a twist to a bow on this lady's dress. "Did you ever hear anything so quaint?"

"So quaint, my dear?" murmured Mrs. Walker, in the tone of a partisan of Winterbourne.

"Well, I don't know," said Daisy, fingering Mrs. Walker's ribbons. "Mrs. Walker, I want to tell you something."

"Mother-r," interposed Randolph, with his rough ends to his words, "I tell you you've got to go. Eugenio 'll raise — something!"

"I'm not afraid of Eugenio," said Daisy, with a toss of her head. "Look here, Mrs. Walker," she went on, "you know I'm coming to your party."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"I've got a lovely dress!"

"I am very sure of that."

"But I want to ask a favor — permission to bring a friend."

"I shall be happy to see any of your friends," said Mrs. Walker, turning with a smile to Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, they are not my friends," answered Daisy's mamma, smiling shyly, in her own fashion. "I never spoke to them."

"It's an intimate friend of mine — Mr. Giovanelli," said Daisy, without a tremor in her clear little voice or a shadow on her brilliant little face.

Mrs. Walker was silent a moment; she gave a rapid glance at Winterbourne. "I shall be glad to see Mr. Giovanelli," she then said.

"He's an Italian," Daisy pursued, with the prettiest serenity. "He's a great friend of mine; he's the handsomest man in the world — except Mr. Winterbourne! He knows plenty of Italians, but he wants to know some Americans. He thinks ever so much of Americans. He's tremendously clever. He's perfectly lovely!"

It was settled that this brilliant personage should be brought to Mrs. Walker's party, and then Mrs. Miller prepared to take her leave. "I guess we'll go back to the hotel," she said.

"You may go back to the hotel, mother, but I'm going to take a walk," said Daisy.

"She's going to walk with Mr. Giovanelli," Randolph proclaimed.

"I am going to the Pincio," said Daisy, smiling.

"Alone, my dear — at this hour?" Mrs. Walker asked. The afternoon was drawing to a close — it was the hour for the throng of carriages and of contemplative pedestrians. "I don't think it's safe, my dear," said Mrs. Walker.

"Neither do I," subjoined Mrs. Miller. "You'll get the fever, as sure as you live. Remember what Dr. Davis told you!"

"Give her some medicine before she goes," said Randolph.

The company had risen to its feet; Daisy, still showing her pretty teeth, bent over and kissed her hostess. "Mrs. Walker, you are too perfect," she said. "I'm not going alone; I am going to meet a friend."

"Your friend won't keep you from getting the fever," Mrs. Miller observed.

"Is it Mr. Giovanelli?" asked the hostess.

Winterbourne was watching the young girl; at this question his attention quickened. She stood there smiling and smoothing her bonnet ribbons; she glanced at Winterbourne. Then, while she glanced and smiled, she answered, without a shade of hesitation, "Mr. Giovanelli — the beautiful Giovanelli."

"My dear young friend," said Mrs. Walker, taking her hand, pleadingly, "don't walk off to the Pincio at this hour to meet a beautiful Italian."

"Well, he speaks English," said Mrs. Miller.

"Gracious me!" Daisy exclaimed, "I don't want to do anything improper. There's an easy way to settle it." She continued to glance at Winterbourne. "The Pincio is only a hundred yards distant; and if Mr. Winterbourne were as polite as he pretends, he would offer to walk with me!"

Winterbourne's politeness hastened to affirm itself, and the young girl gave him gracious leave to accompany her. They passed down-stairs before her mother, and at the door Winterbourne perceived Mrs. Miller's carriage drawn up, with the ornamental courier whose acquaintance he had made at Vevay seated within. "Good-by, Eugenio!" cried Daisy; "I'm going to take a walk." The distance from the Via Gregoriana to the beautiful garden at the other end of the Pincian Hill is, in fact, rapidly traversed. As the day was splendid, however, and the concourse of vehicles, walkers, and loungers numerous, the young Americans found their progress much delayed. This fact was highly agreeable to Winterbourne, in spite of his consciousness of his singular situation. The slow-moving, idly-gazing Roman crowd bestowed much attention upon the extremely pretty young foreign lady who was passing through it upon his arm; and he wondered what on earth had been in Daisy's mind when she proposed to expose herself, unattended, to its appreciation. His own mission, to her sense, apparently, was to consign her to the hands of Mr. Giovanelli; but Winterbourne, at once annoyed and gratified, resolved that he would do no such thing.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" asked Daisy. "You can't get out of that."

"I have had the honor of telling you that I have only just stepped out of the train."

"You must have stayed in the train a good while after it stopped!" cried the young girl, with her little laugh. "I suppose you were asleep. You have had time to go to see Mrs. Walker."

"I knew Mrs. Walker" — Winterbourne began to explain.

"I know where you knew her. You knew her at Geneva. She told me so. Well, you knew me at Vevay. That's just as good. So you ought to have come." She asked him no other question than this; she began to prattle about her own affairs. "We've got splendid rooms at the hotel; Eugenio says they're the best rooms in Rome. We are going to stay all winter, if we don't die of the fever; and I guess we'll stay then. It's a great deal nicer than I thought; I thought it would be fearfully quiet; I was sure it would be awfully poky. I was sure we should be going round all the time with one of those dreadful old men that explain about the pictures and things. But we only had about a week of that, and now I'm enjoying myself. I know ever so many people, and they are all so charming. The society's extremely select. There are all kinds — English, and Germans, and Italians. I think I like the English best. I like their style of conversation. But there are some lovely Americans. I never saw anything so hospitable. There's something or other every day. There's not much dancing; but I must say I never thought dancing was everything. I was always fond of conversation. I guess I shall have plenty at Mrs. Walker's, her rooms are so small." When they had passed the gate of the Pincian Gardens, Miss Miller began to wonder where Mr. Giovanelli might be. "We had better go straight to that place in front," she said, "where you look at the view."

"I certainly shall not help you to find him," Winterbourne declared.

"Then I shall find him without you," said Miss Daisy.

"You certainly won't leave me!" cried Winterbourne.

She burst into her little laugh. "Are you afraid you'll get lost — or run over? But there's Giovanelli, leaning against that tree. He's staring at the women in the carriages: did you ever see anything so cool?"

Winterbourne perceived at some distance a little man standing with folded arms nursing his cane. He had a handsome face, an artfully poised hat, a glass in one eye, and a nosegay in his buttonhole. Winterbourne looked at him a moment, and then said, "Do you mean to speak to that man?"

"Do I mean to speak to him? Why, you don't suppose I mean to communicate by signs?"

"Pray understand, then," said Winterbourne, "that I intend to remain with you."

Daisy stopped and looked at him, without a sign of troubled consciousness in her face; with nothing but the presence of her charming eyes and her happy dimples. "Well, she's a cool one!" thought the young man.

"I don't like the way you say that," said Daisy. "It's too imperious."

"I beg your pardon if I say it wrong. The main point is to give you an idea of my meaning."

The young girl looked at him more gravely, but with eyes that were prettier than ever. "I have never allowed a gentleman to dictate to me, or to interfere with anything I do."

"I think you have made a mistake," said Winterbourne. "You should sometimes listen to a gentleman — the right one."

Daisy began to laugh again. "I do nothing but listen to gentlemen!" she exclaimed. "Tell me if Mr. Giovanelli is the right one?"

The gentleman with the nosegay in his bosom had now perceived our two friends, and was approaching the young girl with obsequious rapidity. He bowed to Winterbourne as well as to the latter's companion; he had a brilliant smile, an intelligent eye; Winterbourne thought him not a bad-looking fellow. But he nevertheless said to Daisy, "No, he's not the right one."

Daisy evidently had a natural talent for performing introductions; she mentioned the name of each of her companions to the other. She strolled along with one of them on each side of her; Mr. Giovanelli, who spoke English very cleverly — Winterbourne afterward learned that he had practiced the idiom upon a great many American heiresses — addressed her a great deal of very polite nonsense; he was extremely urbane, and the young American, who said nothing, reflected upon that profundity of Italian cleverness which enables people to appear more gracious in proportion as they are more acutely disappointed. Giovanelli, of course, had counted upon something more intimate; he had not bargained for a party of three. But he kept his temper in a manner which suggested far-stretching intentions. Winterbourne flattered himself that he had taken his measure. "He is not a gentleman," said the young American; "he is only a clever imitation of one. He is a music-master, or a penny-a-liner, or a third-rate artist. D—n his good looks!" Mr. Giovanelli had certainly a very pretty face; but Winterbourne felt a superior indignation at his own lovely fellow-countrywoman's not knowing the difference between a spurious gentleman and a real one. Giovanelli chattered and jested, and made himself wonderfully agreeable. It was true that, if he was an imitation, the imitation was brilliant. "Nevertheless," Winterbourne said to himself, "a nice girl ought to know!" And then he came back to the question, whether this was, in fact, a nice girl. Would a nice girl, even allowing for her being a little American flirt, make a rendezvous with a presumably low-lived foreigner? The rendezvous in this case, indeed, had been in broad daylight, and in the most crowded corner of Rome; but was it not impossible to regard the choice of these circumstances as a proof of extreme cynicism? Singular though it may seem, Winterbourne was vexed that the young girl, in joining her *amoroso*, should not appear more impatient of his own company, and he was vexed because of his inclination. It was impossible to regard her as a perfectly well-conducted young lady; she was wanting in a certain indispensable delicacy. It would therefore simplify matters greatly to be able to treat her as the object of one of those sentiments which are called by romancers "lawless passions." That she should seem to wish to get rid of him would help him to think more lightly of her, and to be able to think more lightly of her would make her much less perplexing. But Daisy, on this occasion, continued to present herself as an inscrutable combination of audacity and innocence.

She had been walking some quarter of an hour, attended by her two cavaliers, and responding in a tone of very childish gayety, as it seemed to Winterbourne, to the pretty speeches of Mr. Giovanelli, when a carriage that had detached itself from the revolving train drew up beside the path. At the same moment Winterbourne perceived that his friend Mrs. Walker — the lady whose house he had lately left — was seated in the vehicle, and was beckoning to him. Leaving Miss Miller's side, he hastened to obey her summons. Mrs. Walker was flushed; she wore an excited air. "It is really too dreadful," she said. "That girl must not do this sort of thing. She must not walk here with you two men. Fifty people have noticed her."

Winterbourne raised his eyebrows. "I think it's a pity to make too much fuss about it."

"It's a pity to let the girl ruin herself!"

"She is very innocent," said Winterbourne.

"She's very crazy!" cried Mrs. Walker. "Did you ever see anything so imbecile as her mother? After you had all left me just now, I could not sit still for thinking of it. It seemed too pitiful, not even to attempt to save her. I ordered the carriage and put on my bonnet, and came here as quickly as possible. Thank Heaven I have found you!"

"What do you propose to do with us?" asked Winterbourne, smiling.

"To ask her to get in, to drive her about here for half an hour, so that the world may see she is not running absolutely wild, and then to take her safely home."

"I don't think it's a very happy thought," said Winterbourne; "but you can try."

Mrs. Walker tried. The young man went in pursuit of Miss Miller, who had simply nodded and smiled at his interlocutor in the carriage, and had gone her way with her companion. Daisy, on learning that Mrs. Walker wished to speak to her, retraced her steps with a perfect good grace and with Mr. Giovanelli at her side. She declared that she was delighted to have a chance to present this gentleman to Mrs. Walker. She immediately achieved the introduction, and declared that she had never in her life seen anything so lovely as Mrs. Walker's carriage-rug.

"I am glad you admire it," said this lady, smiling sweetly. "Will you get in and let me pull it over you?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Daisy. "I shall admire it much more as I see you driving round with it."

"Do get in and drive with me!" said Mrs. Walker.

"That would be charming, but it's so enchanting just as I am!" and Daisy gave a brilliant glance at the gentlemen on either side of her.

"It may be enchanting, dear child, but it is not the custom here," urged Mrs. Walker, leaning forward in her victoria, with her hands devoutly clasped.

"Well, it ought to be, then!" said Daisy. "If I didn't walk I should expire."

"You should walk with your mother, dear," cried the lady from Geneva, losing patience.

"With my mother dear!" exclaimed the young girl. Winterbourne saw that she scented interference. "My mother never walked ten steps in her life. And then, you know," she added, with a laugh, "I am more than five years old."

"You are old enough to be more reasonable. You are old enough, dear Miss Miller, to be talked about."

Daisy looked at Mrs. Walker, smiling intensely. "Talked about? What do you mean?"

"Come into my carriage, and I will tell you."

Daisy turned her quickened glance again from one of the gentlemen beside her to the other. Mr. Giovanelli was bowing to and fro, rubbing down his gloves and laughing very agreeably; Winterbourne thought it a most unpleasant scene. "I don't think I want to know what you mean," said Daisy, presently. "I don't think I should like it."

Winterbourne wished that Mrs. Walker would tuck in her carriage-rug and drive away; but this lady did not enjoy being defied, as she afterward told him. "Should you prefer being thought a very reckless girl?" she demanded.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Daisy. She looked again at Mr. Giovanelli, then she turned to Winterbourne. There was a little pink flush in her cheek; she was tremendously pretty. "Does Mr. Winterbourne think," she asked, slowly, smiling, throwing back her head and glancing at him from head to foot, "that, to save my reputation, I ought to get into the carriage?"

Winterbourne colored; for an instant he hesitated greatly. It seemed so strange to hear her speak that way of her "reputation." But he himself, in fact, must speak in accordance with gallantry. The finest gallantry, here, was simply to tell her the truth; and the truth, for Winterbourne, as the few indications I have been able to give have made him known to the reader, was that Daisy Miller should take Mrs. Walker's advice. He looked at her exquisite prettiness, and then he said. very gently, "I think you should get into the carriage."

Daisy gave a violent laugh. "I never heard anything so stiff! If this is improper, Mrs. Walker," she pursued, "then I am all improper, and you must give me up. Good-by; I hope you'll have a lovely ride!" and, with Mr. Giovanelli, who made a triumphantly obsequious salute, she turned away.

Mrs. Walker sat looking after her, and there were tears in

Mrs. Walker's eyes. "Get in here, sir," she said to Winterbourne, indicating the place beside her. The young man answered that he felt bound to accompany Miss Miller; whereupon Mrs. Walker declared that if he refused her this favor she would never speak to him again. She was evidently in earnest. Winterbourne overtook Daisy and her companion, and, offering the young girl his hand, told her that Mrs. Walker had made an imperious claim upon his society. He expected that in answer she would say something rather free, something to commit herself still further to that "recklessness" from which Mrs. Walker had so charitably endeavored to dissuade her. But she only shook his hand, hardly looking at him; while Mr. Giovanelli bade him farewell with a too emphatic flourish of the hat.

Winterbourne was not in the best possible humor as he took his seat in Mrs. Walker's victoria. "That was not clever of you," he said, candidly, while the vehicle mingled again with the throng of carriages.

"In such a case," his companion answered, "I don't wish to be clever; I wish to be *earnest!*"

"Well, your earnestness has only offended her and put her off."

"It has happened very well," said Mrs. Walker. "If she is so perfectly determined to compromise herself, the sooner one knows it the better; one can act accordingly."

"I suspect she meant no harm," Winterbourne rejoined.

"So I thought a month ago. But she has been going too far."

"What has she been doing?"

"Everything that is not done here. Flirting with any man she could pick up; sitting in corners with mysterious Italians; dancing all the evening with the same partners; receiving visits at eleven o'clock at night. Her mother goes away when visitors come."

"But her brother," said Winterbourne, laughing, "sits up till midnight."

"He must be edified by what he sees. I'm told that at their hotel every one is talking about her, and that a smile goes round among all the servants when a gentleman comes and asks for Miss Miller."

"The servants be hanged!" said Winterbourne, angrily. "The poor girl's only fault," he presently added, "is that she is very uncultivated."

"She is naturally indelicate," Mrs. Walker declared. "Take that example this morning. How long had you known her at Vevay?"

"A couple of days."

"Fancy, then, her making it a personal matter that you should have left the place!"

Winterbourne was silent for some moments; then he said, "I suspect, Mrs. Walker, that you and I have lived too long at Geneva!" And he added a request that she should inform him with what particular design she had made him enter her carriage.

"I wished to beg you to cease your relations with Miss Miller — not to flirt with her — to give her no further opportunity to expose herself — to let her alone, in short."

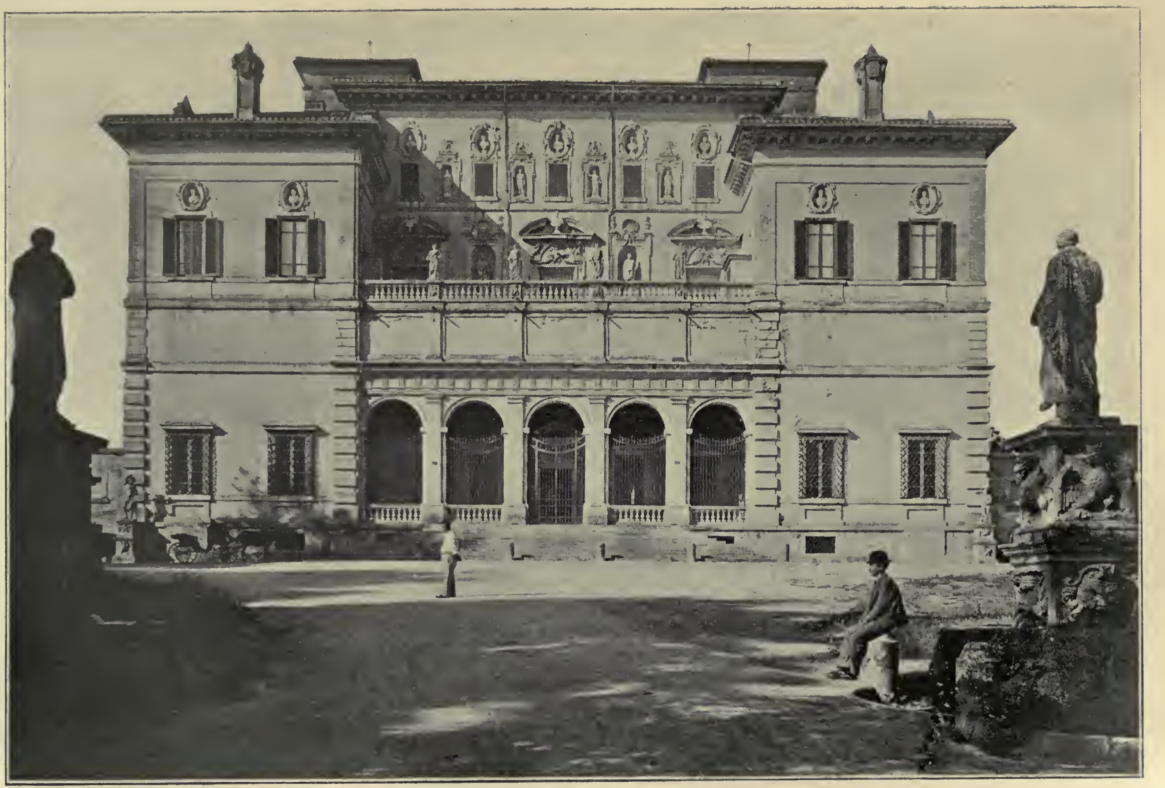
"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Winterbourne. "I like her extremely."

"All the more reason that you shouldn't help her to make a scandal."

"There shall be nothing scandalous in my attentions to her."

"There certainly will be in the way she takes them. But I have said what I had on my conscience," Mrs. Walker pursued. "If you wish to rejoin the young lady I will put you down. Here, by-the-way, you have a chance."

The carriage was traversing that part of the Pincian Garden that overhangs the wall of Rome and overlooks the beautiful Villa Borghese. It is bordered by a large parapet, near which there are several seats. One of the seats at a distance was occupied by a gentleman and a lady, toward whom Mrs. Walker gave a toss of her head. At the same moment these persons rose and walked toward the parapet. Winterbourne had asked the coachman to stop; he now descended from the carriage. His companion looked at him a moment in silence; then, while he raised his hat, she drove majestically away. Winterbourne stood there; he had turned his eyes toward Daisy and her cavalier. They evidently saw no one; they were too deeply occupied with each other. When they reached the low garden-wall, they stood a moment looking off at the great flat-topped pine-clusters of the Villa Borghese; then Giovanelli seated himself, familiarly, upon the broad ledge of the wall. The western sun in the opposite sky sent out a brilliant shaft through a couple of cloud-bars, whereupon Daisy's companion took her parasol out of her hands and opened it. She came a little nearer,



VILLA BORGHESE

(*Rome*)

and he held the parasol over her; then, still holding it, he let it rest upon her shoulder, so that both of their heads were hidden from Winterbourne. This young man lingered a moment, then he began to walk. But he walked — not toward the couple with the parasol; toward the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Costello.

He flattered himself on the following day that there was no smiling among the servants when he, at least, asked for Mrs. Miller at her hotel. This lady and her daughter, however, were not at home; and on the next day after, repeating his visit, Winterbourne again had the misfortune not to find them. Mrs. Walker's party took place on the evening of the third day, and, in spite of the frigidity of his last interview with the hostess, Winterbourne was among the guests. Mrs. Walker was one of those American ladies who, while residing abroad, make a point, in their own phrase, of studying European society; and she had on this occasion collected several specimens of her diversely-born fellow-mortals to serve, as it were, as text-books. When Winterbourne arrived, Daisy Miller was not there, but in a few moments he saw her mother come in alone, very shyly and ruefully. Mrs. Miller's hair above her exposed-looking temples was more frizzled than ever. As she approached Mrs. Walker, Winterbourne also drew near.

"You see, I've come all alone," said poor Mrs. Miller. "I'm so frightened; I don't know what to do. It's the first time I've ever been to a party alone, especially in this country. I wanted to bring Randolph or Eugenio, or some one, but Daisy just pushed me off by myself. I ain't used to going round alone."

"And does not your daughter intend to favor us with her society?" demanded Mrs. Walker, impressively.

"Well, Daisy's all dressed," said Mrs. Miller, with that accent of the dispassionate, if not of the philosophic, historian with which she always recorded the current incidents of her daughter's career. "She got dressed on purpose before dinner. But she's got a friend of hers there; that gentleman — the Italian — that she wanted to bring. They've got going at the piano; it seems as if they couldn't leave off. Mr. Giovanelli sings splendidly. But I guess they will come before very long," concluded Mrs. Miller, hopefully.

"I'm sorry she should come in that way," said Mrs. Walker.

"Well, I told her that there was no use in her getting dressed before dinner if she was going to wait three hours," responded Daisy's mamma. "I didn't see the use of her putting on such a dress as that to sit round with Mr. Giovanelli."

"This is most horrible!" said Mrs. Walker, turning away and addressing herself to Winterbourne. "*Elle s'affiche.* It's her revenge for my having ventured to remonstrate with her. When she comes, I shall not speak to her."

Daisy came after eleven o'clock; but she was not, on such an occasion, a young lady to wait to be spoken to. She rushed forward in radiant loveliness, smiling and chattering, carrying a large bouquet, and attended by Mr. Giovanelli. Every one stopped talking, and turned and looked at her. She came straight to Mrs. Walker. "I'm afraid you thought I never was coming, so I sent mother off to tell you. I wanted to make Mr. Giovanelli practice some things before he came; you know he sings beautifully, and I want you to ask him to sing. This is Mr. Giovanelli; you know I introduced him to you; he's got the most lovely voice, and he knows the most charming set of songs. I made him go over them this evening on purpose; we had the greatest time at the hotel." Of all this Daisy delivered herself with the sweetest, brightest audibleness, looking now at her hostess and now round the room, while she gave a series of little pats, round her shoulders, to the edges of her dress. "Is there any one I know?" she asked.

"I think every one knows you!" said Mrs. Walker, pregnantly, and she gave a very cursory greeting to Mr. Giovanelli. This gentleman bore himself gallantly. He smiled and bowed, and showed his white teeth; he curled his mustaches and rolled his eyes, and performed all the proper functions of a handsome Italian at an evening party. He sang very prettily half a dozen songs, though Mrs. Walker afterward declared that she had been quite unable to find out who asked him. It was apparently not Daisy who had given him his orders. Daisy sat at a distance from the piano; and though she had publicly, as it were, professed a high admiration for his singing, talked, not inaudibly, while it was going on.

"It's a pity these rooms are so small; we can't dance," she said to Winterbourne, as if she had seen him five minutes before.

"I am not sorry we can't dance," Winterbourne answered; "I don't dance."

"Of course you don't dance; you're too stiff," said Miss Daisy. "I hope you enjoyed your drive with Mrs. Walker!"

"No, I didn't enjoy it; I preferred walking with you."

"We paired off: that was much better," said Daisy. "But did you ever hear anything so cool as Mrs. Walker's wanting me to get into her carriage and drop poor Mr. Giovanelli, and under the pretext that it was proper? People have different ideas! It would have been most unkind; he had been talking about that walk for ten days."

"He should not have talked about it at all," said Winterbourne; "he would never have proposed to a young lady of this country to walk about the streets with him."

"About the streets?" cried Daisy, with her pretty stare. "Where, then, would he have proposed to her to walk? The Pincio is not the streets, either; and I, thank goodness, am not a young lady of this country. The young ladies of this country have a dreadfully poky time of it, so far as I can learn; I don't see why I should change my habits for *them*."

"I am afraid your habits are those of a flirt," said Winterbourne, gravely.

"Of course they are," she cried, giving him her little smiling stare again. "I'm a fearful, frightful flirt! Did you ever hear of a nice girl that was not? But I suppose you will tell me now that I am not a nice girl."

"You're a very nice girl; but I wish you would flirt with me, and me only," said Winterbourne.

"Ah! thank you — thank you very much; you are the last man I should think of flirting with. As I have had the pleasure of informing you, you are too stiff."

"You say that too often," said Winterbourne.

Daisy gave a delighted laugh. "If I could have the sweet hope of making you angry, I should say it again."

"Don't do that; when I am angry I'm stiffer than ever. But if you won't flirt with me, do cease, at least, to flirt with your friend at the piano; they don't understand that sort of thing here."

"I thought they understood nothing else!" exclaimed Daisy.

"Not in young unmarried women."

"It seems to me much more proper in young unmarried women than in old married ones," Daisy declared.

"Well," said Winterbourne, "when you deal with natives you must go by the custom of the place. Flirting is a purely American custom; it doesn't exist here. So when you show yourself in public with Mr. Giovanelli, and without your mother" —

"Gracious! poor mother!" interposed Daisy.

"Though you may be flirting, Mr. Giovanelli is not; he means something else."

"He isn't preaching, at any rate," said Daisy, with vivacity. "And if you want very much to know, we are neither of us flirting; we are too good friends for that: we are very intimate friends."

"Ah!" rejoined Winterbourne, "if you are in love with each other, it is another affair."

She had allowed him up to this point to talk so frankly that he had no expectation of shocking her by this ejaculation; but she immediately got up, blushing visibly, and leaving him to exclaim mentally that little American flirts were the queerest creatures in the world. "Mr. Giovanelli, at least," she said, giving her interlocutor a single glance, "never says such very disagreeable things to me."

Winterbourne was bewildered; he stood staring. Mr. Giovanelli had finished singing. He left the piano and came over to Daisy. "Won't you come into the other room and have some tea?" he asked, bending before her with his ornamental smile.

Daisy turned to Winterbourne, beginning to smile again. He was still more perplexed, for this inconsequent smile made nothing clear, though it seemed to prove, indeed, that she had a sweetness and softness that reverted instinctively to the pardon of offenses. "It has never occurred to Mr. Winterbourne to offer me any tea," she said, with her little tormenting manner.

"I have offered you advice," Winterbourne rejoined.

"I prefer weak tea!" cried Daisy, and she went off with the brilliant Giovanelli. She sat with him in the adjoining room, in the embrasure of the window, for the rest of the evening. There was an interesting performance at the piano, but neither of these young people gave heed to it. When Daisy came to take leave of Mrs. Walker, this lady conscientiously repaired the weakness of which she had been guilty at the moment of the young girl's arrival. She turned her back straight upon Miss Miller, and left her to depart with what grace she might. Winterbourne was standing near the door; he saw it all. Daisy turned very pale, and looked at her mother; but Mrs. Miller was humbly unconscious of any violation of the usual social forms. She appeared, indeed, to have felt an incongruous impulse to draw attention to her own striking observance of them. "Good-night, Mrs. Walker," she said; "we've had a beautiful evening. You see, if I let Daisy come to parties without me, I don't want her to go away without me." Daisy turned away, looking with a pale, grave face at the circle near the door; Winterbourne saw that, for the first moment, she was too much shocked and puzzled even for indignation. He on his side was greatly touched.

"That was very cruel," he said to Mrs. Walker.

"She never enters my drawing-room again!" replied his hostess.

Since Winterbourne was not to meet her in Mrs. Walker's drawing-room, he went as often as possible to Mrs. Miller's hotel. The ladies were rarely at home; but when he found them, the devoted Giovanelli was always present. Very often the brilliant little Roman was in the drawing-room with Daisy alone, Mrs. Miller being apparently constantly of the opinion that discretion is the better part of surveillance. Winterbourne noted, at first with surprise, that Daisy on these occasions was never embarrassed or annoyed by his own entrance; but he very presently began to feel that she had no more surprises for him; the unexpected in her behavior was the only thing to expect. She showed no displeasure at her *tête-à-tête* with Giovanelli being interrupted; she could chatter as freshly and freely with two gentlemen as with one; there was always, in her conversation, the same odd mixture of audacity and puerility. Winterbourne remarked to himself that if she was seriously interested in Giovanelli, it was very singular that she should not take more trouble to preserve the sanctity of their interviews; and he liked her the more for her innocent-looking indifference and her apparently inexhaustible good-humor. He could hardly have said why, but she seemed to him a girl who would never be jealous. At the risk of exciting a somewhat derisive smile on the reader's part, I may affirm that with regard to the women who had hitherto interested him, it very often seemed to Winterbourne among the possibilities that, given certain contingencies, he should be afraid — literally afraid — of these ladies; he had a pleasant sense that he should never be afraid of Daisy Miller. It must be added that this sentiment was not altogether flattering to Daisy; it was part of his conviction, or rather of his apprehension, that she would prove a very light young person.

But she was evidently very much interested in Giovanelli. She looked at him whenever he spoke; she was perpetually telling him to do this and to do that; she was constantly "chaffing" and abusing him. She appeared completely to have forgotten that Winterbourne had said anything to displease her at Mrs. Walker's little party. One Sunday afternoon, having gone to St. Peter's with his aunt, Winterbourne perceived Daisy strolling about the great church in company with the inevitable Giovanelli. Presently he pointed out the young girl and her cavalier to Mrs. Costello. This lady looked at them a moment through her eye-glass, and then she said:

"That's what makes you so pensive in these days, eh?"

"I had not the least idea I was pensive," said the young man.

"You are very much preoccupied; you are thinking of something."

"And what is it," he asked, "that you accuse me of thinking of?"

"Of that young lady's — Miss Baker's, Miss Chandler's — what's her name? — Miss Miller's intrigue with that little barber's block."

"Do you call it an intrigue," Winterbourne asked — "an affair that goes on with such peculiar publicity?"

"That's their folly," said Mrs. Costello; "it's not their merit."

"No," rejoined Winterbourne, with something of that pensiveness to which his aunt had alluded. "I don't believe that there is anything to be called an intrigue."

"I have heard a dozen people speak of it; they say she is quite carried away by him."

"They are certainly very intimate," said Winterbourne.

Mrs. Costello inspected the young couple again with her optical instrument. "He is very handsome. One easily sees how it is. She thinks him the most elegant man in the world, the finest gentleman. She has never seen anything like him; he is better, even, than the courier. It was the courier probably who introduced him; and if he succeeds in marrying the young lady, the courier will come in for a magnificent commission."

"I don't believe she thinks of marrying him," said Winterbourne, "and I don't believe he hopes to marry her."

"You may be very sure she thinks of nothing. She goes on from day to day, from hour to hour, as they did in the Golden

Age. I can imagine nothing more vulgar. And at the same time," added Mrs. Costello, "depend upon it that she may tell you any moment that she is 'engaged.'"

"I think that is more than Giovanelli expects," said Winterbourne.

"Who is Giovanelli?"

"The little Italian. I have asked questions about him, and learned something. He is apparently a perfectly respectable little man. I believe he is, in a small way, a *cavaliere avvocato*. But he doesn't move in what are called the first circles. I think it is really not absolutely impossible that the courier introduced him. He is evidently immensely charmed with Miss Miller. If she thinks him the finest gentleman in the world, he, on his side, has never found himself in personal contact with such splendor, such opulence, such expensiveness, as this young lady's. And then she must seem to him wonderfully pretty and interesting. I rather doubt that he dreams of marrying her. That must appear to him too impossible a piece of luck. He has nothing but his handsome face to offer, and there is a substantial Mr. Miller in that mysterious land of dollars. Giovanelli knows that he hasn't a title to offer. If he were only a count or a *marchese!* He must wonder at his luck, at the way they have taken him up."

"He accounts for it by his handsome face, and thinks Miss Miller a young lady *qui se passe ses fantaisies!*" said Mrs. Costello.

"It is very true," Winterbourne pursued, "that Daisy and her mamma have not yet risen to that stage of — what shall I call it? — of culture at which the idea of catching a count or a *marchese* begins. I believe that they are intellectually incapable of that conception."

"Ah! but the *avvocato* can't believe it," said Mrs. Costello.

Of the observation excited by Daisy's "intrigue," Winterbourne gathered that day at St. Peter's sufficient evidence. A dozen of the American colonists in Rome came to talk with Mrs. Costello, who sat on a little portable stool at the base of one of the great pilasters. The vesper service was going forward in splendid chants and organ-tones in the adjacent choir, and meanwhile, between Mrs. Costello and her friends, there was a great deal said about poor little Miss Miller's going really "too far." Winterbourne was not pleased with what he heard; but when, coming out upon the great steps of the church, he saw Daisy, who had emerged before him, get into an open cab with her accomplice and roll away through the cynical streets of Rome, he could not deny to himself that she was going very far indeed. He felt very sorry for her — not exactly that he believed that she had completely lost her head, but because it was painful to hear so much that was pretty, and undefended, and natural, assigned to a vulgar place among the categories of disorder. He made an attempt after this to give a hint to Mrs. Miller. He met one day in the Corso a friend, a tourist like himself, who had just come out of the Doria Palace, where he had been walking through the beautiful gallery. His friend talked for a moment about the superb portrait of Innocent X. by Velasquez which hangs in one of the cabinets of the palace, and then said, "And in the same cabinet, by-the-way, I had the pleasure of contemplating a picture of a different kind — that pretty American girl whom you pointed out to me last week." In answer to Winterbourne's inquiries, his friend narrated that the pretty American girl — prettier than ever — was seated with a companion in the secluded nook in which the great papal portrait was enshrined.

"Who was her companion?" asked Winterbourne.

"A little Italian with a bouquet in his buttonhole. The girl is delightfully pretty, but I thought I understood from you the other day that she was a young lady *du meilleur monde*."

"So she is!" answered Winterbourne; and having assured himself that his informant had seen Daisy and her companion but five minutes before, he jumped into a cab and went to call on Mrs. Miller. She was at home; but she apologized to him for receiving him in Daisy's absence.

"She's gone out somewhere with Mr. Giovanelli," said Mrs. Miller. "She's always going round with Mr. Giovanelli."

"I have noticed that they are very intimate," Winterbourne observed.

"Oh, it seems as if they couldn't live without each other!" said Mrs. Miller. "Well, he's a real gentleman, anyhow. I keep telling Daisy she's engaged!"

"And what does Daisy say?"

"Oh, she says she isn't engaged. But she might as well be!" this impartial parent resumed; "she goes on as if she was. But I've made Mr. Giovanelli promise to tell me, if *she* doesn't. I should want to write to Mr. Miller about it — shouldn't you?"

Winterbourne replied that he certainly should; and the state of mind of Daisy's mamma struck him as so unprecedented in the annals of parental vigilance that he gave up as utterly irrelevant the attempt to place her upon her guard.

After this Daisy was never at home, and Winterbourne ceased to meet her at the houses of their common acquaintance, because, as he perceived, these shrewd people had quite made up their minds that she was going too far. They ceased to invite her; and they intimated that they desired to express to observant Europeans the great truth that, though Miss Daisy Miller was a young American lady, her behavior was not respectable — was regarded by her compatriots as abnormal. Winterbourne wondered how she felt about all the cold shoulders that were turned toward her, and sometimes it annoyed him to suspect that she did not feel it at all. He said to himself that she was too light and childish, too uncultivated and unreasoning, too provincial, to have reflected upon her ostracism, or even to have perceived it. Then at other moments he believed that she carried about in her elegant irresponsible little organism a defiant, passionate, perfectly observant consciousness of the impression she produced. He asked himself whether Daisy's defiance came from the consciousness of innocence, or from her being, essentially, a young person of the reckless class. It must be admitted that holding one's self to a belief in Daisy's "innocence" came to seem to Winterbourne more and more a matter of fine-spun gallantry. As I have already had occasion to relate, he was angry at finding himself reduced to chopping logic about this young lady; he was vexed at his want of instinctive certitude as to how far her eccentricities were generic, national, and how far they were personal. From either view of them he had somehow missed her, and now it was too late. She was "carried away" by Mr. Giovanelli.

A few days after his brief interview with her mother, he encountered her in that beautiful abode of flowering desolation known as the Palace of the Cæsars. The early Roman spring had filled the air with bloom and perfume, and the rugged surface of the Palatine was muffled with tender verdure. Daisy was strolling along the top of one of those great mounds of ruin that are embanked with mossy marble and paved with monumental inscriptions. It seemed to him that Rome had never been so lovely as just then. He stood looking off at the enchanting harmony of line and color that remotely encircles the city, inhaling the softly humid odors, and feeling the freshness of the year and the antiquity of the place reaffirm themselves in some mysterious interfusion. It seemed to him also that Daisy had never looked so pretty; but this had been an observation of his whenever he met her. Giovanelli was at her side, and Giovanelli, too, wore an aspect of even unwonted brilliancy.

"Well," said Daisy, "I should think you would be lonesome!"

"Lonesome?" asked Winterbourne.

"You are always going round by yourself. Can't you get any one to walk with you?"

"I am not so fortunate," said Winterbourne, "as your companion."

Giovanelli, from the first, had treated Winterbourne with distinguished politeness. He listened with a deferential air to his remarks; he laughed punctiliously at his pleasantries; he seemed disposed to testify to his belief that Winterbourne was a superior young man. He carried himself in no degree like a jealous wooer; he had obviously a great deal of tact; he had no objection to your expecting a little humility of him. It even seemed to Winterbourne at times that Giovanelli would find a certain mental relief in being able to have a private understanding with him — to say to him, as an intelligent man, that, bless you, *he* knew how extraordinary was this young lady, and didn't flatter himself with delusive — or at least *too* delusive — hopes of matrimony and dollars. On this occasion he strolled away from his companion to pluck a sprig of almond-blossom, which he carefully arranged in his buttonhole.

"I know why you say that," said Daisy, watching Giovanelli. "Because you think I go round too much with *him*." And she nodded at her attendant.

"Every one thinks so — if you care to know," said Winterbourne.

"Of course I care to know!" Daisy exclaimed, seriously. "But I don't believe it. They are only pretending to be shocked. They don't really care a straw what I do. Besides, I don't go round so much."

"I think you will find they do care. They will show it disagreeably."

Daisy looked at him a moment. "How disagreeably?"

"Haven't you noticed anything?" Winterbourne asked.

"I have noticed you. But I noticed you were as stiff as an umbrella the first time I saw you."

"You will find I am not so stiff as several others," said Winterbourne, smiling.

"How shall I find it?"

"By going to see the others."

"What will they do to me?"

"They will give you the cold shoulder. Do you know what that means?"

Daisy was looking at him intently; she began to color. "Do you mean as Mrs. Walker did the other night?"

"Exactly!" said Winterbourne.

She looked away at Giovanelli, who was decorating himself with his almond-blossom. Then looking back at Winterbourne, "I shouldn't think you would let people be so unkind!" she said.

"How can I help it?" he asked.

"I should think you would say something."

"I do say something;" and he paused a moment. "I say that your mother tells me that she believes you are engaged."

"Well, she does," said Daisy, very simply.

Winterbourne began to laugh. "And does Randolph believe it?" he asked.

"I guess Randolph doesn't believe anything," said Daisy. Randolph's skepticism excited Winterbourne to further hilarity, and he observed that Giovanelli was coming back to them. Daisy, observing it too, addressed herself again to her countryman. "Since you have mentioned it," she said, "I *am* engaged." . . . Winterbourne looked at her; he had stopped laughing. "You don't believe it!" she added.

He was silent a moment; and then, "Yes, I believe it," he said.

"Oh no, you don't!" she answered. "Well, then — I am not!"

The young girl and her cicerone were on their way to the gate of the inclosure, so that Winterbourne, who had but lately entered, presently took leave of them. A week afterward he went to dine at a beautiful villa on the Cælian Hill, and, on arriving, dismissed his hired vehicle. The evening was charming, and he promised himself the satisfaction of walking home beneath the Arch of Constantine and past the vaguely-lighted monuments of the Forum. There was a waning moon in the sky, and her radiance was not brilliant, but she was veiled in a thin cloud-curtain which seemed to diffuse and equalize it. When, on his return from the villa (it was eleven o'clock), Winterbourne approached the dusky circle of the Colosseum, it recurred to him, as a lover of the picturesque, that the interior, in the pale moonshine, would be well worth a glance. He turned aside and walked to one of the empty arches, near which, as he observed, an open carriage — one of the little Roman street-cabs — was stationed. Then he passed in, among the cavernous shadows of the great structure, and emerged upon the clear and silent arena. The place had never seemed to him more impressive. One-half of the gigantic circus was in deep shade, the other was sleeping in the luminous dusk. As he stood there he began to murmur Byron's famous lines, out of "Manfred;" but before he had finished his quotation he remembered that if nocturnal meditations in the Colosseum are recommended by the poets, they are deprecated by the doctors. The historic atmosphere was there, certainly; but the historic atmosphere, scientifically considered, was no better than a villainous miasma. Winterbourne walked to the middle of the arena, to take a more general glance, intending thereafter to make a hasty retreat. The great cross in the center was covered with shadow; it was only as he drew near it that he made it out distinctly. Then he saw that two persons were stationed upon the low steps which formed its base. One of these was a woman, seated; her companion was standing in front of her.

Presently the sound of the woman's voice came to him distinctly in the warm night air. "Well, he looks at us as one of the old lions or tigers may have looked at the Christian martyrs!" These were the words he heard, in the familar accent of Miss Daisy Miller.

"Let us hope he is not very hungry," responded the ingenious Giovanelli. "He will have to take me first; you will serve for dessert!"

Winterbourne stopped, with a sort of horror, and, it must be added, with a sort of relief. It was as if a sudden illumination had been flashed upon the ambiguity of Daisy's behavior, and the riddle had become easy to read. She was a young lady whom a young gentleman need no longer be at pains to respect. He stood there looking at her — looking at her companion, and not reflecting that though he saw them vaguely, he himself must have been more brightly visible. He felt angry with himself that he had bothered so much about the right way of regarding Miss Daisy Miller. Then, as he was going to advance again, he checked himself; not from the fear that he was doing her injustice, but from a sense of the danger of appearing unbecomingly exhilarated by this sudden revulsion from cautious criticism. He turned away toward the entrance of the place, but, as he did so, he heard Daisy speak again.

"Why, it was Mr. Winterbourne! He saw me, and he cuts me!"

What a clever little reprobate she was, and how smartly she played at injured innocence! But he wouldn't cut her. Winterbourne came forward again, and went toward the great cross. Daisy had got up; Giovanelli lifted his hat. Winterbourne had now begun to think simply of the craziness, from a sanitary point of view, of a delicate young girl lounging away the evening in this nest of malaria. What if she *were* a clever little reprobate? that was no reason for her dying of the *perniciosa.* "How long have you been here?" he asked, almost brutally.

Daisy, lovely in the flattering moonlight, looked at him a moment. Then — "All the evening," she answered, gently. . . . "I never saw anything so pretty."

"I am afraid," said Winterbourne, "that you will not think Roman fever very pretty. This is the way people catch it. I wonder," he added, turning to Giovanelli, "that you, a native Roman, should countenance such a terrible indiscretion."

"Ah," said the handsome native, "for myself I am not afraid."

"Neither am I — for you! I am speaking for this young lady."

Giovanelli lifted his well-shaped eyebrows, and showed his brilliant teeth. But he took Winterbourne's rebuke with docility. "I told the Signorina it was a grave indiscretion; but when was the Signorina ever prudent?"

"I never was sick, and I don't mean to be!" the Signorina declared. "I don't look like much, but I'm healthy! I was bound to see the Colosseum by moonlight; I shouldn't have wanted to go home without that; and we have had the most beautiful time, haven't we, Mr. Giovanelli? If there has been any danger, Eugenio can give me some pills. He has got some splendid pills."

"I should advise you," said Winterbourne, "to drive home as fast as possible and take one!"

"What you say is very wise," Giovanelli rejoined. "I will go and make sure the carriage is at hand." And he went forward rapidly.

Daisy followed with Winterbourne. He kept looking at her; she seemed not in the least embarrassed; Winterbourne said nothing; Daisy chattered about the beauty of the place. "Well, I *have* seen the Colosseum by moonlight!" she exclaimed. "That's one good thing." Then, noticing Winterbourne's silence, she asked him why he didn't speak. He made no answer; he only began to laugh. They passed under one of the dark archways; Giovanelli was in front with the carriage. Here Daisy stopped a moment, looking at the young American. "*Did* you believe I was engaged, the other day?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter what I believed the other day," said Winterbourne, still laughing.

"Well, what do you believe now?"

"I believe that it makes very little difference whether you are engaged or not!"

He felt the young girl's pretty eyes fixed upon him through the thick gloom of the archway; she was apparently going to answer. But Giovanelli hurried her forward. "Quick! quick!" he said; "if we get in by midnight we are quite safe."

Daisy took her seat in the carriage, and the fortunate Italian placed himself beside her. "Don't forget Eugenio's pills!" said Winterbourne, as he lifted his hat.

"I don't care," said Daisy, in a little strange tone, "whether I have Roman fever or not!" Upon this the cab-driver cracked his whip, and they rolled away over the desultory patches of the antique pavement.

Winterbourne, to do him justice, as it were, mentioned to no one that he had encountered Miss Miller, at midnight, in the Colosseum with a gentleman; but nevertheless, a couple of days later, the fact of her having been there under these circumstances was known to every member of the little American circle, and commented accordingly. Winterbourne reflected that they had of course known it at the hotel, and that, after Daisy's return, there had been an exchange of remarks between the porter and the cab-driver. But the young man was conscious, at the same moment, that it had ceased to be a matter of serious regret to him that the little American flirt should be "talked about" by low-minded menials. These people, a day or two later, had serious information to give: the little American flirt was alarmingly ill. Winterbourne, when the rumor came to him, immediately went to the hotel for more news. He found that two or three charitable friends had preceded him, and that they were being entertained in Mrs. Miller's salon by Randolph.

"It's going round at night," said Randolph — "that's what made her sick. She's always going round at night. I shouldn't think she'd want to, it's so plaguy dark. You can't see anything here at night, except when there's a moon. In America there's always a moon!" Mrs. Miller was invisible; she was now, at least, giving her daughter the advantage of her society. It was evident that Daisy was dangerously ill.

Winterbourne went often to ask for news of her, and once he saw Mrs. Miller, who, though deeply alarmed, was, rather to his surprise, perfectly composed, and, as it appeared, a most efficient and judicious nurse. She talked a good deal about Dr. Davis, but Winterbourne paid her the compliment of saying to himself that she was not, after all, such a monstrous goose. "Daisy spoke of you the other day," she said to him. "Half the time she doesn't know what she's saying, but that time I think she did. She gave me a message, she told me to tell you. She told me to tell you that she never was engaged to that handsome Italian. I am sure I am very glad; Mr. Giovanelli hasn't been near us since she was taken ill. I thought he was so much of a gentleman; but I don't call that very polite! A lady told me that he was afraid I was angry with him for taking Daisy round at night. Well, so I am; but I suppose he knows I'm a lady. I would scorn to scold him. Anyway, she says she's not engaged. I don't know why she wanted you to know; but she said to me three times, to 'Mind you tell Mr. Winterbourne.' And then she told me to ask if you remembered the time you went to that castle in Switzerland. But I said I wouldn't give any such messages as that. Only, if she is not engaged, I'm sure I'm glad to know it."

But, as Winterbourne had said, it mattered very little. A week after this the poor girl died; it had been a terrible case of the fever. Daisy's grave was in the little Protestant cemetery, in an angle of the wall of Imperial Rome, beneath the cypresses and the thick spring-flowers. Winterbourne stood there beside it, with a number of other mourners; a number larger than the scandal excited by the young lady's career would have led you to expect. Near him stood Giovanelli, who came nearer still before Winterbourne turned away. Giovanelli was very pale; on this occasion he had no flower in his buttonhole; he seemed to wish to say something. At last he said, "She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable;" and then he added in a moment, "and she was the most innocent."

Winterbourne looked at him, and presently repeated his words, "And the most innocent?"

"The most innocent!"

Winterbourne felt sore and angry. "Why the devil," he asked, "did you take her to that fatal place?"

Mr. Giovanelli's urbanity was apparently imperturbable. He looked on the ground a moment, and then he said, "For myself I had no fear; and she wanted to go."

"That was no reason!" Winterbourne declared.

The subtle Roman again dropped his eyes. "If she had lived, I should have got nothing. She would never have married me, I am sure."

"She would never have married you?"

"For a moment I hoped so. But no. I am sure."

Winterbourne listened to him: he stood staring at the raw protuberance among the April daisies. When he turned away again, Mr. Giovanelli, with his light, slow step, had retired.

Winterbourne almost immediately left Rome; but the following summer he again met his aunt, Mrs. Costello, at Vevay. Mrs. Costello was fond of Vevay. In the interval Winterbourne had often thought of Daisy Miller and her mystifying manners. One day he spoke of her to his aunt — said it was on his conscience that he had done her injustice.

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Costello. "How did your injustice affect her?"

"She sent me a message before her death which I didn't understand at the time; but I have understood it since. She would have appreciated one's esteem."

"Is that a modest way," asked Mrs. Costello, "of saying that she would have reciprocated one's affection?"

Winterbourne offered no answer to this question; but he presently said, "You were right in that remark that you made last summer. I was booked to make a mistake. I have lived too long in foreign parts."

Nevertheless, he went back to live at Geneva, whence there continue to come the most contradictory accounts of his motives of sojourn: a report that he is "studying" hard — an intimation that he is much interested in a very clever foreign lady.

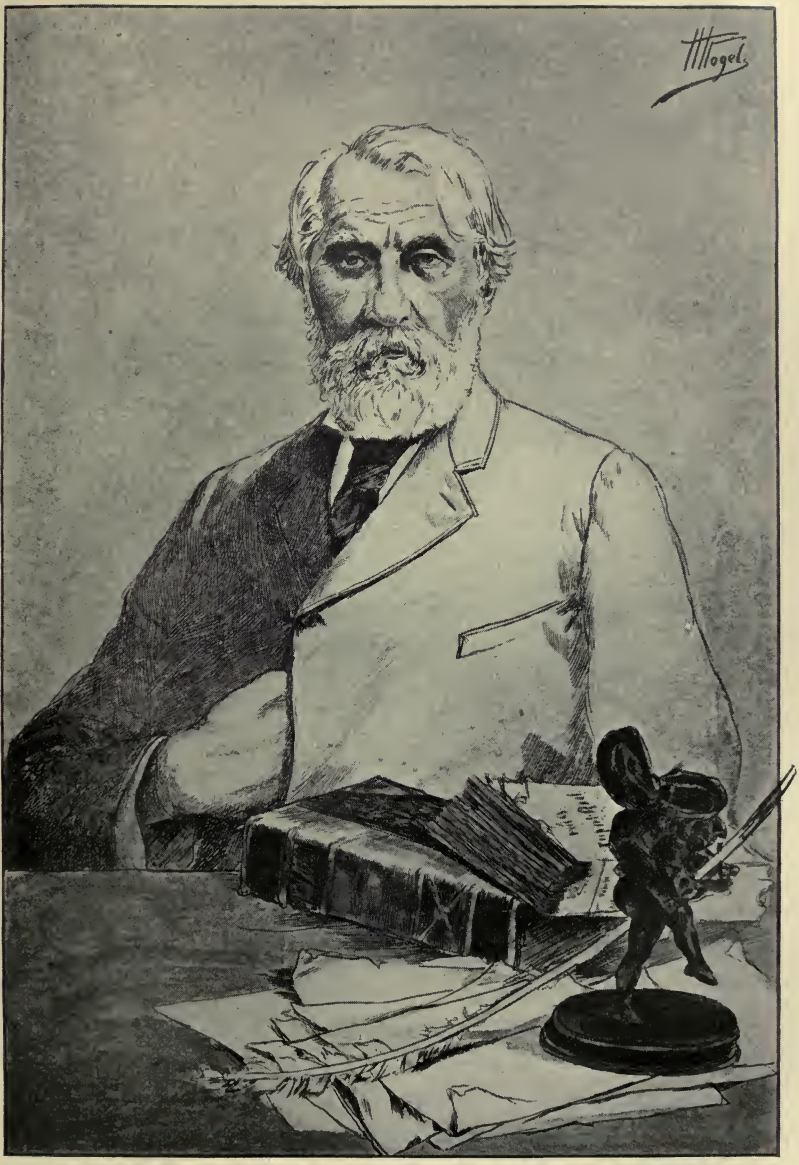
IVAN TURGENEFF.

THERE is perhaps no novelist of alien race who more naturally than Ivan Turgeneff inherits a niche in a Library for English readers; and this not because of any advance or concession that in his peculiar artistic independence he ever made, or could dream of making, such readers, but because it was one of the effects of his peculiar genius to give him, even in his lifetime, a special place in the regard of foreign publics. His position is in this respect singular; for it is his Russian savor that as much as anything has helped generally to domesticate him.

Born in 1818, at Orel in the heart of Russia, and dying in 1883, at Bougival near Paris, he had spent in Germany and France the latter half of his life; and had incurred in his own country in some degree the reprobation that is apt to attach to the absent, — the penalty they pay for such extension or such beguilement as they may have happened to find over the border. He belonged to the class of large rural proprietors of land and of serfs; and with his ample patrimony, offered one of the few examples of literary labor achieved in high independence of the question of gain, — a character that he shares with his illustrious contemporary Tolstoy, who is of a type in other respects so different. It may give us an idea of his primary situation to imagine some large Virginian or Carolinian slaveholder, during the first half of the century, inclining to "Northern" views; and becoming (though not predominantly under pressure of these, but rather by the operation of an exquisite genius) the great American novelist — one of the great novelists of the world. Born under a social and political order sternly repressive, all Turgeneff's deep instincts, all his moral passion, placed him on the liberal side; with the consequence that early in life, after a period spent at a German university, he found himself, through the accident of a trifling public utterance, under such suspicion in high places as to be sentenced to a term of tempered exile, — confinement to his own estate. It was partly under these circumstances perhaps that he gathered material for the work from the appearance of which his reputation dates, — "A Sportsman's Sketches," published in two volumes in 1852. This admirable collection of impressions of homely country life, as the old state of servitude had made it, is often spoken of as having borne to the great decree of Alexander II. the relation borne by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's famous novel to the emancipation of the Southern slaves. Incontestably, at any rate, Turgeneff's rustic studies sounded, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a particular hour: with the difference, however, of not having at the time produced an agitation, — of having rather presented the case with an art too insidious for instant recognition, an art that stirred the depths more than the surface.

The author was designated promptly enough, at any rate, for such influence as might best be exercised at a distance: he traveled, he lived abroad; early in the sixties he was settled in Germany; he acquired property at Baden-Baden, and spent there the last years of the prosperous period — in the history of the place — of which the Franco-Prussian War was to mark the violent term. He cast in his lot after that event mainly with the victims of the lost cause; setting up a fresh home in Paris, — near which city he had, on the Seine, a charming alternate residence, — and passing in it, and in the country, save for brief revisitations, the remainder of his days. His friendships, his attachments, in the world of art and of letters, were numerous and distinguished; he never married; he produced, as the years went on, without precipitation or frequency, and these were the years during which his reputation gradually established itself as, according to the phrase, European, — a phrase denoting in this case, perhaps, a public more alert in the United States even than elsewhere.

Tolstoy, his junior by ten years, had meanwhile come to fruition; though, as in fact happened, it was not till after Turgeneff's death that the greater fame of "War and Peace" and of "Anna Karénina" began to be blown about the world. One of the last acts of the elder writer, performed on his death-bed, was to address to the other (from whom for a considerable term he had been estranged by circumstances needless to reproduce) an appeal to return to the exercise of the genius that Tolstoy had already so lamentably, so monstrously forsworn. "I am on my death-bed; there is no possibility of my recovery. I write you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to utter my last, my urgent prayer. Come back,



IVAN TOURGUENEFF

my friend, to your literary labors. That gift came to you from the source from which all comes to us. Ah, how happy I should be could I think you would listen to my entreaty! My friend, great writer of our Russian land, respond to it, obey it!" These words, among the most touching surely ever addressed by one great spirit to another, throw an indirect light — perhaps I may even say a direct one — upon the nature and quality of Turgeneff's artistic temperament; so much so that I regret being without opportunity, in this place, to gather such aid for a portrait of him as might be supplied by following out the unlikeness between the pair. It would be too easy to say that Tolstoy was, from the Russian point of view, for home consumption, and Turgeneff for foreign: "War and Peace" has probably had more readers in Europe and America than "A House of Gentlefolk" or "On the Eve" or "Smoke," — a circumstance less detrimental than it may appear to my claim of our having, in the Western world, supremely adopted the author of the latter works. Turgeneff is in a peculiar degree what I may call the novelists' novelist, — an artistic influence extraordinarily valuable and ineradicably established. The perusal of Tolstoy — a wonderful mass of life — is an immense event, a kind of splendid accident, for each of us: his name represents nevertheless no such eternal spell of method, no such quiet irresistibility of presentation, as shines, close to us and lighting our possible steps, in that of his precursor. Tolstoy is a reflector as vast as a natural lake; a monster harnessed to his great subject — all human life! — as an elephant might be harnessed, for purposes of traction, not to a carriage, but to a coach-house. His own case is prodigious, but his example for others dire: disciples not elephantine he can only mislead and betray.

One by one, for thirty years, with a firm, deliberate hand, with intervals and patiences and waits, Turgeneff pricked in his sharp outlines. His great external mark is probably his concision: an ideal he never threw over, — it shines most perhaps even when he is least brief, — and that he often applied with a rare felicity. He has masterpieces of a few pages; his perfect things are sometimes his least prolonged. He abounds in short tales, episodes clipped as by the scissors of Atropos; but for a direct translation of the whole we have still to wait, — depending meanwhile upon the French and German versions, which have been, instead of the original text (thanks to the paucity among us of readers of Russian), the source of several published in England. For the novels and "A Sportsman's Sketches" we depend upon the nine volumes (1897) of Mrs. Garnett. We touch here upon the remarkable side, to our vision, of the writer's fortune, — the anomaly of his having constrained to intimacy even those who are shut out from the enjoyment of his medium, for whom that question is positively prevented from existing. Putting aside extrinsic intimations, it is impossible to read him without the conviction of his being, in the vividness of his own tongue, of the strong type of those made to bring home to us the happy truth of the unity, in a generous talent, of material and form, — of their being inevitable faces of the same medal; the type of those, in a word, whose example deals death to the perpetual clumsy assumption that subject and style are — æsthetically speaking, or in the living work — different and separable things. We are conscious, reading him in a language not his own, of not being reached by his personal tone, his individual accent.

It is a testimony therefore to the intensity of his presence, that so much of his particular charm does reach us; that the mask turned to us has, even without his expression, still so much beauty. It is the beauty (since we must try to formulate) of the finest presentation of the familiar. His vision is of the world of character and feeling, the world of the relations life throws up at every hour and on every spot; he deals little, on the whole, in the miracles of chance, — the hours and spots over the edge of time and space; his air is that of the great central region of passion and motive, of the usual, the inevitable, the intimate — the intimate for weal or woe. No theme that he ever chooses but strikes us as full; yet with all have we the sense that their animation comes from within, and is not pinned to their backs like the pricking objects used of old in the horse-races of the Roman carnival, to make the animals run. Without a patch of "plot" to draw blood, the story he mainly tells us, the situation he mainly gives, runs as if for dear life. His first book was practically full evidence of what, if we have to specify, is finest in him, — the effect, for the commonest truth, of an exquisite envelope of poetry. In this medium of feeling, — full, as it were, of all the echoes and shocks of the universal danger and need, — everything in him goes on; the sense of fate and folly and pity and wonder and beauty. The tenderness, the humor, the variety of "A Sportsman's Sketches" revealed on the spot an observer with a rare imagination. These faculties had attached themselves, together, to small things and to great: to the misery, the simplicity, the piety, the patience, of the unemancipated peasant; to all the natural wonderful life of earth and air and winter and summer and field and forest; to queer apparitions of country neighbors, of strange local eccentrics; to old-world practices and superstitions; to secrets gathered and types disinterred and impressions absorbed in the long, close contacts with man and nature involved in the passionate pursuit of game. Magnificent in statue and original vigor, Turgeneff, with his love of the chase, or rather perhaps of the inspiration he found in it, would have been the model of the mighty hunter, had not such an image been a little at variance with his natural mildness, the softness that often accompanies the sense of an extraordinary reach of limb and play of muscle. He was in person the model rather of the strong man at rest: massive and towering, with the voice of innocence and the smile almost of childhood. What seemed still more of a contradiction to so much of him, however, was that his work was all delicacy and fancy, penetration and compression.

If I add, in their order of succession, "Rudin," "Fathers and Children," "Spring Floods," and "Virgin Soil," to the three novels I have (also in their relation of time) named above, I shall have indicated the larger blocks of the compact monument, with a base resting deep and interstices well filled, into which that work disposes itself. The list of his minor productions is too long to draw out; I can only mention, as a few of the most striking — "A Correspondence," "The Wayside Inn," "The Brigadier," "The Dog," "The Jew," "Visions," "Mumu," "Three Meetings," "A First Love," "The Forsaken," "Assia," "The Journal of a Superfluous Man," "The Story of Lieutenant Yergunov," "A King Lear of the Steppe." The first place among his novels would be difficult to assign: general opinion probably hesitates between "A House of Gentlefolk" and "Fathers and Children." My own predilection is great for the exquisite "On the Eve"; though I admit that in such a company it draws no supremacy from being exquisite. What is less contestable is that "Virgin Soil" — published shortly before his death, and the longest of his fictions — has, although full of beauty, a minor perfection.

Character, character expressed and exposed, is in all these things what we inveterately find. Turgeneff's sense of it was the great light that artistically guided him; the simplest account of him is to say that the mere play of it constitutes in every case his sufficient drama. No one has had a closer vision, or a hand at once more ironic and more tender, for the individual figure. He sees it with its minutest signs and tricks, — all its heredity of idiosyncrasies, all its particulars of weakness and strength, of ugliness and beauty, of oddity and charm; and yet it is of his essence that he sees it in the general flood of life, steeped in its relations and contacts, struggling or submerged, a hurried particle in the stream. This gives him, with his quiet method, his extraordinary breadth; dissociates his rare power to particularize from dryness or hardness, from any peril of caricature. He understands so much that we almost wonder he can express anything; and his expression is indeed wholly in absolute projection, in illustration, in giving of everything the unexplained and irresponsible specimen. He is of a spirit so human that we almost wonder at his control of his matter; of a pity so deep and so general that we almost wonder at his curiosity. The element of poetry in him is constant, and yet reality stares through it without the loss of a wrinkle. No one has more of that sign of the born novelist which resides in a respect unconditioned for the freedom and vitality, the absoluteness when summoned, of the creatures he invokes; or is more superior to the strange and second-rate policy of explaining or presenting them by reprobation or apology, —of taking the short cuts and anticipating the emotions and judgments about them that should be left, at the best, to the perhaps not most intelligent reader. And yet his system, as it may summarily be called, of the mere particularized report, has a lucidity beyond the virtue of the cruder moralist.

If character, as I say, is what he gives us at every turn, I should speedily add that he offers it not in the least as a synonym, in our Western sense, of resolution and prosperity. It wears the form of the almost helpless detachment of the short-sighted individual soul; and the perfection of his exhibition of it is in truth too often but the intensity of what, for success, it just does not produce. What works in him most is the question of the will; and the most constant induction he suggests, bears upon the sad figure that principle seems mainly to make among his countrymen. He had seen — he suggests to us — its collapse in a thousand quarters; and the most general tragedy, to his view, is that of its desperate adventures and disasters, its inevitable abdication and defeat. But if the men, for the most part, let it go, it takes refuge in the other sex; many of the representatives of which, in his pages, are supremely strong — in wonderful addition, in various cases, to being otherwise admirable. This is true of such a number — the younger women, the girls, "heroines" in especial — that they form in themselves, on the ground of moral beauty, of the finest distinction of soul, one of the most striking groups the modern novel has given us. They are heroines to the letter, and of a heroism obscure and undecorated: it is almost they alone who have the energy to determine and to act. Elena, Lisa, Tatyana, Gemma, Marianna — we can write their names and call up their images, but I lack space to take them in turn. It is by a succession of the finest and tenderest touches that they live; and this, in all Turgeneff's work, is the process by which he persuades and succeeds.

It was his own view of his main danger that he sacrificed too much to detail; was wanting in composition, in the gift that conduces to unity of impression. But no novelist is closer and more cumulative; in none does distinction spring from a quality of truth more independent of everything but the subject, but the idea itself. This idea, this subject, moreover, — a spark kindled by the innermost friction of things, — is always as interesting as an unopened telegram. The genial freedom — with its exquisite delicacy — of his approach to this "innermost" world, the world of our finer consciousness, has in short a side that I can only describe and commemorate as nobly disinterested; a side that makes too many of his rivals appear to hold us in comparison by violent means, and introduce us in comparison to vulgar things.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Richard Jefferies, an English essayist and novelist, born in Swindon, Wiltshire, Nov. 6, 1848; died at Goring, Sussex, Aug. 14, 1887. He wrote early for local newspapers, and contributed tentatively to *Frazer's Magazine.* In 1877, still under thirty, he settled at Surbiton near London, in order to take up the literary career for better or worse. He wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Longmans' Magazine*, and like periodicals; his essays attracting attention by their individual note, fresh spirit, accurate descriptions, and loving feeling for nature.

Although dying comparatively young, Jefferies was a voluminous writer, his list of published works numbering twenty-four, including "The Goddards of North Wilts" (1873), a local family history; "The Scarlet Shawl" (1874); "Restless Human Hearts" (1875); "The World's End" (1877); "The Dewy Morn," "Wild Life in a Southern County" (1879), a volume of descriptive sketches; this was followed by similar books, notably, "Round about a Great Estate"; "The Life of the Fields"; "The Open Air"; "The Amateur Poacher" (1879); "Hodge and his Masters"; "The Game Keeper at Home"; etc. His later works were "Green Ferne Farm" (1880); "Wood Magic" (1881), a fanciful animal story; "Bevis" (1882), a tale of childhood; "The Story of My Heart" (1883), by many pronounced his masterpiece; "Red Deer" (1884), a description of Exmoor; "After London" (1885); "Amaryllis at the Fair" (1887), a novel of country life; and some fugitive essays and sketches. "Field and Hedgerow" was published posthumously.

The Breeze on Beachy Head.

(From "Nature Near London.")

The waves coming round the promontory before the west wind still give the idea of a flowing stream, as they did in Homer's days. Here beneath the cliff, standing where beach and sand meet, it is still; the wind passes six hundred feet overhead; but yonder, every larger wave rolling before the breeze breaks over the rocks; a white line of spray rushes along them, gleaming in the sunshine; for a moment the dark rock-wall disappears, till the spray sinks.

The sea seems higher than the spot where I stand, its surface on a higher level, — raised like a green mound, — as if it could burst it and occupy the space up to the foot of the cliff in a moment. It will not do so, I know: but there is an infinite possibility about the sea; it may do what it is not recorded to have done. It is not to be ordered; it may overleap the bounds human observation has fixed for it. It has a potency unfathomable. There is still something in it not quite grasped and understood, something still to be discovered, a mystery.

So the white spray rushes along the low broken wall of rocks, the sun gleams on the flying fragments of the wave; again it sinks, and the rhythmic motion holds the mind, as an invisible force holds back the tide. A faith of expectancy, a sense that something may drift up from the unknown, a large belief in the unseen resources of the endless space out yonder, soothes the mind with dreamy hope.

The little rules and little experiences — all the petty ways of narrow life — are shut off behind by the ponderous and impassable cliff; as if we had dwelt in the dim light of a cave, but coming out at last to look at the sun, a great stone had fallen and closed the entrance, so that there was no return to the shadow. The impassable precipice shuts off our former selves of yesterday, forcing us to look out over the sea only, or up to the deeper heaven.

These breadths draw out the soul; we feel that we have wider thoughts than we knew; the soul has been living as it were in a nutshell, all unaware of its own power, and now suddenly finds freedom in the sun and the sky. Straight, as if sawn down from turf to beach, the cliff shuts off the human world, for the sea knows no time and no era; you cannot tell what century it is from the face of the sea. A Roman trireme suddenly rounding the white edge-line of chalk, borne on wind and oar from the Isle of Wight towards the gray castle at Pevensey (already old in olden days), would not seem strange. What wonder could surprise us coming from the wonderful sea?

The little rills winding through the sand have made an islet of a detached rock by the beach; limpets cover it, adhering like rivet-heads. In the stillness here, under the roof of the wind so high above, the sound of the sand draining itself is audible. From the cliff, blocks of chalk have fallen, leaving hollows as when a knot drops from a beam. They lie crushed together at the base, and on the point of this jagged ridge a wheatear perches.

There are ledges three hundred feet above; and from these now and then a jackdaw glides out and returns again to his place, where, when still and with folded wings, he is but a speck of black. A spire of chalk still higher stands out from the wall; but the rains have got behind it, and will cut the crevice deeper and deeper into its foundation. Water too has carried the soil from under the turf at the summit over the verge, forming brown streaks.

Upon the beach lies a piece of timber, part of a wreck; the wood is torn and the fibers rent where it was battered against the dull edge of the rocks. The heat of the sun burns, thrown back by the dazzling chalk; the river of ocean flows ceaselessly, casting the spray over the stones; the unchanged sky is blue.

Let us go back and mount the steps at the Gap, and rest on the sward there. I feel that I want the presence of grass. The sky is a softer blue, and the sun genial; now the eye and the mind alike are relieved — the one of the strain of too great solitude (not the solitude of the woods), the other of too brilliant and hard a contrast of colors. Touch but the grass, and the harmony returns; it is repose after exaltation.

A vessel comes round the promontory. It is not a trireme of old Rome, nor the "fair and stately galley" Count Arnaldus hailed with its seamen singing the mystery of the sea; it is but a brig in ballast, high out of the water, black of hull and dingy of sail; still it is a ship, and there is always an interest about a ship. She is so near, running along but just outside the reef, that the deck is visible. Up rises her stern as the billows come fast and roll under; then her bow lifts, and immediately she rolls, and loosely swaying with the sea, drives along.

The slope of the billow now behind her is white with the bubbles of her passage, rising too from her rudder. Steering athwart with a widening angle from the land, she is laid to clear the distant point of Dungeness. Next a steamer glides forth, unseen till she passed the cliff; and thus each vessel that comes from the westward has the charm of the unexpected. Eastward there is many a sail working slowly into the wind, and as they approach, talking in the language of flags with the watch on the summit of the Head.

Once now and then the great Orient pauses on her outward route to Australia, slowing her engines: the immense length of her hull contains every adjunct of modern life; science, skill, and civilization are there. She starts, and is lost sight of round the cliff, — gone straight away for the very ends of the world. The incident is forgotten, when one morning as you turn over the newspaper, there is the Orient announced to start again. It is like a tale of enchantment: it seems but yesterday that the Head hid her from view; you have scarcely moved, attending to the daily routine of life, and scarce recognize that time has passed at all. In so few hours has the earth been encompassed.

The sea-gulls as they settle on the surface ride high out of the water, like the mediæval caravels, with their sterns almost as tall as the masts. Their unconcerned flight, with crooked wings unbent, as if it were no matter to them whether they flew or floated, in its peculiar jerking motion reminds one of the lapwing; the heron has it too, a little: as if aquatic or water-side birds had a common and distinct action of the wing.

Sometimes a porpoise comes along, but just beyond the reef; looking down on him from the verge of the cliff, his course can be watched. His dark body, wet and oily, appears on the surface for two seconds; and then, throwing up his tail like the fluke of an anchor, down he goes. Now look forward along the waves some fifty yards or so, and he will come up, the sunshine gleaming on the water as it runs off his back, to again dive, and reappear after a similar interval. Even when the eye can no longer distinguish the form, the spot where he rises is visible, from the slight change in the surface.

The hill receding in hollows leaves a narrow plain between the foot of the sward and the cliff; it is plowed, and the teams come to the footpath which follows the edge; and thus those who plow the sea and those who plow the land look upon each other. The one sees the vessel change her tack, the other notes the plow turning at the end of the furrow. Bramble-bushes project over the dangerous wall of chalk, and grasses fill up the interstices, a hedge suspended in air; but be careful not to reach too far for the blackberries.

The green sea is on the one hand, the yellow stubble on the other. The porpoise dives along beneath, the sheep graze above. Green seaweed lines the reef over which the white spray flies, blue lucerne dots the field. The pebbles of the beach seen from the height mingle in a faint blue tint, as if the distance ground them into colored sand. Leaving the footpath now, and crossing the stubble to "France," as the wide open hollow in the down is called by the shepherds, it is no easy matter in dry summer weather to climb the steep turf to the furze line above.

Dry grass is as slippery as if it were hair, and the sheep have fed it too close for a grip of the hand. Under the furze (still far from the summit) they have worn a path — a narrow ledge, cut by their cloven feet — through the sward. It is time to rest; and already, looking back, the sea has extended to an indefinite horizon. This climb of a few hundred feet opens a view of so many miles more. But the ships lose their individuality and human character; they are so far, so very far away, they do not take hold of the sympathies; they seem like sketches — cunningly executed, but only sketches — on the immense canvas of the ocean. There is something unreal about them.

On a calm day, when the surface is smooth as if the brimming ocean had been stroked, — the rod passed across the top of the measure, thrusting off the irregularities of wave; when the distant green from long simmering under the sun becomes pale; when the sky, without cloud, but with some slight haze in it, likewise loses its hue, and the two so commingle in the pallor of heat that they cannot be separated, — then the still ships appear suspended in space. They are as much held from above as upborne from beneath.

They are motionless, midway in space — whether it is sea or air is not to be known. They neither float nor fly, they are suspended. There is no force in the flat sail, the mast is lifeless, the hull without impetus. For hours they linger, changeless as the constellations; still, silent, motionless, phantom vessels on a void sea.

Another climb up from the sheep-path, and it is not far then to the terrible edge of that tremendous cliff which rises straighter than a ship's side out of the sea, six hundred feet above the detached rock below, where the limpets cling like rivet heads, and the sand rills run around it. But it is not possible to look down to it: the glance of necessity falls outwards, as a raindrop from the eaves is deflected by the wind, because it *is* the edge where the mold crumbles; the rootlets of the grass are exposed; the chalk is about to break away in flakes.

You cannot lean over as over a parapet, lest such a flake should detach itself; lest a mere trifle should begin to fall, awakening a dread and dormant inclination to slide and finally plunge like it. Stand back; the sea there goes out and out to the left and to the right, and how far is it to the blue overhead? The eye must stay here a long period and drink in these distances, before it can adjust the measure and know exactly what it sees.

Here, reclining on the grass — the verge of the cliff rising a little shuts out the actual sea — the glance goes forth into the hollow unsupported. It is sweeter towards the corn-ricks, and yet the mind will not be satisfied, but ever turns to the unknown. The edge and the abyss recall us; the boundless plain — for it appears solid as the waves are leveled by distance — demands the gaze. But with use it becomes easier, and the eye labors less. There is a promontory standing out from the main wall, whence you can see the side of the cliff, getting a flank view, as from a tower.

The jackdaws occasionally floating out from the ledge are as mere specks from above, as they were from below. The reef running out from the beach, though now covered by the tide, is visible as you look down on it through the water; the seaweed, which lay matted and half dry on the rocks, is now under the wave. Boats have come round, and are beached; how helplessly little they seem beneath the cliff by the sea!

On returning homewards towards Eastbourne, stay awhile by the tumulus on the slope. There are others hidden among the furze; butterflies flutter over them, and the bees hum round by day; by night the nighthawk passes, coming up from the fields and even skirting the sheds and houses below. The rains beat on them, and the storm drives the dead leaves over their low green domes; the waves boom on the shore far down.

How many times has the morning star shone yonder in the east? All the mystery of the sun and of the stars centers around these lowly mounds.

But the glory of these glorious downs is the breeze. The air in the valleys immediately beneath them is pure and pleasant; but the least climb, even a hundred feet, puts you on a plane with the atmosphere itself, uninterrupted by so much as the treetops. It is air without admixture. If it comes from the south the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distill it. The great headland and the whole rib of the promontory is windswept and washed with air; the billows of the atmosphere roll over it.

The sun searches out every crevice amongst the grass, nor is there the smallest fragment of surface which is not sweetened by air and light. Underneath, the chalk itself is pure, and the turf thus washed by wind and rain, sun-dried and dew-scented, is a couch prepared with thyme to rest on. Discover some excuse to remain up there always, to search for stray mushrooms, — they will be stray, for the crop is gathered extremely early in the morning, — or to make a list of flowers and grasses; to do anything, and if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but this is the land of health.

There is the sea below to bathe in, the air of the sky up hither to breathe, the sun to infuse the invisible magnetism of his beams. These are the three potent medicines of nature, and they are medicines that by degrees strengthen not only the body but the unquiet mind. It is not necessary to always look out over the sea. By strolling along the slopes of the ridge a little way inland, there is another scene where hills roll on after hills till the last and largest hides those that succeed behind it.

Vast cloud-shadows darken one, and lift their veil from another; like the sea, their tint varies with the hue of the sky over them. Deep narrow valleys — lanes in the hills — draw the footsteps downwards into their solitude; but there is always the delicious air, turn whither you will, and there is always the grass, the touch of which refreshes. Though not in sight, it is pleasant to know that the sea is close at hand, and that you have only to mount to the ridge to view it. At sunset the curves of the shore westward are filled with a luminous mist.

Or if it should be calm, and you should like to look at the massive headline from the level of the sea, row out a mile from the beach. Eastwards a bank of red vapor shuts in the sea; the wavelets — no larger than those raised by the oar — on that side are purple as if wine had been spilt upon them, but westwards the ripples shimmer with palest gold.

The sun sinks behind the summit of the downs, and slender streaks of purple are drawn along above them. A shadow comes forth from the cliff; a duskiness dwells on the water; something tempts the eye upwards, and near the zenith there is a star.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, born at Shadwell, Va., April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826. He was educated at the College of William and Mary; studied law under George Wythe, the leader of the Virginia bar, to which Jefferson was admitted at the age of twenty-four. His career in public life commenced in 1769, when he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He took an earnest part in the measures which were a prelude to the Revolution. He was made chairman of the committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and that document was mainly written by him.

In 1779 Jefferson was chosen Governor of Virginia. In 1783 he was elected to Congress. In 1784 he was sent to France as joint-plenipotentiary with Franklin and Deane. In 1789 he returned to the United States for a short visit, only to be notified that Washington had appointed him Secretary of State. He resigned early in 1794.

In 1796 Jefferson became Vice-President, for the term of four years, beginning March 4, 1797. At the next presidential election the choice devolved upon the House of Representatives, who elected Jefferson. At the next election Jefferson was reëlected by a large majority.

At the close of his second term, in 1809, Jefferson retired from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years.

The "Writings of Thomas Jefferson" were published, by order of Congress, in 1853, in nine octavo volumes. They include a brief autobiography, treatises, and essays on various subjects, official reports, messages, and addresses, and a selection from his correspondence. The principal "Lives of Jefferson" are those by St. George Tucker (1837), Henry S. Randall (1858), James Parton (1874), and John T. Morse, in the "American Statesman" series (1884). Of special interest is "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," by his great-granddaughter, Sarah H. Randolph (1871).

"Upon the whole," says Prof. M. C. Tyler of the Declaration, "this is the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and of national purpose."

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

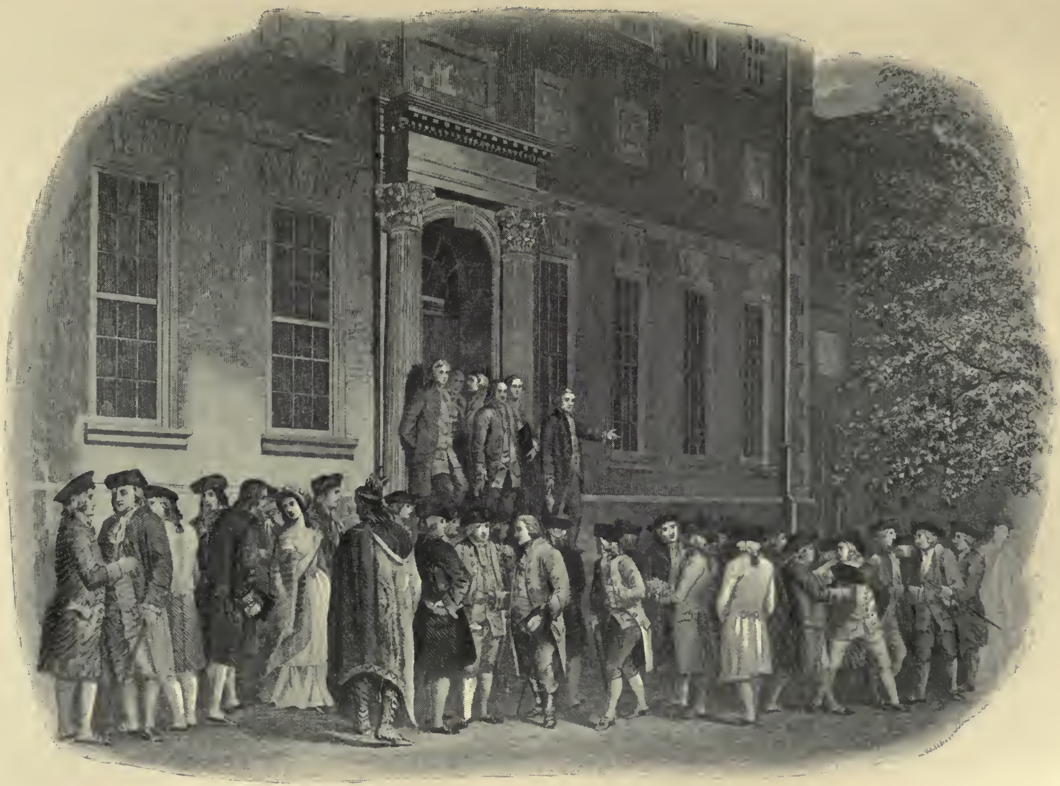
Copy prepared by Jefferson to show his draft and the wording adopted by Congress.

CONGRESS proceeded on Monday, July 1, to consider the declaration of Independence, which had been reported & lain on the table the Friday preceding, and on Monday referred to a comm^{ee} of the whole. The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many. For this reason those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who on the contrary still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also I believe felt a little tender under those censures; for tho' their people have very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d, & 4th days of July were, in the evening of the last, closed; the declaration was reported by the comm^{ee}, agreed to by the house, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson. As the sentiments of men are known not only by what they receive, but what they reject also, I will state the form of the declaration as originally reported. The parts struck out by Congress shall be distinguished by a black line drawn under them; & those inserted by them shall be placed in the margin or in a concurrent column.

A Declaration by the representatives of the United States of America, in *General* Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate & equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with



ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

(*Now Independence Hall*)

inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty,
certain & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these
rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles, & organizing it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses & usurpations begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to
alter expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unre-
repeated mitting injuries & usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest but
all having all have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome & necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; & when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, & formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, & continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without & convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has suffered the administration of justice totally obstructed
to cease in some of these states refusing his assent to by
laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made our judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, & the amount & pament of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self-assumed power and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies and ships of war without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independant of, & superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions & unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriving us [ ] of the benefits in many
of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be cases
tried for pretended offences; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging it's boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these states; for taking away our colonies
charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments; for suspending

our own legislatures, & declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, & destroyed the lives of our people.

by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation & tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy [ ] unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, & totally

He has [ ] endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, & conditions of existence.

excited domestic insurrection among us, & has

He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture & confiscation of our property.

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.

A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which
may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a [ ] peo-
ple who mean to be free. Future ages will scarcely free
believe that the hardiness of one man adventured, within the short compass of twelve years only, to lay a foundation so broad & so undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered & fixed in principles of freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by
their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our an un-
states. We have reminded them of the circumstances warrant-able
of our emigration & settlement here, no one of which us
could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may
be credited: and, we [ ] appealed to their native justice have
and magnanimity as well as to the ties of our common and we have
kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely conjured
to interrupt our connection and correspondence. They them by
too have been deaf to the voice of justice & consanguin- would inevitably
ity, and when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have, by their free election, re-established them in power. At this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to

agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness & to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation [ ]!

We must therefore and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled do in the name & by authority of the good people of these states reject & renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them: we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain: & finally we do assert & declare these colonies to be free & independent states, & that as free & independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, con-

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, & by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish & declare that these united colonies are & of right ought to be free & independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them & the state of Great Britain is, & ought to be, totally dissolved; & that as free & independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, con-

tract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts & things which independent states may of right do.	tract alliances, establish commerce & to do all other acts & things which independant states may of right do.
And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.	And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.

On Fiction.

(From a letter to Robert Skipwith, Aug. 3, 1771.)

I sat down with the design of executing your request to form a catalogue of books to the amount of about £50 sterl., but could by no means satisfy myself with any partial choice I could make. Thinking therefore it might be agreeable to you, I have framed such a general collection as I think you would wish and might in time find convenient to procure. Out of this you will choose for yourself to the amount you mentioned for the present year, and may hereafter proceed in completing the whole. A view of the second column in this catalogue would, I suppose, extort a smile from the face of gravity. Peace to its wisdom! Let me not awaken it. A little attention, however, to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written, every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility? asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored.

I answer, everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practice of virtue. When any original act of charity or of gratitude, for instance, is presented either to our sight or imagination, we are deeply impressed with its beauty, and feel a strong desire in ourselves of doing charitable and grateful acts also. On the contrary, when we see or read of any atrocious deed, we are disgusted with its deformity and conceive an abhorrence of vice. Now every emotion of this kind is an exercise of our virtuous dispositions; and dispositions of the mind, like limbs of the body, acquire strength in exercise. But exercise produces habit; and in the instance of which we speak, the exercise, being of the moral feelings, produces a habit of thinking and acting virtuously. We never reflect whether the story we read be truth or fiction. I appeal to every reader of feeling and sentiment, whether the fictitious murder of Duncan by Macbeth in Shakspeare does not excite in him as great a horror of villainy as the real one of Henry IV. by Ravaillac, as related by Davila? And whether the fidelity of Nelson and generosity of Blandford in Marmontel do not dilate his breast and elevate his sentiments as much as any similar incident which real history can furnish? We are therefore wisely framed to be as warmly interested for a fictitious as for a real personage. The field of imagination is thus laid open to our use, and lessons may be formed to illustrate and carry home to the heart every moral rule of life. Thus a lively and lasting sense of filial duty is more effectually impressed on the mind of a son or daughter by reading "King Lear" than by all the dry volumes of ethics and divinity that ever were written. This is my idea of well-written romance, or tragedy, comedy, and epic poetry.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY.

(From "Notes on Virginia," 1782.)

IT is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried, whether catholic or particular. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, — the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs, in the circle of smaller slaves gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execrations should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate, and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying; the way, I hope, preparing under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed in the order of events to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.

Letter to Mr. Hopkinson.

Paris, *December* 23d, 1786.

Dear Sir: My last letter to you was dated August 14th. Yours of May 27th and June 28th were not then received, but have been since. I take the liberty of putting under your cover another letter to Mrs. Champis, as also an inquiry after a Dr. Griffiths. A letter to M. LeVieillard, from the person he had consulted about the essence L'Orient, will convey to you the result of my researches into that article. Your spring-block for assisting a vessel in sailing cannot be tried here; because the Seine being not more than about forty toises wide, and running swiftly, there is no such thing on it as a vessel with sails. I thank you for the volume of the Philadelphia transactions, which came safely to hand, and is in my opinion a very valuable volume, and contains many precious papers. The paccan-nut is, as you conjecture, the Illinois nut. The former is the vulgar name south of the Potomac, as also with the Indians and Spaniards, and enters also into the botanical name, which is Juglano Paccan. I have many volumes of the "Encyclopédie" for yourself and Dr. Franklin; but as a winter passage is bad for books, and before the spring the packets will begin to sail from Havre to New York, I shall detain them till then. You must not presume too strongly that your comb-footed bird is known to M. De Buffon. He did not know our panther. I gave him the stripped skin of one I bought in Philadelphia, and it presents him a new species, which will appear in his next volumes. I have convinced him that our deer is not a Chevreuil; and would you believe that many letters to different acquaintances in Virginia, where this animal is so common, have never enabled me to present him with a large pair of their horns, a blue and red skin stuffed, to show him their colors, at different seasons. He has never seen the horns of what we call the elk. This would decide whether it be an elk or a deer. I am very much pleased with your project on the harmonica, and the prospect of your succeeding in the application of keys to it. It will be the greatest present which has been made to the musical world this century, not excepting the piano-forte. If its tone approaches that given by the finger as nearly only as the harpsichord does that of the harp, it will be very valuable. I have lately examined a foot-bass newly invented here by the celebrated Krumfoltz. It is precisely a piano-forte, about ten feet long, eighteen inches broad, and nine inches deep. It is of one octave only, from fa to fa. The part where the keys are, projects at the side in order to lengthen the levers of the keys. It is placed on the floor, and the harpsichord or other piano-forte is set over it, the foot acting in concert on that, while the fingers play on this. There are three unison chords to every note, of strong brass wire, and the lowest have wire wrapped on them as the lowest in the piano-forte. The chords give a fine, clear, deep tone, almost like the pipe of an organ. Have they connected you with our mint? My friend Monroe promised me he would take care for you in that, or perhaps the establishment of that at New York may have been incompatible with your residence in Philadelphia. A person here has invented a method of coining the French écu of six livres, so as to strike both faces and the edge at one stroke, and makes a coin as beautiful as a medal. No country has ever yet produced such a coin. They are made cheaper too. As yet, he has only made a few to show the perfection of his manner. I am endeavoring to procure one to send to Congress as a model for their coinage. They will consider whether, on establishing a new mint, it will be worth while to buy his machines if he will furnish them. A dislocation of my right wrist, which happened to me about a month after the date of my last letter to you, has disabled me from writing three months. I do it now in pain, and only in cases of necessity or of strong inclination, having as yet no other use of my hand. I put under your cover a letter from my daughter to her friend. She joins me in respects to your good mother, to Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself, to whom I proffer assurances of the esteem with which I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and servant.

LETTER TO DR. STYLES.

PARIS, *July* 17th, 1788.

Sir: I have long deferred doing myself the honor of writing to you, wishing for an opportunity to accompany my letter with a copy of the "Bibliothèque Physico-œconomique"; a book published here lately in four small volumes, and which gives an account of all the improvements in the arts which have been made for some years past. I flatter myself you will find in it many things agreeable and useful. I accompany it with the volumes of the Connoissance des Tems for the years 1781, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787. But why, you will ask, do I send you old almanacs, which are proverbially useless? Because in these publications have appeared, from time to time, some of the most precious things in astronomy. I have searched out those particular volumes which might be valuable to you on this account. That of 1781 contains De la Caille's catalogue of fixed stars reduced to the commencement of that year, and a table of the aberrations and nutations of the principal stars. 1784 contains the same catalogue with the nebuleuses of Messier. 1785 contains the famous catalogue of Flamsteed, with the positions of the stars reduced to the beginning of the year 1784, and which supersedes the use of that immense book. 1786 gives you Euler's lunar tables corrected; and 1787, the tables for the planet Herschel. The two last needed not an apology, as not being within the description of old almanacs. It is fixed on grounds which scarcely admit a doubt that the planet Herschel was seen by Mayer in the year 1756, and was considered by him as one of the zodiacal stars, and as such, arranged in his catalogue, being the 964th which he describes. This 964th of Mayer has been since missing, and the calculations for the planet Herschel show that it should have been, at the time of Mayer's observation, where he places his 964th star. The volume of 1787 gives you Mayer's catalogue of the zodiacal stars. The researches of the natural philosophers of Europe seem mostly in the field of chemistry, and here principally on the subjects of air and fire. The analysis of these two subjects presents to us very new ideas. When speaking of the "Bibliothèque Physico-œconomique," I should have observed that since its publication, a man in this city has invented a method of moving a vessel on the water by a machine worked within the vessel. I went to see it. He did not know himself the principle of his own invention. It is a screw with a very broad thin worm, or rather it is a thin plate with its edge applied spirally round an axis. This being turned, operates on the air as a screw does, and may be literally said to screw the vessel along; the thinness of the medium, and its want of resistance, occasion a loss of much of the force. The screw, I think, would be more effectual if placed below the surface of the water. I very much suspect that a countryman of ours, Mr. Bushnel of Connecticut, is entitled to the merit of a prior discovery of this use of the screw. I remember to have heard of his submarine navigation during the war; and from what Colonel Humphreys now tells me, I conjecture that the screw was the power he used. He joined to this a machine for exploding under water at a given moment. If it were not too great a liberty for a stranger to take, I would ask from him a narration of his actual experiments, with or without a communication of his principle, as he should choose. If he thought proper to communicate it, I would engage never to disclose it, unless I could find an opportunity of doing it for his benefit. I thank you for your information as to the great bones found on the Hudson River. I suspect that they must have been of the same animal with those found on the Ohio; and if so, they could not have belonged to any human figure, because they are accompanied with tusks of the size, form, and substance of those of the elephant. I have seen a part of the ivory, which was very good. The animal itself must have been much larger than an elephant. Mrs. Adams gives me an account of a flower found in Connecticut, which vegetates when suspended in the air. She brought one to Europe. What can be this flower? It would be a curious present to this continent.

The accommodation likely to take place between the Dutch and the Emperor, leaves us without that unfortunate resource for news which wars give us. The Emperor has certainly had in view the Bavarian exchange of which you have heard; but so formidable an opposition presented itself, that he has thought proper to disavow it. The Turks show a disposition to go to war with him; but if this country can prevail on them to remain in peace, they will do so. It has been thought that the two Imperial courts have a plan of expelling the Turks from Europe. It is really a pity so charming a country should remain in the hands of a people whose religion forbids the admission of science and the arts among them. We should wish success to the object of the two empires, if they meant to leave the country in possession of the Greek inhabitants. We might then expect, once more, to see the language of Homer and Demosthenes a living language. For I am persuaded the modern Greek would easily get back to its classical models. But this is not intended. They only propose to put the Greeks under other masters; to substitute one set of barbarians for another.

Colonel Humphreys having satisfied you that all attempts would be fruitless here to obtain money or other advantages for your college, I need add nothing on that head. It is a method of supporting colleges of which they have no idea, though they practice it for the support of their lazy monkish institutions.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect and esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

LETTER TO JAMES MADISON.

PARIS, *December* 20th, 1787.

Dear Sir: My last letter to you was of October the 8th, by the Count de Moustier. Yours of July the 18th, September the 6th, and October the 24th were successively received yesterday, the day before, and three or four days before that. I have only had time to read the letters; the printed papers communicated with them, however interesting, being obliged to lie over till I finish my dispatches for the packet, which dispatches must go from hence the day after to-morrow. I have much to thank you for; first and most for the ciphered paragraph respecting myself. These little informations are very material towards forming my own decisions. I would be glad even to know when any individual member thinks I have gone wrong in any instance. If I know myself, it would not excite ill blood in me; while it would assist to guide my conduct, perhaps to justify it, and to keep me to my duty, alert. I must thank you, too, for the information in Thomas Burke's case, though you will have found by a subsequent letter that I have asked of you a further investigation of that matter. It is to gratify the lady who is at the head of the convent wherein my daughters are, and who, by her attachment and attention to them, lays me under great obligations. I shall hope, therefore, still to receive from you the result of all the further inquiries my second letter had asked. The parcel of rice which you informed me had miscarried, accompanied my letter to the Delegates of South Carolina. Mr. Bourgoin was to be the bearer of both; and both were delivered into the hands of his relation here, who introduced him to me, and who, at a subsequent moment, undertook to convey them to Mr. Bourgoin. This person was an engraver, particularly recommended to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Hopkinson. Perhaps he may have mislaid the little parcel of rice among his baggage. I am much pleased that the sale of western lands is so successful. I hope they will absorb all the certificates of our domestic debt speedily, in the first place; and that then, offered for cash, they will do the same by our foreign ones.

The seasons admitting only of operations in the cabinet, and these being in a great measure secret, I have little to fill a letter. I will therefore make up the deficiency by adding a few words on the constitution proposed by our convention.

I like much the general idea of framing a government which should go on of itself, peaceably, without needing continual recurrence to the State legislatures. I like the organization of the government into legislative, judiciary, and executive. I like the power given the legislature to levy taxes; and for that reason solely, I approve of the greater House being chosen by the people directly. For though I think a House so chosen will be very far inferior to the present Congress, will be very illy qualified to legislate for the Union, for foreign nations, etc., yet this evil does not weigh against the good, of preserving inviolate the fundamental principle that the people are not to be taxed but by representatives chosen immediately by themselves. I am captivated by the compromise of the opposite claims of the great and little States, of the latter to equal, and the former to proportional influence. I am much pleased, too, with the substitution of voting by persons, instead of that of voting by States; and I like the negative given to the Executive, conjointly with a third of either House; though I should have liked it better, had the judiciary been associated for that purpose, or vested separately with a similar power. There are other good things of less moment.

I will now tell you what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights, providing clearly, and without the aid of sophism, for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land and not by the laws of nations. To say, as Mr. Wilson does, that a bill of rights was not necessary, because all is reserved in the case of the general government which is not given, while in the particular ones all is given which is not reserved, might do for the audience to which it was addressed: but it is surely a *gratis dictum*, the reverse of which might just as well be said; and it is opposed by strong inferences from the body of the instrument, as well as from the omission of the clause of our present Confederation which has made the reservation in express terms. It was hard to conclude, because there has been a want of uniformity among the States as to the cases of trial by jury, because some have been so incautious as to dispense with this mode of trial in certain cases, therefore the more prudent States shall be reduced to the same level of calamity. It would have been much more just and wise to have concluded the other way; that as most of the States had preserved with jealousy this sacred palladium of liberty, those who had wandered should be brought back to it: and to have established general right rather than general wrong. For I consider all the ill as established which may be established. I have a right to nothing which another has a right to take away; and Congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add, that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular; and what no just government should refuse, or rest on inference.

The second feature I dislike, and strongly dislike, is the abandonment in every instance of the principle of rotation in office, and most particularly in the case of the President. Reason and experience tell us that the first magistrate will always be re-elected if he may be re-elected. He is then an officer for life. This once observed, it becomes of so much consequence to certain nations to have a friend or a foe at the head of our affairs, that they will interfere with money and with arms. A Galloman or an Angloman will be supported by the nation he befriends. If once elected, and at a second or third election outvoted by one or two votes, he will pretend false votes, foul play, hold possession of the reins of government, be supported by the States voting for him, — especially if they be the central ones, lying in a compact body themselves and separating their opponents; and they will be aided by one nation in Europe while the majority are aided by another. The election of a President of America, some years hence, will be much more interesting to certain nations of Europe than ever the election of a king of Poland was. Reflect on all the instances in history, ancient and modern, of elective monarchies, and say if they do not give foundation for my fears; the Roman emperors, the popes while they were of any importance, the German emperors till they became hereditary in practice, the kings of Poland, the deys of the Ottoman dependencies. It may be said that if elections are to be attended with these disorders, the less frequently they are repeated the better. But experience says, that to free them from disorder they must be rendered less interesting by a necessity of change. No foreign power, no domestic party, will waste their blood and money to elect a person who must go out at the end of a short period. The power of removing every fourth year by the vote of the people is a power which they will not exercise; and if they are disposed to exercise it, they would not be permitted. The king of Poland is removable every day by the Diet. But they never remove him. Nor would Russia, the Emperor, etc., permit them to do it. Smaller objections are, the appeals on matters of fact as well as laws; and the binding all persons, legislative, executive, and judiciary, by oath, to maintain that Constitution. I do not pretend to decide what would be the best method of procuring the establishment of the manifold good things in this Constitution, and of getting rid of the bad. Whether by adopting it, in hopes of future amendment; or after it shall have been duly weighed and canvassed by the people, after seeing the parts they generally dislike, and those they generally approve, to say to them, "We see now what you wish. You are willing to give to your federal government such-and-such powers; but you wish at the same time to have such-and-such fundamental rights secured to you, and certain sources of convulsion taken away. Be it so. Send together deputies again. Let them establish your fundamental rights by a sacrosanct declaration, and let them pass the parts of the Constitution you have approved. These will give powers to your federal government sufficient for your happiness."

This is what might be said, and would probably produce a speedy, more perfect, and more permanent form of government. At all events, I hope you will not be discouraged from making other trials, if the present one should fail. We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth. I have thus told you freely what I like, and what I dislike, merely as a matter of curiosity; for I know it is not in my power to offer matter of information to your judgment, which has been formed after hearing and weighing everything which the wisdom of man could offer on these subjects. I own, I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive. It places the governors indeed more at their ease, at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen States in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half. No country should be so long without one. Nor will any degree of power in the hands of government prevent insurrections. In England, where the hand of power is heavier than with us, there are seldom half a dozen years without an insurrection. In France, where it is still heavier, but less despotic as Montesquieu supposes than in some other countries, and where there are always two or three hundred thousand men ready to crush insurrections, there have been three in the course of the three years I have been here, in every one of which greater numbers were engaged than in Massachusetts, and a great deal more blood was spilt. In Turkey, where the sole nod of the despot is death, insurrections are the events of every day. Compare again the ferocious depredations of their insurgents with the order, the moderation, and the almost self-extinguishment of ours. And say finally whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This last is the most certain and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve them. And it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this. They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty. After all, it is my principle that the will of the majority should prevail. If they approve the proposed Constitution in all its parts, I shall concur in it cheerfully, in hopes they will amend it whenever they shall find it works wrong. This reliance cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous; and I think we shall be so as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there. I have tired you by this time with disquisitions which you have already heard repeated by others a thousand and a thousand times; and therefore shall only add assurances of the esteem and attachment with which I have the honor to be, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

P. S. — The instability of our laws is really an immense evil. I think it would be well to provide in our constitutions, that there shall always be a twelvemonth between the engrossing a bill and passing it; that it should then be offered to its passage without changing a word; and that if circumstances should be thought to require a speedier passage, it should take two-thirds of both Houses, instead of a bare majority.

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME.

Jerome Klapka Jerome, an English novelist, playwright, and journalist, was born at Walsall, Staffordshire, May 2, 1861. He was educated at the Marylebone Philological School; but in very early life, he was thrown upon his own resources. He sought employment in London, where he became successively clerk, schoolmaster, short-hand writer, reporter, actor, and journalist. In 1885 he published "On the Stage — and Off," being his theatrical autobiography. "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," followed in 1886; and in the same year his "Barbara," a one-act comedy, was produced. The comedies "Sunset" and "Wood-Barrow Farm," and "Fennel," were produced in 1888. "Stageland" and a humorous story entitled "Three Men in a Boat," his best known and most popular production, were published in 1889. In 1890 he produced for the stage "New Lamps for Old," a farce; and "Ruth," a play. His "Diary of a Pilgrimage" was published in 1890. The "Councillor's Wife," a comedy, appeared upon the American stage in 1893; and in the same year he published "Novel Notes" and "John Ingerfield and Other Stories." In 1892, in co-editorship with Robert Barr, he started *The Idler*, a magazine; and in 1893 he founded the weekly magazine-journal *To-Day*. "Stories of the Town," including "Blasé Billy," and "The Prude's Progress" and "Dick Hulward," were published in 1896; "Letters to Clorinda" (1898).

Change and Rest.

(From "Three Men in a Boat.")

There were four of us — George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. We were sitting in my room, smoking and talking about how bad we were — bad from a medical point of view, I mean, of course.

We were all feeling seedy, and we were getting quite nervous about it. Harris said he felt such extraordinary fits of giddiness come over him at times that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said that *he* had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what he was doing. With me, it was my

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liver that was out of order. I knew it was my liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent-medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch — hay-fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into — some fearful, devastating scourge, I know — and, before I had glanced half down the list of "premonitory symptoms," it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for awhile, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid-fever — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid-fever, must have had it for months without knowing it — wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus's dance — found, as I expected, that I had that too — began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically — read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After awhile, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals" if they had me. I was an hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet-fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said:

"I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished But I will tell you what is *not* the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it — a cowardly thing to do, I call it — and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said:

"You are a chemist?"

He said:

"I am a chemist. If I was a coöperative store and family hotel combined I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:

"1 lb. beefsteak, with
1 pt. bitter beer
every 6 hours.
1 ten-mile walk every morning.
1 bed at 11 sharp every night.
And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

I followed the directions, with the happy result — speaking for myself — that my life was preserved, and is still going on.

In the present instance, going back to the liver-pill circular, I had the symptoms, beyond all mistake, the chief among them being "a general disinclination to work of any kind."

What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell. From my earliest infancy I have been a martyr to it. As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. They did not know, then, that it was my liver. Medical science was in a far less advanced state than now, and they used to put it down to laziness.

"Why, you skulking little devil, you!" they would say, "get up and do something for your living, can't you?" — not knowing, of course, that I was ill.

And they didn't give me pills; they gave me clumps on the side of the head. And, strange as it may appear, those clumps on the head often cured me — for the time being. I have known one clump on the head have more effect upon my liver, and make me feel more anxious to go straight away then and there, and do what was wanted to be done without further loss of time, than a whole box of pills does now.

You know, it often is so — those simple, old-fashioned remedies are sometimes more efficacious than all the dispensary stuff.

We sat there for half an hour describing to one another our maladies. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning, and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George stood on the hearth-rug and gave us a clever and powerful piece of acting illustrative of how he felt in the night.

George *fancies* he is ill; but there's never anything really the matter with him, you know.

At this point Mrs. Poppets knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and said we supposed we had better try to swallow a bit. Harris said a little something in one's stomach often kept the disease in check; and Mrs. Poppets brought the tray in, and we drew up to the table and toyed with a little steak and onions and some rhubarb tart.

I must have been very weak at the time, because I know, after the first half hour or so, I seemed to take no interest whatever in my food — an unusual thing for me — and I didn't want any cheese.

This duty done, we refilled our glasses, lighted our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health. What it was that was actually the matter with us, we none of us could be sure of; but the unanimous opinion was that it — whatever it was — had been brought on by overwork.

"What we want is rest," said Harris.

"Rest and a complete change," said George. "The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene and absence of the necessity for thought will restore the mental equilibrium."

George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physicianary way of putting things.

I agreed with George, and suggested that we should seek out some retired and old-world spot, far from the madding crowd, and dream away a sunny week among its drowsy lanes — some half-forgotten nook, hidden away by the fairies, out of reach of the noisy world — some quaint-perched eyrie on the cliffs of Time, from whence the surging waves of the nineteenth century would sound far off and faint.

Harris said he thought it would be humpy. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o'clock, and you couldn't get a "Referee" for love or money, and have to walk ten miles to get your baccy.

"No," said Harris, "if you want rest and change, you can't beat a sea trip."

I objected to the sea trip strongly. A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but for a week, it is wicked.

You start on Monday with the idea implanted in your bosom that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave an airy adieu to the boys on shore, light your biggest pipe, and swagger about the deck as if you were Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. On Tuesday, you wish you hadn't come. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, you wish you were dead. On Saturday, you are able to swallow a little beef-tea, and to sit up on deck and answer with a wan, sweet smile when kind-hearted people ask you how you feel now. On Sunday, you begin to walk about again, and take solid food. And on Monday morning, as, with your bag and umbrella in your hand, you stand by the gunwale, waiting to step ashore, you begin to thoroughly like it.

I remember my brother-in-law going for a short sea trip once, for the benefit of his health. He took a return berth from London to Liverpool; and when he got to Liverpool the only thing he was anxious about was to sell that return ticket.

It was offered round the town at a tremendous reduction, so I am told; and was eventually sold for eighteen pence to a bilious-looking youth who had just been advised by his medical men to go to the seaside and take exercise.

"Seaside!" said my brother-in-law, pressing the ticket affectionately into his hand; "why, you'll have enough to last you a life-time; and as for exercise! why, you'll get more exercise sitting down on that ship than you would turning somersaults on dry land."

He himself — my brother-in-law — came back by train. He said the Northwestern Railway was healthy enough for him.

Another fellow I knew went for a week's voyage round the coast, and before they started the steward came to him to ask whether he would pay for each meal as he had it or arrange beforehand for the whole series.

The steward recommended the latter course, as it would come so much cheaper. He said they would do him for the whole week at two pounds five. He said for breakfast there would be fish, followed by a grill. Lunch was at one, and consisted of four courses. Dinner at six — soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, poultry, salad, sweets, cheese, and dessert. And a light meat supper at ten.

My friend thought he would close on the two-pound-five job (he is a hearty eater), and did so.

Lunch came just as they were off Sheerness. He didn't feel so hungry as he thought he should, and so contented himself with a bit of boiled beef and some strawberries and cream. He pondered a good deal during the afternoon, and at one time it seemed to him that he had been eating nothing but boiled beef for weeks, and at other times it seemed that he must have been living on strawberries and cream for years.

Neither the beef nor the strawberries and cream seemed happy, either — seemed discontented like.

At six, they came and told him dinner was ready. The announcement aroused no enthusiasm within him, but he felt that there was some of that two-pound-five to be worked off, and he held on to ropes and things and went down. A pleasant odor of onions and hot ham, mingled with fried fish and greens, greeted him at the bottom of the ladder; and then the steward came up with an oily smile, and said:

"What can I get you, sir?"

"Get me out of this," was the feeble reply.

And they ran him up quick, and propped him over to leeward, and left him.

For the next four days he lived a simple and blameless life on thin captain's biscuits (I mean that the biscuits were thin, not the captain) and soda-water; but, toward Saturday, he got uppish, and went in for weak tea and dry toast, and on Monday he was gorging himself on chicken-broth. He left the ship on Tuesday, and as it steamed away from the landing-stage he gazed after it regretfully.

"There she goes," he said, "there she goes, with two pounds' worth of food on board that belongs to me, and that I haven't had!"

He said that if they had given him another day he thought he could have put it straight.

So I set my face against the sea trip. Not, as I explained, upon my own account. I was never queer. But I was afraid for George. George said he should be all right, and would rather like it, but he would advise Harris and me not to think of it, as he felt sure we should both be ill. Harris said that, to himself, it was always a mystery how people managed to get sick at sea — said he thought people must do it on purpose, from affectation — said he had often wished to be, but had never been able.

Then he told us anecdotes of how he had gone across the Channel when it was so rough that the passengers had to be tied into their berths, and he and the captain were the only two living souls on board who were not ill. Sometimes it was he and the second mate who were not ill; but it was generally he and one other man. If not he and another man, then it was he by himself.

It is a curious fact, but nobody ever is seasick — on land. At sea you come across plenty of people very bad indeed, whole boat-loads of them; but I never met a man yet, on land, who had ever known at all what it was to be seasick. Where the thousands upon thousands of bad sailors that swarm in every ship hide themselves when they are on land is a mystery.

UNCLE PODGER.

On the following evening, we again assembled to discuss and arrange our plans. Harris said:

"Now, the first thing to settle is what to take with us. Now, you get a bit of paper and write down, J., and you get the grocery catalogue, George, and somebody give me a bit of pencil, and then I'll make out a list."

That's Harris all over — so ready to take the burden of everything himself and put it on the backs of other people.

He always reminds me of my poor uncle Podger. You never saw such a commotion up and down a house in all your life as when my uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up, and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me!* Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom — where's Tom? — Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't! Six of you! — and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the" —

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up a hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see if he could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything!" Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and at the second blow the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with a force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and about midnight the picture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

PACKING.

WE made a list of the things to be taken, and a pretty lengthy one it was, before we parted that evening. The next day, which was Friday, we got them all altogether, and met in the evening to pack. We got a big Gladstone for the clothes, and a couple of hampers for the victuals and the cooking utensils. We moved the table up against the window, piled everything in a heap in the middle of the floor, and sat round and looked at it. I said I'd pack.

I rather pride myself on my packing. Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person living. (It surprises me myself, sometimes, how many of these subjects there are.) I impressed the fact upon George and Harris, and told them they had better leave the whole matter entirely to me. They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something uncanny about it. George lighted a pipe and spread himself over the easy-chair, and Harris cocked his legs on the table and lighted a cigar.

This was hardly what I intended. What I had meant, of course, was, that I should boss the job, and that Harris and George should patter about under my directions, I pushing them aside every now and then with, "Oh, you ——!" "Here, let me do it." "There you are, simple enough!"—really teaching them, as you might say. Their taking it in the way they did irritated me. There is nothing does irritate me more than seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I'm working.

I lived with a man once who used to make me mad that way. He would loll on the sofa and watch me doing things by the hour together, following me round the room with his eyes, wherever I went. He said it did him real good to look on at me messing about. He said it made him feel that life was not an idle dream to be gaped and yawned through, but a noble task, full of duty and stern work. He said he often wondered now how he could have gone on before he met me, never having anybody to look at while they worked.

Now, I'm not like that. I can't sit still and see another man slaving and working. I want to get up and superintend, and walk round with my hands in my pockets, and tell him what to do. It is my energetic nature. I can't help it.

However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

"Ain't you going to put the boots in?" said Harris.

And I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. That's just like Harris. He couldn't have said a word until I'd got the bag shut and strapped, of course. And George laughed—one of those irritating, senseless, chuckle-headed, crack-jawed laughs of his. They do make me so wild.

I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my toothbrush? I don't know how it is, but I never do know whether I've packed my toothbrush.

My tooth-brush is a thing that haunts me when I'm traveling, and makes my life a misery. I dream that I haven't packed it, and wake up in a cold perspiration, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it, and it is always the last thing I turn out of the bag; and then I repack and forget it, and have to rush upstairs for it at the last moment and carry it to the railway station wrapped up in my pocket-handkerchief.

Of course I had to turn every mortal thing out now, and, of course, I could not find it. I rummaged the things up into much the same state that they must have been before the world was created, and when chaos reigned. Of course, I found George's and Harris's eighteen times over, but I couldn't find my own. I put the things back one by one, and held everything up and shook it. Then I found it inside a boot. I repacked once more.

When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in. I said I didn't care a hang whether the soap was in or whether it wasn't; and I slammed the bag to and strapped it, and found that I had packed my tobacco-pouch in it and had to reopen it. It got shut up finally at 10:05 P.M., and then there remained the hampers to do. Harris said that we should be wanting to start in less than twelve hours' time, and thought that he and George had better do the rest; and I agreed and sat down, and they had a go.

They began in a light-hearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited; and I looked at the piles of plates, and cups, and kettles, and bottles, and jars, and pies, and stoves, and cakes, and tomatoes, etc., and felt that the thing would soon become exciting.

It did. They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show you what they *could* do, and to get you interested.

Then Harris packed the strawberry-jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

And then it was George's turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn't say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It irritated them more than anything I could have said. I felt that. It made them nervous and excited, and then they stepped on things, and put things behind them, and then couldn't find them when they wanted them; and they packed the pies at the bottom, and put heavy things on top, and smashed the pies in.

They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one-and-two-pence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn't go in, and what *was* in wouldn't come out! They did scrape it out at last, and put it down on a chair, and Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.

"I'll take my oath I put it down on that chair," said George, staring at the empty seat.

"I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago," said Harris.

Then they started round the room again looking for it; and then they met again in the center, and stared at each other.

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," said George.

"So mysterious!" said Harris.

Then George got round at the back of Harris and saw it.

"Why, here it is all the time," he exclaimed, indignantly.

"Where?" cried Harris, spinning round.

"Stand still, can't you?" roared George, flying after him.

And they got it off, and packed it in the teapot.

Montmorency was in it all, of course. Montmorency's ambition in life is to get in the way and be sworn at. If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad, and have things thrown at his head, then he feels his day has not been wasted.

To get somebody to stumble over him, and curse him steadily for an hour, is his highest aim and object; and, when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable.

He came and sat down on things, just when they were wanted to be packed; and he labored under the fixed belief that, whenever Harris or George reached out their hand for anything, it was his cold, damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teaspoons, and he pretended that the lemons were rats, and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying-pan.

Harris said I encouraged him. I didn't encourage him. A dog like that don't want any encouragement. It's the natural, original sin that is born in him that makes him do things like that.

The packing was done at 12:50; and Harris sat on the big hamper, and said he hoped nothing would be found broken. George said that if anything was broken it *was* broken, which reflection seemed to comfort him. He also said he was ready for bed. We were all ready for bed. Harris was to sleep with us that night, and we went upstairs.

We tossed for beds, and Harris had to sleep with me. He said:

"Do you prefer the inside or the outside, J.?"

I said I generally preferred to sleep *inside* a bed.

Harris said it was odd.

George said:

"What time shall I wake you fellows?"

Harris said:

"Seven."

I said:

"No — six," because I wanted to write some letters.

Harris and I had a bit of a row over it, but at last split the difference, and said half past six.

"Wake us at 6:30, George," we said.

George made no answer, and we found, on going over, that he had been asleep for some time; so we placed the bath where he could tumble into it on getting out in the morning, and went to bed ourselves.

THE START.

HARRIS and I, having finished up the few things left on the table, carted out our luggage on to the doorstep, and waited for a cab.

There seemed a good deal of luggage, when we put it all together. There was the Gladstone and the small handbag, and the two hampers, and a large roll of rugs, and some four or five overcoats and mackintoshes, and a few umbrellas, and then there was a melon by itself in a bag, because it was too bulky to go in anywhere, and a couple of pounds of grapes in another bag, and a Japanese paper umbrella, and a frying-pan, which, being too long to pack, we had wrapped round with brown paper. It did look a lot, and Harris and I began to feel rather ashamed of it, though why we should be I can't see. No cab came by, but the street-boys did, and got interested in the show, apparently, and stopped.

Biggs's boy was the first to come round. Biggs is our greengrocer, and his chief talent lies in securing the services of the most abandoned and unprincipled errand-boys that civilization has as yet produced. If anything more than usually villainous in the boy line crops up in our neighborhood, we know that it is Biggs's latest. I was told that, at the time of the Great Coram Street murder, it was promptly concluded by our street that Biggs's boy (for that period) was at the bottom of it, and had he not been able, in reply to the severe cross-examination to which he was subjected by No. 19, when he called there for orders the morning after the crime (assisted by No. 21, who happened to be on the step at the time), to prove a complete *alibi*, it would have gone hard with him. I didn't know Biggs's boy at that time, but from what I have seen of him since, I should not have attached much importance to that *alibi* myself.

Biggs's boy, as I have said, came round the corner. He was evidently in a great hurry when he first dawned upon the vision, but on catching sight of Harris, and me, and Montmorency, and the things, he eased up and stared. Harris and I frowned at him. This might have wounded a more sensitive nature, but Biggs's boys are not, as a rule, touchy. He came to a dead stop, a yard from our step, and leaning up against the railings, and selecting a straw to chew, fixed us with his eye. He evidently meant to see this thing out.

In another moment, the grocer's boy passed on the opposite side of the street. Biggs's boy hailed him.

"Hi! ground-floor o' 42's a-moving."

The grocer's boy came across, and took up a position on the other side of the step. Then the young gentleman from the boot-shop stopped, and joined Biggs's boy; while the empty-can superintendent from "The Blue Posts" took up an independent position on the curb.

"They ain't a-going to starve, are they?" said the gentleman from the boot-shop.

"Ah! you'd want to take a thing or two with *you*," retorted "The Blue Posts," "if you was a-going to cross the Atlantic in a small boat."

"They ain't a-going to cross the Atlantic," struck in Biggs's boy; "they're a-going to find Stanley."

By this time quite a small crowd had collected, and people were asking each other what was the matter. One party (the young and giddy portion of the crowd) held that it was a wedding, and pointed out Harris as the bridegroom; while the elder and more thoughtful among the populace inclined to the idea that it was a funeral, and that I was probably the corpse's brother.

At last an empty cab turned up (it is a street where, as a rule, and when they are not wanted, empty cabs pass at the rate of three a minute, and hang about, and get in your way), and packing ourselves and our belongings into it, and shooting out a couple of Montmorency's friends, who had evidently sworn never to forsake him, we drove away mid the cheers of the crowd, Biggs's boy shying a carrot after us for luck.

We got to Waterloo at eleven, and asked where the eleven-five started from. Of course nobody knew; nobody at Waterloo ever does know where a train is going to start from, or where a train when it does start is going to, or anything about it. The porter who took our things thought it would go from number two platform, while another porter, with whom he discussed the question, had heard a rumor that it would go from number one. The station master, on the other hand, was convinced it would start from the local.

To put an end to the matter, we went upstairs, and asked the traffic superintendent, and he told us that he had just met a man who said he had seen it at number three platform. We went to number three platform, but the authorities there said that they rather thought that train was the Southampton express, or else the Windsor loop. But they were sure it wasn't the Kingston train, though why they were sure it wasn't they couldn't say.

Then our porter said he thought that must be it on the high-level platform; said he thought he knew the train. So we went to the high-level platform, and saw the engine-driver and asked him if he was going to Kingston. He said he couldn't say for certain, of course, but that he rather thought he was. Anyhow if he wasn't the 11:05 for Kingston, he said he was pretty confident he was the 9:32 for Virginia Water, or the 10 A.M. express for the Isle of Wight, or somewhere in that direction, and we should all know when we got there. We slipped half a crown into his hand and begged him to be the 11:05 for Kingston.

"Nobody will ever know on this line," we said, "what you are, or where you're going. You know the way, you slip off quietly and go to Kingston."

"Well, I don't know, gents," replied the noble fellow, "but suppose *some* train's got to go to Kingston; and I'll do it. Gimme the half crown."

Thus we got to Kingston by the London and Southwestern Railway.

We learned afterward, that the train we had come by was really the Exeter mail, and that they had spent hours at Waterloo looking for it, and nobody knew what had become of it.

Our boat was waiting for us at Kingston just below the bridge, and to it we wended our way, and round it we stored our luggage, and into it we stepped.

"Are you all right, sir?" said the man.

"Right it is," we answered; and with Harris at the sculls and I at the tiller-lines, and Montmorency, unhappy and deeply suspicious, in the prow, out we shot onto the waters which, for a fortnight, were to be our home.

THE MAZE.

HARRIS asked me if I'd ever been in the Maze at Hampton Court. He said he went in once to show somebody else the way. He had studied it up in a map, and it was so simple that it seemed foolish — hardly worth the two-pence charged for admission. Harris said he thought that map must have been got up as a practical joke, because it wasn't a bit like the real thing, and only misleading. It was a country cousin that Harris took in. He said:

"We'll just go in here, so that you can say you've been, but it's very simple. It's absurd to call it a maze. You keep on taking the first turning to the right. We'll just walk round for ten minutes, and then go and get some lunch."

They met some people soon after they had got inside, who said they had been there for three-quarters of an hour, and had had about enough of it. Harris told them they could follow him, if they liked; he was just going in, and then should turn round and come out again. They said it was very kind of him, and fell behind, and followed.

They picked up various other people who wanted to get it over, as they went along, until they had absorbed all the persons in the Maze. People who had given up all hopes of ever getting either in or out, or of ever seeing their home and friends again, plucked up courage at the sight of Harris and his party, and joined the procession, blessing him. Harris said he should judge there must have been twenty people following him, in all; and one woman with a baby, who had been there all the morning, insisted on taking his arm, for fear of losing him.

Harris kept on turning to the right, but it seemed a long way, and his cousin said he supposed it was a very big maze.

"Oh, one of the largest in Europe!" said Harris.

"Yes, it must be," replied the cousin, "because we've walked a good two miles already."

Harris began to think it rather strange himself, but he held on until, at last, they passed the half of a penny bun on the ground that Harris's cousin swore he had noticed there seven minutes ago. Harris said: "Oh, impossible!" but the woman with the baby said, "Not at all," as she herself had taken it from the child and thrown it down there, just before she met Harris. She also added that she wished that she never had met Harris, and expressed an opinion that he was an impostor. That made Harris mad, and he produced his map, and explained his theory.

"The map may be all right enough," said one of the party, "if you know whereabouts in it we are now."

Harris didn't know, and suggested that the best thing to do would be to go back to the entrance and begin again. For the beginning again part of it there was not much enthusiasm; but with regard to the advisability of going back to the entrance there was complete unanimity, and so they turned, and trailed after Harris again, and in the opposite direction. About ten minutes more passed, and then they found themselves in the center.

Harris thought at first of pretending that that was what he had been aiming at; but the crowd looked dangerous, and he decided to treat it as an accident.

Anyhow they had got something to start from then. They did know where they were, and the map was once more consulted, and the thing seemed simpler than ever, and off they started for the third time.

And three minutes later they were back in the center again.

After that they simply couldn't get anywhere else. Whatever way they turned brought them back to the middle. It became so regular at length, that some of the people stopped there, and waited for the others to take a walk round, and come back to them. Harris drew out his map again after awhile, but the sight of it only infuriated the mob, and they told him to go and curl his hair with it. Harris said that he couldn't help feeling that, to a certain extent, he had become unpopular.

They all got crazy at last, and sung out for the keeper, and the man came and climbed up the ladder outside, and shouted out directions to them. But all their heads were, by this time, in such a confused whirl that they were incapable of grasping anything, and so the man told them to stop where they were, and he would come to them. They huddled together, and waited; and he climbed down, and came in.

He was a young keeper, as luck would have it, and new to the business; and when he got in he couldn't find them, and he wandered about, trying to get to them, and then he got lost. They caught sight of him, every now and then, rushing about the other side of the hedge, and he would see them, and rush to get to them, and they would wait there for about five minutes, and then he would reappear again in exactly the same spot, and ask them where they had been.

They had to wait till one of the old keepers came back from his dinner before they got out.

Harris said he thought it was a very fine maze, so far as he was a judge; and we agreed that we would try to get George to go into it, on our way back.

. . . .

It was while passing through Moulsey Lock that Harris told me about his maze experience. It took us some time to pass through, as we were the only boat, and it is a big lock. I don't think I ever remember to have seen Moulsey Lock before with only one boat in it. It is, I suppose, Boulter's not even excepted, the busiest lock on the river.

I have stood and watched it sometimes when you could not see any water at all, but only a brilliant tangle of bright blazers, and gay caps, and saucy hats, and many-colored parasols, and silken rugs, and cloaks, and streaming ribbons, and dainty whites; when looking down into the lock from the quay, you might fancy it was a huge box into which flowers of every hue and shade had been thrown pell-mell, and lay piled up in a rainbow heap, that covered every corner.

On a fine Sunday it presents this appearance nearly all day long, while up the stream, and down the stream, lie, waiting their turn, outside the gates, long lines of still more boats; and boats are drawing near and passing away, so that the sunny river, from the Palace up to Hampton Church, is dotted and decked with yellow, and blue, and orange, and white, and red, and pink. All the inhabitants of Hampton and Moulsey dress themselves up in boating costume, and come and mouch round the lock with their dogs, and flirt, and smoke, and watch the boats; and, altogether, what with the caps and jackets of the men, the pretty colored dresses of the women, the excited dogs, the moving boats, the white sails, the pleasant landscape, and the sparkling water, it is one of the gayest sights I know of near this dull old London town.

The river affords a good opportunity for dress. For once in a way, we men are able to show *our* taste in colors, and I think we come out very natty, if you ask me. I always like a little red in my things — red and black. You know my hair is a sort of golden brown, rather a pretty shade I've been told, and a dark-red matches it beautifully; and then I always think a light-blue neck-tie goes so well with it, and a pair of those Russian-leather shoes and a red silk handkerchief round the waist — a handkerchief looks so much better than a belt.

Harris always keeps to shades or mixtures of orange or yellow, but I don't think he is at all wise in this. His complexion is too dark for yellows. Yellows don't suit him; there can be no question about it. I want him to take to blue as a background, with white or cream for relief; but, there! the less taste a person has in dress, the more obstinate he always seems to be. It is a great pity, because he will never be a success as it is, while there are one or two colors in which he might not really look so bad, with his hat on.

George has bought some new things for this trip, and I'm rather vexed about them. The blazer is loud. I should not like George to know that I thought so, but there really is no other word for it. He brought it home and showed it to us on Thursday evening. We asked him what color he called it, and he said he didn't know. He didn't think there was a name for the color. The man had told him it was an Oriental design. George put it on, and asked us what we thought of it. Harris said that, as an object to hang over a flower-bed in early spring to frighten the birds away, he should respect it; but that, considered as an article of dress for any human being, except a Margate nigger, it made him ill. George got quite huffy; but, as Harris said, if he didn't want his opinion, why did he ask for it?

What troubles Harris and myself, with regard to it, is that we are afraid it will attract attention to the boat.

Girls also don't look half bad in a boat, if prettily dressed. Nothing is more fetching, to my thinking, than a tasteful boating costume. But a "boating costume," it would be as well if all ladies would understand, ought to be a costume that can be worn in a boat, and not merely under a glass case. It utterly spoils an excursion if you have folk in the boat who are thinking all the time a good deal more of their dress than of the trip. It was my misfortune once to go for a water picnic with two ladies of this kind. We did have a lively time.

They were both beautifully got up — all lace and silky stuff, and flowers, and ribbons, and dainty shoes, and light gloves. But they were dressed for a photographic studio, not for a river picnic. They were the "boating costumes" of a French fashion-plate. It was ridiculous fooling about in them anywhere near real earth, air, and water. The first thing was that they thought the boat was not clean. We dusted all the seats for them, and then assured them that it was, but they didn't believe us. One of them rubbed the cushion with the forefinger of her glove, and showed the result to the other, and they both sighed, and sat down with the air of early Christian martyrs trying to make themselves comfortable up against the stake. You are liable to occasionally splash a little when sculling, and it appeared that a drop of water ruined those costumes. The mark never came out and a stain was left on the dress forever.

I was stroke. I did my best. I feathered some two feet high, and I paused at the end of each stroke to let the blades drip before returning them, and I picked out a smooth bit of water to drop them into again each time. (Bow said, after awhile, that he did not feel himself a sufficiently accomplished oarsman to pull with me, but that he would sit still, if I would allow him, and study my stroke. He said it interested him.) But notwithstanding all this, and try as I would, I could not help an occasional flicker of water from going over those dresses.

The girls did not complain, but they huddled up close together, and set their lips firm, and every time a drop touched them they visibly shrunk and shuddered. It was a noble sight to see them suffering thus in silence, but it unnerved me altogether. I am too sensitive. I got wild and fitful in my rowing, and splashed more and more the harder I tried not to.

I gave it up at last; I said I'd row bow. Bow thought the arrangement would be better too, and we changed places. The ladies gave an involuntary sigh of relief when they saw me go, and quite brightened up for a moment. Poor girls! they had better have put up with me. The man they had now got was a jolly, light-hearted, thick-headed sort of a chap, with about as much sensitiveness in him as there might be in a Newfoundland puppy. You might look daggers at him for an hour and he would not notice it, and it would not trouble him if he did. He set a good, rollicking, dashing stroke that sent the spray playing all over the boat like a fountain, and made the whole crowd sit up straight in no time. When he spread more than a pint of water over one of those dresses, he would give a pleasant little laugh, and say:

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure;" and offer them his handkerchief to wipe it off with.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," the poor girls would murmur in reply, and covertly draw rugs and coats over themselves, and try to protect themselves with their lace parasols.

At lunch they had a very bad time of it. People wanted them to sit on the grass, and the grass was dusty; and the tree trunks, against which they were invited to lean, did not appear to have been brushed for weeks; so they spread their handkerchiefs on the ground and sat on those bolt upright. Somebody, in walking about with a plate of beefsteak pie, tripped up over a root, and sent the pie flying. None of it went over them, fortunately, but the accident suggested a fresh danger to them, and agitated them; and, whenever anybody moved about after that, with anything in his hand that could fall and make a mess, they watched that person with growing anxiety until he sat down again.

"Now, then, you girls," said our friend Bow to them cheerily, after it was all over, "come along, you've got to wash up!"

They didn't understand him at first. When they grasped the idea, they said they feared they did not know how to wash up.

"Oh, I'll soon show you," he cried; "it's rare fun! You lie down on your — I mean you lean over the bank, you know, and sloush the things about in the water."

The elder sister said that she was afraid that they hadn't got on dresses suited to the work.

"Oh, they'll be all right," said he light-heartedly; "tuck 'em up."

And he made them do it, too. He told them that that sort of thing was half the fun of a picnic. They said it was very interesting.

Now I come to think it over, was that young man as dense-headed as we thought? or was he — no, impossible! there was such a simple, childlike expression about him!

Modern Art Treasures.

All our art treasures of to-day are only the dug-up commonplaces of three or four hundred years ago. I wonder if there is real intrinsic beauty in the old soup-plates, beer-mugs, and candle-snuffers that we prize so now, or if it is only the halo of age glowing around them that gives them their charms in our eyes. The "old blue" that we hang about our walls as ornaments were the common every-day household utensils of a few centuries ago; and the pink shepherds and the yellow shepherdesses that we hand around now for all our friends to gush over, and pretend they understand, were the unvalued mantel ornaments that the mother of the eighteenth century would have given the baby to suck when he cried.

Will it be the same in the future? Will the prized treasures of to-day always be the cheap trifles of the day before? Will rows of our willow-pattern dinner-plates be ranged above the chimney-pieces of the great in the years 2000 and odd? Will the white cups with the gold rim and the beautiful gold flower inside (species unknown), that our Sarah Janes now break in sheer light-heartedness of spirit, be carefully mended, and stood upon a bracket, and dusted only by the lady of the house? . . .

The "sampler" that the eldest daughter did at school will be spoken of as "tapestry of the Victorian era," and be also priceless. The blue-and-white mugs of the present day roadside inn will be hunted up, all cracked and chipped, and sold for their weight in gold, and rich people will use them for claret-cups; and travelers from Japan will buy up all the "Presents from Ramsgate," and "Souvenirs of Margate," that may have escaped destruction, and take them back to Yeddo as ancient English curios.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.

Douglas William Jerrold, a celebrated English dramatist, journalist, and wit, born at London, Jan. 3, 1803; died there, June 8, 1857. His father was the manager of a small provincial theater, was unsuccessful, and in 1818 the son was apprenticed to the printer of a newspaper. His first comedy, "More Frightened Than Hurt," was successfully produced in 1821; and he was engaged as a writer for the paper upon which he had worked as a printer. He also wrote for the stage, and his drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," produced in 1829, ran more than three hundred nights. In 1836 he undertook the management of the Strand Theater, but was not successful. He had, however, written largely for various periodicals, and upon the establishment of *Punch*, in 1841, he became one of its favorite contributors. In 1843 he started *The Illuminated Magazine*, and afterward *The Shilling Magazine*, neither of which was successful. Subsequently he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. In all, he wrote some thirty or forty dramas. Of his other works, many of which appeared originally in *Punch*, the principal are "Punch's Letters to his Son" and "Punch's Complete Letter Writer" (1843); "The Story of a Feather" (1844); "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," his most famous work (1845); "Chronicles of Clovernook" (1846); "Men of Character" (1850); "St. Giles and St. James" (1851); "Cakes and Ale" (1852).

Mr. Caudle Has Lent Five Pounds to a Friend.

(From "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.")

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go, — not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife — and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no!

Truly yours
Douglas Jerrold

you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do — that's all. You like to be called liberal — and your poor family pays for it.

"All the girls want bonnets, and where they're to come from I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em — but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you: and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle!

"The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, too, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid? Why, it can't be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done it — and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night, — but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds — as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home — all of us must stop at home — she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes — sweet little angel! — I've made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

"I wonder where poor little Mopsy is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes,—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? *Sweep the chimney!* Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? *I* hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for them!* Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And thus," comments Caudle, "according to my wife, she—dear soul!—couldn't have a satin gown—the girls couldn't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire-insurance couldn't be paid, so that we should all fall victims to the devouring element—we couldn't go to Margate, and Caroline would go to an early grave — the dog would come home and bite us all mad — the shutter would go banging for ever — the soot would always fall — the mice never let us have a wink of sleep — thieves be always breaking in the house — our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid, — and with other evils falling upon us, all, all because I would go on lending five pounds!"

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

"THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There — do you hear it? Worse and worse? Cats and dogs, and for six weeks — always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything — the blessed creatures! — sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing — who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow — you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least — sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence! for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children — buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care — I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way, — and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold — it always does. But what do you care for that! Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall — and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once, — better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain — if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you sha'n't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you — you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed! — call themselves lords of the creation! — pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want — then you may go to your club, and do as you like — and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used — but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care — it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes — better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go — that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we sha'n't have at all — because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stop at home — they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault — I didn't lend the umbrella."

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

On Mr. Caudle's Shirt Buttons.

"Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There — you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest?* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night: besides it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! *You didn't swear?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion?* Wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is — and I think I ought by this time; I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt — what do you cry '*oh*' at? — I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes. It *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up, — no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do, Mr. Caudle?* Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh! you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love — that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle , nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are — or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian; I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. *Why won't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed — I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead — and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be — when I'm dead, I say — oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"*You're not snoring?* Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now. Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to, — and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat — no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad — and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button — a button" —

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle: "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTHER SHOULD "COME AND LIVE WITH THEM."

"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you — but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that.* Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy. *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you had been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle! Eh, love? Now, do answer. *How can you tell?* Nonsense, Caudle; you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about.

Now, don't sleep, Caudle: do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

"And then what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers arn't put to the fire for you. *She's very good?* Yes — I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months — though I promised her not to tell you — six months, working a watch-pocket for you! And with her eyes, dear soul — and at *her* time of life!

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her; but, I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you — and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love: and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you sha'n't go to sleep, Caudle, at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

"I've been thinking, dearest — ha! that nasty cough, love! — I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible — you were coughing only this minute — yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. *You don't want it?* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! the butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry; what a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift — quite a gift.

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? *You don't recollect 'em?* Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother; I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us — come, you're not asleep, Caudle — if she was only living with us, you could have marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? *Why wasn't it born with me?* Now, Caudle, that's cruel — unfeeling of you;

I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. Consider, dear; people can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it?* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: and father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer! And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'n't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit-puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve — now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs-in-the-blanket?* Oh, they're delicious — as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now, you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep — you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I know I never have it made to please you! Well, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand, that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage — why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts — and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for — you're not asleep, Caudle? — for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now, with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then, when you're out late, Caudle — for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home — why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say *No?* You say *No* again? *You won't have her*, you say; *You won't, that's flat?* Caudle — Cau-Cau-dle — Cau — dle" —

"Here Mrs. Caudle," says her husband, "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

MR. CAUDLE, HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

"UPON my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. *Why did I sit up, then?* Because I choose to sit up — but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you; and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me, then?* That's quite a different matter. You don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long — and 'twill soon come to that I've no doubt — still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

"Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs — selfish creatures! You can laugh, and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire — and sometimes thinking that something dreadful has happened to you — more fool she to care a straw about you! — this is all nothing. Oh, no; when a woman's once married she's a slave — worse than a slave — and must bear it all!

"And what you men can find to talk about, I can't think!

Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour, — going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him — it's monstrous! What do you say? *You only go once a week?* That's nothing at all to do with it: you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can: *I* won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

"My health's being destroyed night after night, and — oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you that's nothing to do with it — if you had any eyes, you'd see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh, no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up?* Yes, yes; that's your thanks — that's your gratitude: I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

"But there's one comfort — one great comfort; it can't last long: I'm sinking — I feel it, though I never say anything about it — but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who will sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife — what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?* Troubled, indeed! *I* never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though like a foolish woman I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last — that's one blessing.

"Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer before she was married — Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes — there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and, Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean: *I* hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle; it *isn't* the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person — quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike — I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and —

"What! *You'll have a key?* Will you! Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch, for you or the best man breathing. *You won't have a latch — you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? *You'll have the lock put on to-morrow?* Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle; try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is, — try it.

"A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him, — a street-door key! That tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What, to let yourself in and out when you please! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me sitting up, — if I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but *you've* no reason to complain, — goodness knows.

"Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house, with the door upon the latch — don't talk to me about Chubb, it's all the same — a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say, that you only want the key for peace and quietness — what's it to you if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle: if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will!

"No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor altogether the better. I'm sure, Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you. Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I — What? *I give you the headache, do I?* No, I don't, Caudle; it's your club that gives you the headache: it's your smoke, and your — well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor — and come home at twelve at night, or any hour for what I know and, — and then you threaten to have a key, and — and — and" —

"I *did* get to sleep at last," said Caudle, "amidst the failing sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'separate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of'—and so forth."

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING DINNER.

"AH me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat, with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rosebud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? *You never talked such nonsense?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What? No. Mr. Caudle, don't say that; *I* have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!

"Yes, I *will* talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? *You couldn't sit beside me to-day?* That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, *with all your* fine talk, how you'd used me! *How have you used me?* Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. *How* have you used me?

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! *How did you talk!* Why shamefully! What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing: just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? *And bad's the best?* If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. *You didn't say it?* What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here: that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? *I made you invite 'em?* Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!

"I suppose you'll say next *I* made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it? What? *Didn't I hear him say so?* Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house! But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her. *What do I mean?* Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms — how she should like my seat at the fireplace; how she — and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so! — how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at — but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the ciphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there? No, I sha'n't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in — What do you say? *You might as well have married a hedgehog?* Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgehog — do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. *I* had none! You know I had none — how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merrythought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? *Only twice?* Oh, you were so lost — fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated — that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I am alive; for I know I sha'n't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what it's needless — Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? *She praised my plum-pudding?* Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years — you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time — if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And — dear creatures! — what have *they* done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and *that* Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist! *How was it managed?* Why, plain enough. Of course you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that, between you. Yes; and when she took a trick, instead of leading off a trump — *she* play whist, indeed! — what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh — It was impossible that *her* heart should mistake! And this, Mr. Caudle, before people — with your own wife in the room!

"And Miss Prettyman — I won't hold my tongue. I *will* talk of Miss Prettyman: who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? *She sings like a mermaid?* Yes, very — very like a mermaid: for she never sings but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. '*I love somebody*,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody'; and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for, nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

MRS. CAUDLE "WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEASIDE, OR NOT, THIS SUMMER — THAT'S ALL."

"HOT? Yes, it *is* hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly — have never spoken; yet, not a word have you said of the seaside yet. Not that I care for it myself — oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say — but I won't — that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes: I dare say you think so — of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you sha'n't vex me. No! I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: do you intend to go to the seaside this summer? *Yes? you'll go to Gravesend?* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt cellar in the New River, and call that the seaside. What? *It's handy for business?* There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle — not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

"You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet — I know you, Caudle — you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? *Margate's so expensive?* Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall all be ill — every one of us — in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence: I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

"What do you say? *How much will it cost?* There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or to Greenwich, you never ask, how much will it cost? What? *You never go to Blackwall?* Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a plate for whitebait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman: and I know very well what I'm talking about — nobody better. A guinea for whitebait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? *You don't grudge 'em anything?* Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No; we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter — every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall all be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better — much better — to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Don't call me 'woman,' and ask 'what it will cost.' I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now — certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

"That's right, Mr. Caudle; go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! *How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh?* I suppose you mean to call me the splinter? — and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no: I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What? *Don't?* Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!

"Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! if I'd only married Simmons — What? *Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He *was* a gentleman. *You can't tell?* May be not; but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London; and when the painters are coming in! *You won't have the painters in?* But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

"*Why can't I tell you what it will cost?* How can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course lodgings — and at Margate, too — are a little dearer than living at your own house. *Pooh! You know that?* Well, if you did, Mr. Caudle, I suppose there's no treason in naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No: and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure, I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about the beach by myself, to be stared at through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"*What will I do at Margate?* Why, isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and arn't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel — whatever it is, to read — for the only place where I really relish a book is at the seaside. No, it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the daytime, I think. But as I was saying — only you always will interrupt me — the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the seaside — specially when the tide's down — I feel so happy: quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? *What will it cost?* Oh, there — don't talk of it. No: we won't go. I shall send for the painters, to-morrow. What? *I can go and take the children, and you'll stay?* No, sir: you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"*What will it cost?* What a man you are! Why, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No: I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty: it's seventy pounds, and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say — *You'll see?* There's a dear. Then, Monday."

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

MRS. CAUDLE DWELLS ON CAUDLE'S "CRUEL NEGLECT" OF HER ON BOARD THE "RED ROVER."

"CAUDLE, have you looked under the bed? *What for?* Bless the man! Why, for thieves to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed, without? Don't tell me it's nonsense! I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that: not that you'd — hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes; that's like you — laugh. It would be no laughing matter if — I'm sure there *is* somebody! — I'm sure there is!

"— Yes, Mr. Caudle; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked himself; especially after my sufferings on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why you're not going to sleep! What do you say? *It's the strange air — and you're always sleepy in a strange air?* That shows the feelings you have, after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! Caudle, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

"No; I *couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out — yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say, you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure I'm to have, if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman.

"Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No: I sha'n't be well in the morning. But nothing ever ails anybody but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, Mr. Caudle, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. If once I wouldn't have given all the world for anybody to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, Mr. Caudle? But I know what you mean — of course, you'd never have stirred to stop 'em: not you. And then you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day; but that's why you came.

"Whatever I should have done if it hadn't been for that good soul — that blessed Captain Large! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in seasickness, and so much of a gentleman! How I should have got down stairs without him when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you — you might have seen I was ill. And when everybody was looking like a bad wax-candle, you could walk about, and make what you call your jokes upon the little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

"Yes, Caudle; we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come — what are you clasping your hands at? — a thousand years to come I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day. You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill — oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy and water — you thought I didn't see you; but ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy and water; and you sipped 'em, and drank the health of people you didn't care a pin about; whilst the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy and water, and I left — as I may say — alone! You didn't hear 'em, but everybody was crying shame of you.

"What do you say? *A good deal my own fault? I took too much dinner?* Well, you are a man! If I took more than the breast and leg of that young goose — a thing, I may say, just out of the shell — with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say? *Lobster salad?* La! — how can you speak of it? A month old baby would have eaten more. What? *Gooseberry pie?* Well, if you'll name that, you'll name anything. Ate too much indeed! Do you think I was going to pay for a dinner, and eat nothing? No, Mr. Caudle; it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that.

"But, of course, you were better engaged than in attending to me. Mr. Prettyman came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. *It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper?* I daresay; ill as I was, I had my eyes. It was the smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But of course, a letter from Miss Prettyman — Now, Caudle, if you begin to cry out in that manner, I'll get up. Do you forget that you're not at your own house? Making that noise! Disturbing everybody! Why we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink 'forward' as you call it. What? *You couldn't smoke anywhere else?* That's nothing to do with it. Yes; forward. What a pity that Miss Prettyman wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of Miss Prettyman? After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips? Yes; I'm to be brought away from my own home, dragged down here to the seaside, and made ill; and I'm not to speak. I should like to know what next.

"It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned; not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have had his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as—*It's no such thing?* It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander among steam-engines. No, I won't let you sleep. What a man you are! What? *I've said that before?* That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could never have a little rational conversation. No, I sha'n't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

"A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. *You came a dozen times?* No, Caudle, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill, that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must have been my feelings to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—something like husbands!—and I was left to be ill alone? Yes; and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how could I know that you didn't come to the cabin-door? That's just like your aggravating way; but I am not to be caught in that manner, Caudle. No."

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more; but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed — and, soothed by the sweet lullaby (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy and water), I somehow sank to repose."

The Tragedy of the Till.

THE HERMIT'S STORY.

"It is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some perchance may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

"There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and storehouse by half the neighborhood. All the creature comforts of the poor — from bread to that questionable superfluity, small beer — were sold by Isaac. Strange it was that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash; who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No: a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash; but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the byways and short cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow, — he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody — he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure, now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score: no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother: 'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called Nature, though in his dim close shop he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless he had the earliest primroses on his counter, — 'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthuses; and won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to Nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring Nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of Nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of Nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit, "to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlabored and desponding — walled in by the gloom of a town — divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences — almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapor over him; — it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth besides food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered: "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of Nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances — touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odors cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him; and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny — for it would buy a wheaten roll — the poor housewife pays for a root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of Nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of Nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money, with a fine independence of the State, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea — as Pugwash believed, of statute gold — was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamored and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that furthur patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighboring attic was a sidereal go-between to the neighborhood — a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabouts of the felon coiner, and — the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife — the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables heavy as bullets upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocus-pocus of twelvepenny magicians was scorned by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits; on the contrary, perhaps the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek colored like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's-head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon, — the vulgar catchpennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy-chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea: could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course — to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state — But let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this, — we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you! for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice, — 'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! an eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have in the profundity of their wisdom made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad: he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic: whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad — incapably mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are — it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness: but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus smiling, — 'I want only part of it; that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger, — ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now then, for examination. Now to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, — for he had been patting her all the time he talked, — and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches pockets,' said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'So!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made, 'very bad indeed; very bad: never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer; he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eying the brown holland, 'I can see it all: a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried: 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but, Father Lotus —'

"'Peace!' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of yours cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbors. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small beer to —'

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus: 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul; nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said, — for the wizard began to awe him, — 'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would, to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes when the sun shines and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However — patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude. — And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash with a smile; and reverently putting the volume in his pocket (the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased), he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"'I haven't opened the book — 'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus: 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly colored; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. 'Well, the book has worked,' said the conjurer; 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like anybody else?'

"'Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession: bless you,' and the conjurer laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"'Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have indeed my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"'In good time,' said the conjurer, 'I'll bring it to your house and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you: 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"'And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like? What's its color? — if indeed souls have colors.'

"'Green — green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,' said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More: it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"'And pray, good father, — for the matter has till now escaped me, — what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?'

"'Nothing,' answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labor. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that in very truth he went through the labors of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more: he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields; and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live forever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjurer; and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it — you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor upon a crown piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's, 'How are you? *I* am comfortable.'

"It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash: 'as I live, if that be my soul — and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it — it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till: it was to him such a counselor and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish; if a poor woman — an old customer it might be — begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the color of money, and capering and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped — dropped in. In time the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after he sent his soul to his banker's, — the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died shrieking in his madness to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance!" said the Sage of Bellyfule: "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till!"

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Sarah Orne Jewett, an American story writer, was born at South Berwick, Me., Sept. 3, 1849. She is a daughter of the late Professor Jewett, a well-known medical writer, who gave her a good education at home and at the academy of their native town. Her knowledge of the world was enlarged by extensive travel in Europe and America; and her writings — which, however, relate mostly to New England — have, in consequence, a not inconsiderable historical value. Her earlier works were issued under the pseudonym Alice Eliot. She began her career in authorship very early in life; and in 1869 she brought herself before the general reading public by the contribution of a story to the *Atlantic.* Her published works include "Deephaven" (1877); "Play-Days" (1878); "Old Friends and New" (1880); "Country By-Ways" (1881); "The Mate of the Daylight" (1883); "A Country Doctor" (1884); "A Marsh Island" (1885); "A White Heron" (1886); "The Story of the Normans" (1887); "The King of Folly Island and Other People" (1888); "Betty Leicester" (1889); "Strangers and Wayfarers" (1890); "Mr. Tommy Dove" (1892); "A Native of Winby" (1893); "The Life of Nancy"; "The Country of the Pointed Firs" (1896).

Mrs. Bonny.

(From "Deephaven.") [1]

I am sure that Kate Lancaster and I must have spent by far the greater part of the summer out-of-doors. We often made long expeditions out into the suburbs of Deephaven, sometimes being gone all day, and sometimes taking a long afternoon stroll and coming home early in the evening hungry as hunters and laden with treasure, whether we had been through the pine woods inland or alongshore, whether we had met old friends or made some desirable new acquaintances. We had a fashion of calling at the farmhouses, and by the end of the season we knew as many people as if we had lived in Deephaven all our days. We used to ask for a drink of water; this was our unfailing introduction, and afterward there were many interesting subjects which one could introduce, and we could always give the latest news at the shore. It was amusing to see the curiosity which we aroused. Many of the people came into Deephaven only on special occasions, and I must confess that at first we were often naughty enough to wait until we had been severely cross-questioned before we gave a definite account of ourselves. Kate was very clever at making unsatisfactory answers when she cared to do so. We did not understand, for some time, with what a keen sense of enjoyment many of those people made the acquaintance of an entirely new person who cordially gave the full particulars about herself; but we soon learned to call this by another name than impertinence.

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I think there were no points of interest in that region which we did not visit with conscientious faithfulness. There were cliffs and pebble-beaches, the long sands and the short sands; there were Black Rock and Roaring Rock, High Point and East Point, and Spouting Rock; we went to see where a ship had been driven ashore in the night, all hands being lost and not a piece of her left larger than an ax-handle; we visited the spot where a ship had come ashore in the fog, and had been left high and dry on the edge of the marsh when the tide went out; we saw where the brig Methuselah had been wrecked, and the shore had been golden with her cargo of lemons and oranges, which one might carry away by the wherryful.

Inland there were not many noted localities, but we used to enjoy the woods, and our explorations among the farms, immensely. To the westward the land was better and the people well-to-do; but we went oftenest toward the hills and among the poorer people. The land was uneven and full of ledges, and the people worked hard for their living, at most laying aside only a few dollars each year. Some of the more enterprising young people went away to work in shops and factories; but the custom was by no means universal, and the people had a hungry, discouraged look. It is all very well to say that they knew nothing better, that it was the only life of which they knew anything; there was too often a look of disappointment in their faces, and sooner or later we heard or guessed many stories: that this young man had wished for an education, but there had been no money to spare for books or schooling; and that one had meant to learn a trade, but there must be some one to help his father with the farm-work, and there was no money to hire a man to work in his place if he went away. The older people had a hard look, as if they had always to be on the alert and must fight for their place in the world. One could only forgive and pity their petty sharpness, which showed itself in trifling bargains, when one understood how much a single dollar seemed where dollars came so rarely. We used to pity the young girls so much. It was plain that those who knew how much easier and pleasanter our lives were could not help envying us.

There was a high hill half a dozen miles from Deephaven which was known in its region as "the mountain." It was the highest land anywhere near us, and having been told that there was a fine view from the top, one day we went there, with Tommy Dockum for escort. We overtook Mr. Lorimer, the minister, on his way to make parochial calls upon some members of his parish who lived far from church, and to our delight he proposed to go with us instead. It was a great satisfaction to have him for a guide, for he knew both the country and the people more intimately than any one else. It was a long climb to the top of the hill, but not a hard one. The sky was clear, and there was a fresh wind, though we had left none at all at the sea-level. After lunch, Kate and I spread our shawls over a fine cushion of mountain-cranberry, and had a long talk with Mr. Lorimer about ancient and modern Deephaven. He always seemed as much pleased with our enthusiasm for the town as if it had been a personal favor and compliment to himself. I remember how far we could see, that day, and how we looked toward the far-away blue mountains, and then out over the ocean. Deephaven looked insignificant from that height and distance, and indeed the country seemed to be mostly covered with the pointed tops of pines and spruces, and there were long tracts of maple and beech woods with their coloring of lighter, fresher green.

"Suppose we go down, now," said Mr. Lorimer, long before Kate and I had meant to propose such a thing; and our feeling was that of dismay. "I should like to take you to make a call with me. Did you ever hear of old Mrs. Bonny?"

"No," said we, and cheerfully gathered our wraps and baskets; and when Tommy finally came panting up the hill after we had begun to think that our shoutings and whistling were useless, we sent him down to the horses, and went down ourselves by another path. It led us a long distance through a grove of young beeches; the last year's whitish leaves lay thick on the ground, and the new leaves made so close a roof overhead that the light was strangely purple, as if it had come through a great church window of stained glass. After this we went through some hemlock growth, where, on the lower branches, the pale green of the new shoots and the dark green of the old made an exquisite contrast each to the other. Finally we came out at Mrs. Bonny's. Mr. Lorimer had told us something about her on the way down, saying in the first place that she was one of the queerest characters he knew. Her husband used to be a charcoal-burner and basket-maker, and she used to sell butter and berries and eggs, and choke-pears preserved in molasses. She always came down to Deephaven on a little black horse, with her goods in baskets and bags which were fastened to the saddle in a mysterious way. She had the reputation of not being a neat housekeeper, and none of the wise women of the town would touch her butter especially, so it was always a joke when she coaxed a new resident or a strange shipmaster into buying her wares; but the old woman always managed to jog home without the freight she had brought. "She must be very old, now," said Mr. Lorimer; "I have not seen her in a long time. It cannot be possible that her horse is still alive!" And we all laughed when we saw Mrs. Bonny's steed at a little distance, for the shaggy old creature was covered with mud, pine-needles, and dead leaves, with half the last year's burdock-burs in all Deephaven snarled into his mane and tail and sprinkled over his fur, which looked nearly as long as a buffalo's. He had hurt his leg, and his kind mistress had tied it up with a piece of faded red calico and an end of ragged rope. He gave us a civil neigh, and looked at us curiously. Then an impertinent little yellow-and-white dog, with one ear standing up straight and the other drooping over, began to bark with all his might; but he retreated when he saw Kate's great dog, who was walking solemnly by her side and did not deign to notice him. Just now Mrs. Bonny appeared at the door of the house, shading her eyes with her hand, to see who was coming. "Landy!" said she, "if it ain't old Parson Lorimer! And who be these with ye?"

"This is Miss Kate Lancaster of Boston, Miss Katharine Brandon's niece, and her friend Miss Denis."

"Pleased to see ye," said the old woman; "walk in and lay off your things." And we followed her into the house. I wish you could have seen her: she wore a man's coat, cut off so that it made an odd short jacket, and a pair of men's boots much the worse for wear; also, some short skirts, beside two or three aprons, the inner one being a dress-apron, as she took off the outer ones and threw them into a corner; and on her head was a tight cap, with strings to tie under her chin. I thought it was a nightcap, and that she had forgotten to take it off, and dreaded her mortification if she should suddenly become conscious of it; but I need not have troubled myself, for while we were with her she pulled it on and tied it tighter, as if she considered it ornamental.

There were only two rooms in the house; we went into the kitchen, which was occupied by a flock of hens and one turkey. The latter was evidently undergoing a course of medical treatment behind the stove, and was allowed to stay with us, while the hens were remorselessly hustled out with a hemlock broom. They all congregated on the doorstep, apparently wishing to hear everything that was said.

"Ben up on the mountain?" asked our hostess. "Real sightly place. Goin' to be a master lot o' rosbries; get any down to the shore sence I quit comin'?"

"O yes," said Mr. Lorimer, "but we miss seeing you."

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Bonny, smoothing her apron complacently; "but I'm getting old, and I tell 'em I'm goin' to take my comfort; sence 'he' died, I don't put myself out no great; I've got money enough to keep me long's I live. Beckett's folks goes down often, and I sends by them for what store stuff I want."

"How are you now?" asked the minister; "I think I heard you were ill in the spring."

"Stirrin', I'm obliged to ye. I wasn't laid up long, and I was so's I could get about most of the time. I've got the best bitters ye ever see, good for the spring of the year. S'pose yer sister, Miss Lorimer, wouldn't like some? she used to be weakly lookin'." But her brother refused the offer, saying that she had not been so well for many years.

"Do you often get out to church nowadays, Mrs. Bonny? I believe Mr. Reid preaches in the schoolhouse sometimes, down by the great ledge; doesn't he?"

"Well, yes, he does; but I don't know as I get much of any good. Parson Reid, he's a worthy creatur', but he never seems to have nothin' to say about foreordination and them p'ints. Old Parson Padelford was the man! I used to set under his preachin' a good deal; I had an aunt living down to East Parish. He'd get worked up, and he'd shut up the Bible and preach the hair off your head,' long at the end of the sermon. Couldn't understand more nor a quarter part what he said," said Mrs. Bonny, admiringly. "Well, we were a-speaking about the meeting over to the ledge; I don't know's I like them people any to speak of. They had a great revival over there in the fall, and one Sunday I thought's how I'd go; and when I got there, who should be a-prayin' but old Ben Patey, — he always lays out to get converted, — and he kep' it up diligent till I couldn't stand it no longer; and by and by says he, 'I've been a wanderer;' and I up and says, 'Yes, you have, I'll back ye up on that, Ben; ye've wandered around my wood-lot and spoilt half the likely young oaks and ashes I've got, a-stealing your basket-stuff.' And the folks laughed out loud, and up he got and cleared. He's an awful old thief, and he's no idea of being anything else. I wa'n't a-goin' to set there and hear him makin' b'lieve to the Lord. If anybody's heart is in it, I ain't a-goin' to hender 'em; I'm a professor, and I ain't ashamed of it, week-days nor Sundays neither. I can't bear to see folks so pious to meeting, and cheat yer eye-teeth out Monday morning. Well, there! we ain't none of us perfect; even old Parson Moody was round-shouldered, they say."

"You were speaking of the Becketts just now," said Mr. Lorimer (after we had stopped laughing, and Mrs. Bonny had settled her big steel-bowed spectacles, and sat looking at him with an expression of extreme wisdom. One might have ventured to call her "peart," I think). "How do they get on? I am seldom in this region nowadays, since Mr. Reid has taken it under his charge."

"They get along, somehow or 'nother," replied Mrs. Bonny; "They've got the best farm this side of the ledge, but they're dreadful lazy and shiftless, them young folks. Old Mis' Hate-evil Beckett was tellin' me the other day — she that was Samanthy Barnes, you know — that one of the boys got fighting, the other side of the mountain, and come home with his nose broke and a piece o' one ear bit off. I forget which ear it was. Their mother is a real clever, willin' woman, and she takes it to heart, but it's no use for her to say anything. Mis' Hate-evil Beckett, says she, 'It does make my man feel dreadful to see his brother's folks carry on so.' 'But there,' says I, 'Mis' Beckett, it's just such things as we read of; Scriptur' is fulfilled: In the larter days there shall be disobedient children.'"

This application of the text was too much for us, but Mrs. Bonny looked serious, and we did not like to laugh. Two or three of the exiled fowls had crept slyly in, dodging underneath our chairs, and had perched themselves behind the stove. They were long-legged, half-grown creatures, and just at this minute one rash young rooster made a manful attempt to crow. "Do tell!" said his mistress, who rose in great wrath, "you needn't be so forth-putting, as I knows on!" After this we were urged to stay and have some supper. Mrs. Bonny assured us she could pick a likely young hen in no time, fry her with a bit of pork, and get us up "a good meat tea"; but we had to disappoint her, as we had some distance to walk to the house where we had left our horses, and a long drive home.

Kate asked if she would be kind enough to lend us a tumbler (for ours was in the basket, which was given into Tommy's charge). We were thirsty, and would like to go back to the spring and get some water.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bonny, "I've got a glass, if it's so's I can find it." And she pulled a chair under the little cupboard over the fireplace, mounted it, and opened the door. Several things fell out at her, and after taking a careful survey she went in, head and shoulders, until I thought she would disappear altogether; but soon she came back, and reaching in took out one treasure after another, putting them on the mantel-piece or dropping them on the floor. There were some bunches of dried herbs, a tin horn, a lump of tallow in a broken plate, a newspaper, and an old boot, with a number of turkey-wings tied together, several bottles, and a steel trap, and finally, such a tumbler! which she produced with triumph, before stepping down. She poured out of it on the table a mixture of old buttons and squash-seeds, beside a lump of beeswax which she said she had lost, and now pocketed with satisfaction. She wiped the tumbler on her apron and handed it to Kate, but we were not so thirsty as we had been, though we thanked her and went down to the spring, coming back as soon as possible, for we could not lose a bit of the conversation.

There was a beautiful view from the doorstep, and we stopped a minute there. "Real sightly, ain't it?" said Mrs. Bonny. "But you ought to be here and look across the woods some morning just at sun-up. Why, the sky is all yaller and red, and them low lands topped with fog! Yes, it's nice weather, good growin' weather, this week. Corn and all the rest of the trade looks first-rate. I call it a forrard season. It's just such weather as we read of, ain't it?"

"I don't remember where, just at this moment," said Mr. Lorimer.

"Why, in the almanac, bless ye!" said she, with a tone of pity in her grum voice; could it be possible he didn't know, — the Deephaven minister!

We asked her to come and see us. She said she had always thought she'd get a chance some time to see Miss Katharine Brandon's house. She should be pleased to call, and she didn't know but she should be down to the shore before very long. She was 'shamed to look so shif'less that day, but she had some good clothes in a chist in the bedroom, and a boughten bonnet with a good cypress veil, which she had when "he" died. She calculated they would do, though they might be old-fashioned, some. She seemed greatly pleased at Mr. Lorimer's having taken the trouble to come to see her. All those people had a great reverence for "the minister." We were urged to come again in "rosbry" time, which was near at hand, and she gave us messages for some of her old customers and acquaintances. "I believe some of those old creatur's will never die," said she; "why, they're getting to be ter'ble old, ain't they, Mr. Lorimer? There! ye've done me a sight of good, and I wish I could ha' found the Bible, to hear ye read a psalm." When Mr. Lorimer shook hands with her, at leaving, she made him a most reverential courtesy. He was the greatest man she knew; and once during the call, when he was speaking of serious things in his simple, earnest way, she had so devout a look, and seemed so interested, that Kate and I, and Mr. Lorimer himself, caught a new, fresh meaning in the familiar words he spoke.

Living there in the lonely clearing, deep in the woods and far from any neighbor, she knew all the herbs and trees and the harmless wild creatures who lived among them, by heart; and she had an amazing store of tradition and superstition, which made her so entertaining to us that we went to see her many times before we came away in the autumn. We went with her to find some pitcher-plants, one day, and it was wonderful how much she knew about the woods, what keen observation she had. There was something so wild and unconventional about Mrs.

Bonny that it was like taking an afternoon walk with a good-natured Indian. We used to carry her offerings of tobacco, for she was a great smoker, and advised us to try it, if ever we should be troubled with nerves, or "narves," as she pronounced the name of that affliction.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, a celebrated English lexicographer, essayist, critic and poet, born at Lichfield, Sept. 18, 1709; died at London, Dec. 13, 1784. His father was a bookseller, who ultimately fell into pecuniary straits, so that the son, who had been entered as a student at Oxford, was obliged to leave the University without taking his degree. He was afflicted with a scrofulous affection, by which both his sight and hearing were seriously impaired. After leaving Oxford he became usher in a grammar-school, and when about twenty-five, endeavored to establish a private school. He, however, was able to get only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. In 1737 Johnson and Garrick went together to London. Johnson found employment upon the "Gentleman's Magazine." The next year he wrote his poem of "London," modeled upon the Third Satire of Juvenal. In 1740 he commenced to write what purported to be the debates in Parliament, which he kept up for about two years. These speeches were wholly imaginary. Slowly his reputation began to increase; and in 1747 he was engaged by a combination of leading publishers to prepare an English Dictionary. This work occupied him, although not exclusively, for about seven years.

Johnson's principal literary works appeared in the following order: "The Vanity of Human Wishes," his most important poem, an imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal (1748); "Irene," a tragedy; "The Rambler," a series of essays published twice a week (1750–1752); "The Adventurer," to which Johnson furnished twenty-nine papers (1752–1754); the "English Dictionary" (1755); "The Idler" (1758), containing ninety-one papers by Johnson; "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia" (1759); "Tour to the Hebrides," made in company with Boswell (1775); "Lives of the Poets" (1779–1781). He also superintended an edition of Shakspeare for which he wrote Prefaces and Notes (1765).

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is made up in great part of specimens of his conversation and oral criticisms upon men, manners, and books; and to this even more than to his formal writings is he indebted for the commanding place which he holds in the literature of the English language.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

FROM A LETTER TO HIS FRIEND MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN.

I KNOW my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in which I give him no account of myself; yet what account shall I give him? I have not, since the day of our separation, suffered or done anything considerable. The only change in my way of life is, that I have frequented the theater more than in former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape from myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy called "The Jealous Wife," — which, though not written with much genius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty nights. I am digressing from myself to the play-house; but a barren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the concurrence of my own judgment; yet I continue to flatter myself that when you return, you will find me mended. I do not wonder that where the monastic life is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempt from the tyranny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be more attracted by convents than by palaces; though I am afraid I should find expectation in both places equally disappointed, and life in both places supported with impatience and quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted is a powerful remedy against impatience; but what shall free us from reluctance? Those who have endeavored to teach us to die well, have taught few to die willingly; yet I cannot but hope that a good life might end at last in a contented death.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER'S AGED SERVANT.

SUNDAY, *October* 18, 1767.

YESTERDAY, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words: —

"Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labors of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness through Jesus Christ our Lord; for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father," etc.

I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted, I humbly hope to meet again and to part no more.

To James Boswell, Esq.

Dear Sir: What can possibly have happened that keeps us two such strangers to each other? I expected to have heard from you when you came home; I expected afterwards. I went into the country and returned; and yet there is no letter from Mr. Boswell. No ill I hope has happened; and if ill should happen, why should it be concealed from him who loves you? Is it a fit of humor, that has disposed you to try who can hold out longest without writing? If it be, you have the victory. But I am afraid of something bad; set me free from my suspicions.

My thoughts are at present employed in guessing the reason of your silence: you must not expect that I should tell you anything, if I had anything to tell. Write, pray write to me, and let me know what is, or what has been, the cause of this long interruption. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

Sam. Johnson.

July 13, 1779.

To James Boswell, Esq.

My Dear Sir: Are you playing the same trick again, and trying who can keep silence longest? Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish; and that it is as foolish to make experiments upon the constancy of a friend as upon the chastity of a wife.

What can be the cause of this second fit of silence I cannot conjecture; but after one trick, I will not be cheated by another, nor will I harass my thoughts with conjectures about the motives of a man who probably acts only by caprice. I therefore suppose you are well, and that Mrs. Boswell is well too; and that the fine summer has restored Lord Auchinleck. I am much better, better than you left me; I think I am better than when I was in Scotland.

I forgot whether I informed you that poor Thrale has been in great danger. Mrs. Thrale likewise has . . . been much indisposed. Everybody else is well; Langton is in camp. I intend to put Lord Hailes's description of Dryden into another edition; and as I know his accuracy, wish he would consider the dates, which I could not always settle to my own mind.

Mr. Thrale goes to Brighthelmstone about Michaelmas, to be jolly and ride a-hunting. I shall go to town, or perhaps to Oxford. Exercise and gayety, or rather carelessness, will I hope dissipate all remains of his malady; and I likewise hope, by the change of place, to find some opportunities of growing yet better myself. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

Sam. Johnson.

Streatham, *September* 9, 1779.

To James Boswell, Esq.

Dear Sir: Why should you importune me so earnestly to write? Of what importance can it be to hear of distant friends to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, anything can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.

I am glad that you made the round of Lichfield with so much success: the oftener you are seen, the more you will be liked. It was pleasing to me to read that Mrs. Aston was so well, and that Lucy Porter was so glad to see you.

In the place where you now are, there is much to be observed; and you will easily procure yourself skillful directors. But what will you do to keep away the *black dog* that worries you at home? If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, inquire into the old tenures and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the Middle Ages. The feudal system, in a country half barbarous, is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to imagine the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy nor negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found.

We have, I think, once talked of another project, — a history of the late insurrection in Scotland, with all its incidents. Many falsehoods are passing into uncontradicted history. Voltaire, who loved a striking story, has told what he could not find to be true.

You may make collections for either of these projects, or for both, as opportunities occur, and digest your materials at leisure. The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this: *Be not solitary; be not idle* — which I would thus modify: If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

There is a letter for you, from

Your humble servant,

SAM JOHNSON.

LONDON, *October* 27, 1779.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD.

DEAR MADAM: Life is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order I think it often my own fault.

The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another; and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends: I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me.

I am, dearest love,
Your most humble servant,
SAM JOHNSON.

LONDON, *April* 12, 1781.

TO MR. PERKINS.

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may, by proper conduct, restore your health and prolong your life.

Observe these rules: —

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality: your health is worth more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.
4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.
6. Cast away all anxiety and keep your mind easy.

This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most affectionate humble servant,
SAM JOHNSON.

July 28, 1782

FROM A LETTER TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

LIFE, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gayety, or apparent suspicion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

To Mrs. Thrale.

On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom; when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good; I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy; and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty: my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbor. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

A Private Prayer by Dr. Johnson.

O God, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness.

O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity: look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who has continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness.

Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws.

Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

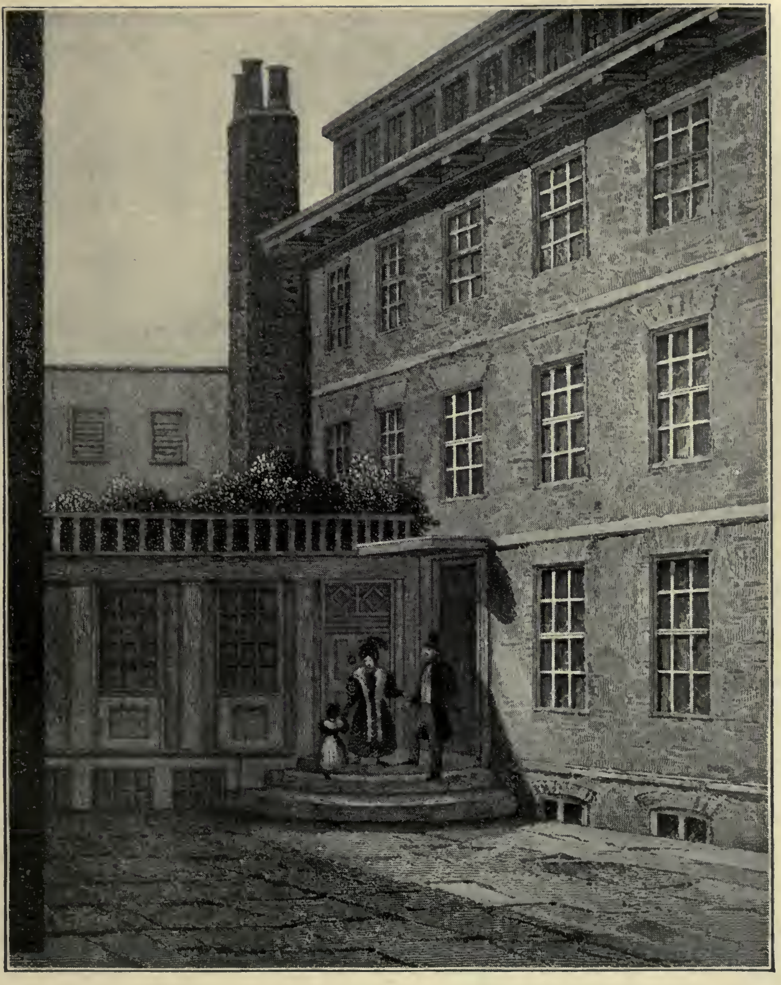
WEALTH.

(From *The Rambler*, No. 58, Oct. 6, 1750.)

As the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavors to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shown that by all the wit and reason which this favorite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honors and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labor or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S HOUSE

No. 8 Bolt Court, Fleet Street

in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher: for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by showing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendor when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to show that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shown its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardor and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself, it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, — which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

(From *The Rambler*, No. 69, Nov. 13, 1750.)

AN old Greek epigrammatist, intending to show the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite; that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful; and nothing could be added to the curse of age, but that it should be extended beyond its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by spirit and vigor we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has indeed not been wanting in endeavors to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large and whose chests are full imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is indeed too frequently the citadel of the dotard; the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, — all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events and filled their minds with the same conceptions, — this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes animated with hopes which he cannot share and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestic gratifications, some tender employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colors of life as we look forward to the future or backward to the past, and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world with fullness of hope and ardor of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse: and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser; that neither precepts nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that no one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other; and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth, sublimed by health and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatic sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness therefore which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father, to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down with storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shriveled in the shade: and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies age begins early, and very often lasts long: it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loses its sprightliness and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them. They hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity, and endeavor to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart or exercise of the reason?

Yet however age may discourage us by its appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to inquire what provision can be made against that time of distress? what happiness can be stored up against the winter of life? and how we may pass our latter years with serenity and cheerfulness?

It has been found by the experience of mankind that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed that old age, worn with labors, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future: the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

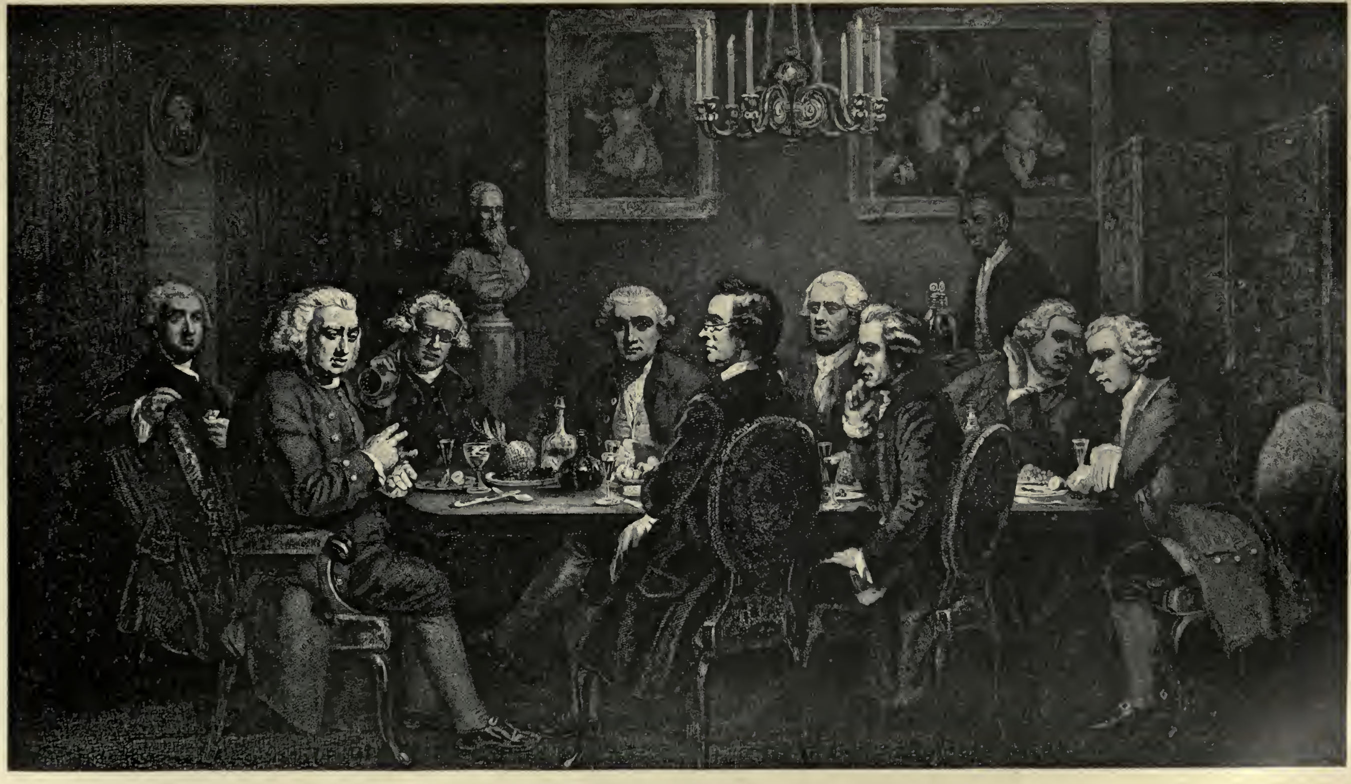
Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.

A Study of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

(From "Milton," in the "Lives of the Poets.")

Milton's little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine "Paradise Lost;" a poem which considered with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by call-



Boswell Johnson Reynolds Garrick Burke Paoli Burney Warton Goldsmith

A LITERARY PARTY

ing imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life he has to learn the discriminations of character and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase and all the colors of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton: the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous: "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral there must be a *fable;* a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity and surprise expectation. In this part of his work Milton must be confessed to have equaled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace. . . .

Of the *probable* and the *marvelous*, two parts of a vulgar epic poem which immerge the critic in deep consideration, the "Paradise Lost" requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, — of creation and redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being: the probable therefore is marvelous, and the marvelous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to everything human, some slight exceptions may be made; but the main fabric is immovably supported.

To the completeness or *integrity* of the design nothing can be objected: it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires — a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem of the same length from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions whether the action of the poem be strictly *one*, whether the poem can be properly termed *heroic*, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he entitled "Paradise Lost" only a "poem," yet calls it himself "heroic song." Dryden petulantly and indecently denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favor, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The *sentiments*, as expressive of manners or appropriated to characters, are for the greater part unexceptionably just. Splendid passages containing lessons of morality or precepts of prudence occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others, — the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility. . . .

The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskillful teachers of virtue; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy. From the Italian writers it appears that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the "Deliverance of Jerusalem" may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction. In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In the first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they show how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the Divine favor is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed in our present misery it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being we have all to learn, as we have all to practice.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors in their first state conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation "the port of mean suitors;" and they rise again to reverential regard when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the "Paradise Lost" little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is, has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the Divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion: sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem; sublimity variously modified, — sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of "Paradise Lost" — for faults and defects every work of man must have — it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As in displaying the excellence of Milton I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honor of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies: which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than poetry, has often found, — though he sometimes made them, — and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ; a supposition rash and groundless if he thought it true, and vile and pernicious if — as is said — he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of "Paradise Lost" has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and suffer are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged, beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has therefore little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all indeed feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offenses; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; in the description of heaven and hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new: they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before, we cannot learn; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terrors such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken and performed with pregnancy and vigor of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius, — of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature or from story, from an ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading "Paradise Lost" we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. "Paradise Lost" is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This being necessary, was therefore defensible; and he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the "burning marl," he has a body; when, in his passage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapors, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he "starts up in his own shape," he has at least a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has "a spear and a shield," which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being "incorporeal spirits," are "at large, though without number," in a limited space; yet in the battle when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armor hurt them, "crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning." This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown "the sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual: for "contraction" and "remove" are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armor, they might have escaped from it and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel when he rides on a sunbeam is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven fills it with incongruity; and the book in which it is related is, I believe, the favorite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. . . .

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a "mole of aggravated soil" cemented with *asphaltus*, a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskillful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report "rife in Heaven" before his departure. To find sentiments for the state of innocence was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety: it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of "timorous deer," before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison. . . .

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety. He was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the art of English Poetry might be learned. . . .

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem; and therefore owes reverence to that vigor and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance; he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favor gained; no exchange of praise nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch: he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

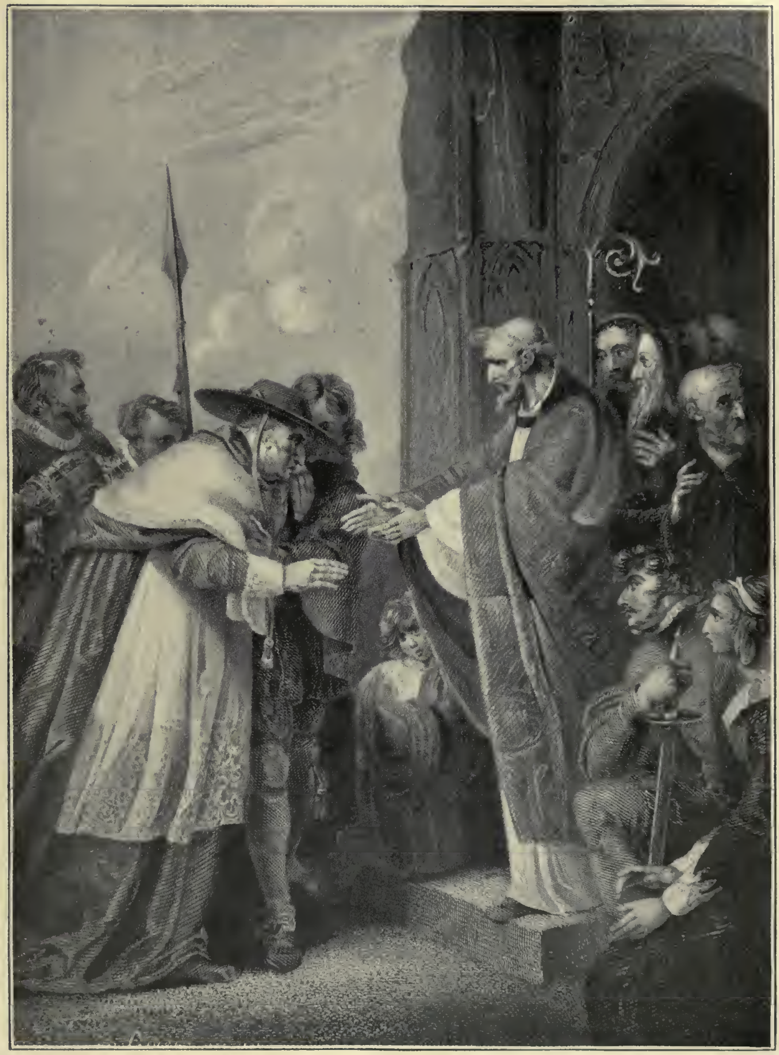
FROM "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage grows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .
  Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land.
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord!
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower;
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,

Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes,—nor want nor cold his course delay:
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

. . . .

In fool-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state,



CARDINAL WOLSEY ENTERING LEICESTER ABBEY

("Shall Wolsey's wealth or Wolsey's end be thine?")

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
  Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight!
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

. . . .

  Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,—
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned:
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

MAURUS JOKAI.

Maurus Jokai, a popular Hungarian novelist, born at Komorn, Feb. 19, 1825. He attended school at Papa and Kecskemet, and studied law at Pesth. In 1846 he was editor of the *Wochenblatt*. He was present at the surrender of Villagos in August, 1849, and made his way through the Russian lines and reached Pesth. Jokai then turned to fiction. He has published twenty-five romances, three hundred and twenty novelettes, and six dramas. Among his romances are "The Good Old Assessors;" "A Modern Midas;" "A Hungarian Nabob," and its sequel, "Zoltan Karpathy;" "Sad Times;" "Oceania;" "The White Rose;" "Transylvania's Golden Age;" "The Turks of Hungary;" "The Last Days of the Janissaries;" "Poor Rich Men;" "The World Turned Upside Down;" "Madhouse Management;" "The New Landlord;" "The Romance of the Next Century;" "Black Diamonds;" and "Beloved to the Scaffold."

The Iron Gate of the Danube.

(From "A Modern Midas.")

A mountain chain cleft asunder from summit to base, making a gorge four miles in length. This chasm is called "The Iron Gate." Perpendicular rocky cliffs, from 600 to 3,000 feet in height, form the sides of this wild pass, through which flows that great river which was called Ister by the Romans, but now bears the name of the Danube. This mighty stream, rising in the distant eastern confines of Germany, pours its floods into Austria and Hungary, thence through the Iron Gate into the Turkish dominions, and finally, through three mouths, into the Black Sea.

Have the tumultuous floods cut a way for themselves, or have volcanic fires burst through the mountain chain? Was it Neptune or Vulcan who did this work? It is indeed a work of the gods. Traces of the handicraft of Neptune still remain in the "Truska Gora," in the form of petrified mussel-shells, strewn about everywhere, as well as in the "fossil remains of ocean-dwelling Saurians in the Veterani cave." The work of Vulcan is seen in the basalt on the "Piatra Detonata." But the ruined pillars of a massive stone bridge, and a long gallery hewn in the cliffs on the shore (making an overarched highway) tell of the labors of men as plainly as do the tablets in bas-relief set in the rocky walls.

In the river, the deep canal (a hundred feet wide), through which the largest ship can pass, is also an evidence of human skill and toil. The Iron Gate has a history two thousand years old; and four nations — the Romans, the Turks, the Roumanians, and the Hungarians — have each bestowed upon it a distinctive name.

Within it the cliffs seem to form giant-built temples, in which, with their massive columns and friezes, the fancy almost expects to find the statues of Saints. This temple-like formation extends through a stretch of four miles with many a turn and winding — ever revealing new forms and new configurations. The sheer face of one precipice is as smooth as polished granite. Red and white veins, like the letters of some ancient book of the gods, penetrate its whole length. In another part of the cliff there is a rusty red surface like molten iron. Here and there lie huge granite blocks, as if flung about by the Titans. A fresh turn brings one before what seems the door of a Gothic cathedral, with its graceful spires, and closely set pillars of basalt. On the rust-colored wall shines a golden spot, like the tablet of the Ark of the Covenant. That is a mineral blossom; it is sulphur. But also living flowers adorn the walls. From the crevices of the cornice they drop like green garlands, placed there by pious hands. They are the giant larches and pine-trees, whose somber masses are diversified with the golden and red colors of the sunburned underbrush. Now and then this double-walled cliff opens into an enticing cañon, and gives a glimpse into a hidden paradise uninhabited by man.

Here, between the two precipitous walls, brood dusky shadows; and, in the half daylight, a sunny valley smiles like a fairy world, with forests of wild grape-vines, whose ripe, red berries lend color to the trees, and whose falling leaves spread like a carpet over the ground. There is no human habitation to be seen in the valley. A little brook dances along, where the deer fearlessly come to quench their thirst. Then, a little farther on, this streamlet — with a silvery gleam — plunges over the precipice.

Once again the mountain gorge is reformed, and other temple-like domes are seen — larger and more awe-inspiring than before. These precipices are separated by less than 900 feet, while they rise to the height of 3,000. Yonder stands a sharp peak called the "Gropa lui Petro," "the Sarcophagus of St. Peter." Other Titanlike stone formations near this mountain summit are named for St. Peter's apostolic companions. Opposite this colossal rock is the "Babile." Yonder cliff, shutting off further outlook, is the "Dove's Rock." The gray summit beyond, surmounting the "Robber's Peak," is the "Rasbognik Veli" — visible for miles away. Between these rocky walls flows — far below in its wild bed — the Danube.

This majestic primeval stream, sweeping through the smooth plains of Hungary in a bed 6,000 feet in width, quietly rippling under the willows which droop over it from the shore, and reflecting the meadows rich in blossoms, or murmuring with softly humming mill wheels, is here suddenly imprisoned in a rocky channel only 800 feet wide.

Ah, with what scorn the river plunges through! One who had marked its former gentle current would no longer know the wild torrent. The old and gray giant has become a young and lusty hero. The waves leap up in fierce foam against their rocky bed — for in the very midst of the channel rises a great mass of stone like a Druidical altar. It is the huge "Babagag" in the Cassan rock. Against this rock breaks the wild torrent with unconquerable scorn — leaping over it, and whirling in fierce currents which scoop out fathomless abysses from the stony river-bed. Then, roaring and foaming, the waters sweep over the crags which lie between the overhanging cliffs. In other places, where the barriers are too strong, the river has eaten its way under the overhanging rocks. Here and there it brings earth formations to cover the bowlders in its path, making new islands, not to be found on the map. These in time became overgrown with wild shrubs and underbrush. They belong to none of the bordering kingdoms — neither to the Hungarian, Turkish, nor Servian Government. They are a true No Man's Land. They pay no taxes, they know no rulers, they lie outside of the world, they have not even a name. Now and then the same river which formed them tears one of them away from its foundations, and sweeps off the island with its woods and its fields — blotting it forever from a right to a place on the map of the world.

Through these cliffs and islands the Danube flows in a various bed, with a swift current of ten miles an hour; and the shipmasters must know the narrow channel well between Ogradina and Plessvissovicza. The hands of man have made a canal in the rocky bottom of the river-bed, through which large ships can pass; but near the shore there are places where only small craft can find a way.

Following the coast-line of the smaller islands, between the narrowing banks of the stream, some signs of the works of men are seen amid the great creations of Nature — double palisades of strong tree-trunks, which come together in the form of the letter V, with the opening up-stream. These are sturgeon-traps. These fishy travelers from the sea swim up the stream, rubbing their heads against any obstruction, in order to get rid of parasites. They enter into the tree-traps; and, as it is not their habit to turn, they push on to the ever-narrowing snares, until at last they drop into the death-chamber at the end of the V, from which there is no escape.

There is here an eternal roaring. As the swift river rushes over its stony bed, as it surges against the island altars, as it lashes the lofty cliffs, as it thunders like a cataract, its noise is ever repeated in a perpetual echo by the resounding crags, making an altogether unearthly music, like a medley of organ-tones, clashing bells, and dying thunder-peals. Man trembles, and is dumb at the sound, ashamed to intrude his voice in this Titanic uproar. Sailors communicate with each other only by signs. Superstition forbids the fisherman to utter a word in this place. A consciousness of the danger of the channel naturally leads to silence, or to an inwardly whispered prayer. For, indeed, he who passes through this rocky gorge, so long as the cliffs frown down upon him, may well feel that he is stirring along the walls of his own sepulcher.

And what if to the terror of the sailors is added the "Bora!" This is a wind which sometimes blows for a week at a time, and which makes the Danube impassable through the Iron Gate.

If there were but one wall of mountains this wall would be a protection against the Bora. But the current of air which is pressed in between the two rocky walls is as capricious as is the vagrant wind in the streets of a great city. It blows first from one quarter, then from another. It seizes the ship, wrenches off the rudder, gives work for every hand, plays havoc with the tow-horses and tow-ropes; and then suddenly the wind changes, and both ship and waves are blown backward up the stream, like the dust in a city street. At such times the organ-like tones of the tempest sound like the trumpet of the last judgment. The death-shrieks of the shipwrecked and drowning mariners are lost in the terrific roar of the howling, re-echoing winds.

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson, a distinguished English dramatist, born at Westminster, probably in 1574; died Aug. 6, 1637. Before he was out of his teens he enlisted in the army and saw some service in Flanders; after which he is said to have been entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where his stay must have been short, for at twenty we find him upon the stage. In 1596 appeared his "Comedy of Humors," which was subsequently remodeled, and appeared under the title of "Every Man in His Humor." In 1599 appeared Jonson's less successful comedy, "Every Man out of His Humor." He continued to write for the stage down to near the close of his life. The latest and apparently the most complete collection of his works, which appeared in 1853, contains seventeen plays, and more than thirty masques and interludes, besides many miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. His two most important tragedies are "Sejanus" (1603) and "Catiline" (1611), both founded upon scenes in Roman history. His principal comedies, besides those already mentioned, are "Volpone, or the Foxe" (1605); "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman" (1609); and the "Alchemist" (1610). Scattered through the masques and interludes, and among the miscellaneous pieces, are several exquisite poems.

Jonson's personal history was marked by many vicissitudes. Shortly after the accession of James I., in 1603, Jonson, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, produced the comedy of "Eastward Hoe," which was supposed to reflect severely upon the Scottish nation; the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. Jonson, however, soon made his peace with the King, with whom he rose into high favor. In 1613 he went to the Continent as tutor to a son of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1619 he was made Poet Laureate. In 1628 he had a stroke of palsy, whereupon King Charles I. increased his stipend. Notwithstanding these beneficences, he was always involved in pecuniary difficulties. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and his tombstone (since removed) contained by way of inscription only the words, "O rare Ben Jonson." It is said that in this inscription the name was spelt with an *h* as is the custom with the Scot branch of the family.

ON STYLE.

(From "Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter.")

De Stilo, et Optimo Scribendi Genere. — For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries, — to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits or first words that offer themselves to us: but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings: they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly; they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself; as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so ofttimes get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their own faculties; so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves: and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

DE SHAKSPEARE NOSTRAT[I]. — I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand;" which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I love the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

SELECTION FROM "SEJANUS."

SCENE: *The Garden of* EUDEMUS *in Rome. Enter* SEJANUS, LIVIA, *and* EUDEMUS.

Sejanus — Physician, thou art worthy of a province
For the great favors done unto our loves;

And but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught like means
To give them worthy satisfaction.
Livia — Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.
But for this potion we intend to Drusus, —
No more our husband now, — whom shall we choose
As the most apt and abled instrument
To minister it to him?
Eudemus — I say, Lydgus.
Sejanus — Lydgus? what's he?
Livia — An eunuch Drusus loves.
Eudemus — Ay, and his cup-bearer. . . .
Sejanus — Send him to me; I'll work him. — Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking naught could add
Unto the fervor which your eye had kindled, —
Yet now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness and will to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarefied and turned all flame
In your affection: such a spirit as yours
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sovereignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam;
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb.
[*Knocking within.*
Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. 'Tis not Drusus, lady; do not fear.
[*Exit* EUDEMUS.
Livia — Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.
Sejanus — Illustrious lady, stay —
Eudemus [*within*] — I'll tell his Lordship.
Re-enter EUDEMUS.

Sejanus — Who is it, Eudemus?
Eudemus — One of your Lordship's servants brings you word
The Emperor hath sent for you.
Sejanus — Oh, where is he?
With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question, and return. [*Exit.*
Eudemus — Fortunate princess!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequaled man, the soul of Rome,
The Empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!
Livia — So blessèd, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?
Eudemus — Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.
Livia — Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eudemus — Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun
Hath given some little taint unto the ceruse;
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts —
[*Paints her cheek.*
Livia — Nay, now you've made it worse.
Eudemus — I'll help it straight —
And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumor; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honor.
Livia — What do you now, Eudemus?
Eudemus — Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal. Honored Sejanus!
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out,
If't do not expiate?
Livia — Here, good physician.
Eudemus — I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world. — 'Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of this dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth; and the prepared pomatum,
To smooth the skin. A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,
As you have his; who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,

Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.

Livia — Have not we returned
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
Of all his counsels?

Eudemus — Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex:
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound
Than mixed with Drusus; but when they shall hear
That and the thunder of Sejanus meet, —
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus, —
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter SEJANUS.

Sejanus — I must take
A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot: you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtle operation
Upon some natural disease of his;
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Livia — My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet this
Remember for your heed: he loves you not;
You know what I have told you; his designs
Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sejanus — Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood!

Livia — Well, you must go?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.
[*Exit* SEJANUS.

Eudemus — When will you take some physic, lady?

Livia — When
I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus's drug
Be first prepared.

SOLILOQUY OF SEJANUS.

DULL, heavy Cæsar!
Wouldst thou tell me thy favors were made crimes,
And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with wingèd haste prevent that change
When thou mightest win all to thyself again
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armor
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuffed up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares.

SELECTION FROM "THE SILENT WOMAN."

SCENE: A room in **MOROSE'S** House. Enter **MOROSE**, with a tube in his hand, followed by **MUTE**.

Morose. — Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method than by this trunk, to save my servants the labor of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? Answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt or flock bed on the outside of the door: that if they knock with their daggers or with brickbats, they can make no noise? — But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head or shrug. [*Mute makes a leg.*] So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay: if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Mute holds up a finger bent.*] Good: half a quarter? 'Tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, to-day? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. I see, by much doctrine and impulsion it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth: still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practice it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look — [*Exit Mute. Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter MUTE.

Mute. — It is a post from the court —

Morose. — Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. — Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death —

Morose. — Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter TRUEWIT *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

Truewit. — By your leave, sir, — I am a stranger here, — is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? Nothing? Has Hypocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir —

Morose. — Oh men! Oh manners! was there ever such an impudence?

Truewit. — And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Morose. — Whose knave are you?

Truewit. — Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Morose. — Fetch me my sword —

Truewit. — You shall taste the one-half of my dagger if you do, groom; and you the other if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Morose. — How then, rude companion?

Truewit. — Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London bridge at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow, to vault from; or a braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret window into the street; or a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shows him the halter*] which they have sent, — and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot than to the wedlock noose; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your body: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. . . .

Morose. — Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their lands? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? . . . What have I done that may deserve this? . . .

Truewit. — Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger. (But you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances a jig, . . . why, it is not their fault; they have discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them. . . . If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. . . . If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek. . . . If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings, and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for, to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i' faith; you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you. — [*Mute is stealing away.*] Upon my faith, master servingman, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Morose. — Oh, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Truewit. — Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir, — oh, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! . . . That friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; . . . she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewelers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets: never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may . . . be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them, — Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in controversies or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in folly to a third.

Morose. — Oh, oh!

Truewit. — All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer and this cunning woman: where the first question is, How soon you shall die? . . . What precedence she shall have by her next match? And sets down the answers, and believes them above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Morose. — Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

Truewit. — Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot: . . . I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. — Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Morose. — Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] Oh, shut the door, shut the door! Is he come again?

PROLOGUE FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR."

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be:
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come:
But deeds and language such as men do use;
And persons such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

SONG TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change from thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee

As giving it a hope, that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Women are but Men's Shadows.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
  Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
  Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
  At noon they are or short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
  But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Song from "Volpone."

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever,
He at length our good will sever:
Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night. . . .
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal, —
To be taken, to be seen, —
These have crimes accounted been.

An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy.

Weep with me, all you that read
    This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
    Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive

In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him:
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

On My First Daughter.

Here lies, to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin train:
Where while that, severed, doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshy birth:
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

From "Cynthia's Revels."

Enter Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Timè, Phronesis, *and* Thauma.
Music accompanied. Hesperus *sings*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
  And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

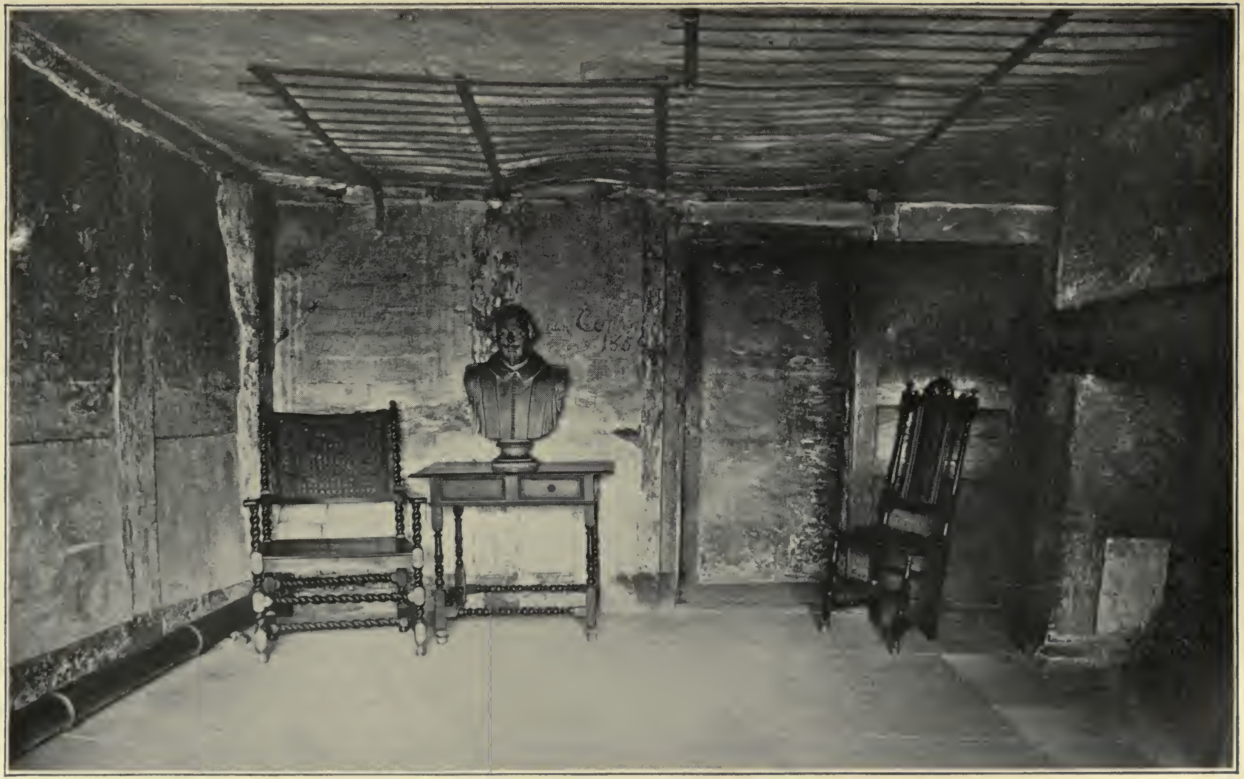
THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

(Printed in the first folio edition of Shakspeare, 1623.)

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis time, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds the best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

(*Stratford-on-Avon*)

I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line,
And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night;
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

ODE TO HIMSELF.

(Written after the failure of his comedy, "The New Inn," which was miserably acted and sharply criticised, Jan. 19, 1629.)

COME, leave the loathèd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pourest them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink or swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

Leave things so prostitute
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And though thy nerves be shrank and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat,
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry: "Like ours
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other — let it sleep in death,
Fitter, where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

Flavius Josephus, a Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem, A.D. 37; died at Rome about A.D. 100. He was of a noble sacerdotal family. He calls himself simply Josephus; the prenomen Flavius seems to have been assumed in honor of the Flavian gens of Rome. At the age of twenty-six he went to Rome in order to procure the liberation of some of his friends whom the Roman procurator Felix had caused to be arrested. This visit to Rome apparently took place while Paul was a prisoner there; but there is no evidence that Josephus ever heard of the apostle. He quite ignores the existence of the Christians.

He afterwards bore a conspicuous part in the contests of his people with the Romans and the imperial government of Rome, rising finally to great favor with the Emperor Vespasian and his two immediate successors. He passed the years of his literary activity at Rome, living in dignified ease upon a royal pension and in a luxurious residence, enjoying also the rights of citizenship. The products of these favoring circumstances are the "History of the War of the Jews against the Romans, and of the Fall of Jerusalem," the "Judaic Antiquities," which begin with the Creation and extend to A.D. 66, and an "Autobiography." As an eye-witness of much that he records, his work merits attention; but it is the subject of much controversy and doubt.

The Creation, as Narrated by Josephus.

(From the "Antiquities.")

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. But the earth did not come into sight, but was covered with thick darkness, and a wind moved upon its surface. God commanded that there should be light; and when that was made he considered the full mass, and separated the light and the darkness; and the name he gave to the one was Night, and the other he called Day; and he named the beginning of light and the time of rest the evening and the morning; and this was indeed the first day. But Moses said it was one day, the cause of which I am able to give even now; but because I have promised to give such reasons for all things in a treatise by itself, I shall put off its exposition till that time.

After this, on the second day, he placed the heaven over the whole world, and separated it from the other parts; and he determined that it should stand by itself. He also placed a crystalline firmament round it, and put it together in a manner agreeable to the earth; and fitted it for giving moisture and rain, and for affording the advantage of dews. On the third day he appointed the dry land to appear, with the sea round about it; and on the same day he made the plants and the seeds to spring out of the earth. On the fourth day he adorned the heaven with the sun, the moon, and the stars, and appointed them their motions and courses, that the vicissitudes of the seasons might be clearly signified. And on the fifth day he produced the living creatures, both those that swim and those that fly; the former in the sea, and the latter in the air. He also sorted them as to society, and that the kinds might increase and multiply. On the same day he also formed man. Accordingly Moses says that in six days the world, and all that is therein, was made; and that the seventh day was a rest and a release from the labor of such operations; whence it is that we celebrate a rest from our labors on that day, and call it the Sabbath, which word denotes Rest in the Hebrew tongue.

Moreover, Moses, after the seventh day was over, begins to talk philosophically; and concerning the formation of man says thus: that God took dust from the earth and formed man, and inserted in him a spirit and a soul. This man was called Adam (which in the Hebrew tongue signifies one that is red), because he was formed out of red earth compounded together, for of that kind is virgin and true earth.

God also presented the living creatures, when he had made them, according to their kinds, both male and female, to Adam, and gave them those names by which they are still called. But when he saw that Adam had no female companion, no society — for there was no such created — and that he wondered at the other animals which were made male and female, he laid him asleep, and took away one of his ribs, and out of it formed the woman; whereupon Adam knew her when she was brought to him, and acknowledged that she was made out of himself. Now a woman is called *Issa* in the Hebrew tongue; but the name of this woman was Eve, which signifies the Mother of all Living.

Moses says farther that God planted a paradise in the East, flourishing with all sorts of trees, and that among them was the Tree of Life, and another of Knowledge, whereby was to be known what was good and evil; and that when he had brought Adam and his wife into the garden, he commanded him to take care of the plants. Now this garden was watered by one river, which ran round about the whole earth, and was parted into four parts. Phison, which denotes a Multitude, running into India, makes its exit into the sea, and is by the Greeks called Ganges. Euphrates also, as well as Tigris, goes down into the Red Sea. Now the same Euphrates, or Phrath, denotes either a Dispersion or a Flower; by Tigris, or Diglath, is signified what is swift, with narrowness; and Geon runs through Egypt, and denotes what arises from the East, which the Greeks call Nile. God therefore commanded that Adam and his wife should eat of all the rest of the plants, but to abstain from the Tree of Knowledge, and foretold to them that if they touched it, it would prove their destruction.

But while all the living creatures had one language at that time, the serpent, which then lived together with Adam and his wife, showed an envious disposition at his supposal of their living happily, and in obedience to the commands of God; and imagining that when they disobeyed they would fall into calamities, he persuaded the woman, out of a malicious intention, to taste of the Tree of Knowledge, telling them that in the tree was the knowledge of good and evil, which knowledge when they should obtain they would lead a happy life: nay a life not inferior to that of a god; by which means he overcame the woman and persuaded her to despise the command of God.

Now when she had tasted of that tree, and was pleased with its fruit, she persuaded Adam to make use of it also. Upon this they perceived that they were become naked to one another; and being ashamed thus to appear abroad, they invented somewhat to cover them — for the fruit sharpened their understanding; and they covered themselves with fig-leaves, and tying those before them out of modesty, they thought they were happier than before, as they had discovered what they were in want of. But when God came into the garden, Adam, who was wont before to come and converse with him, being conscious of his wicked behavior, went out of his way.

This behavior surprised God; and he asked what was the cause of this procedure; and why he that delighted before in that conversation did now fly from and avoid it. When he made no reply, as conscious to himself that he had transgressed the command of God, God said, "I had determined about you both, how you might lead a happy life, without any affliction, care, or vexation of soul; and that all things which might contribute to your enjoyment and pleasure should grow up, by my providence, of their own accord, without your labor and painstaking; which state of labor would soon bring on old age, and death would not be at any remote distance. But now thou hast abused my good-will, and hast disobeyed my commands; for thy silence is not the sign of thy virtue, but of thy evil conscience."

However, Adam excused his sin, and entreated God not to be angry with him; and laid the blame of what was done upon his wife, and said that he was deceived by her, and thence became an offender; while she again accused the serpent. But God allotted him punishment, because he weakly submitted to the counsel of his wife; and said the ground should not henceforth yield its fruits of its own accord, but that when it should be harassed by their labor, it would bring forth some of its fruits, and refuse to bring forth others. He also made Eve liable to the inconvenience of breeding, and the sharp pangs of bringing forth children; and this because she persuaded Adam with the same arguments wherewith the serpent had persuaded her, and had thereby brought him into a calamitous condition.

He also deprived the serpent of speech, out of indignation at his malicious disposition toward Adam. Besides this he also inserted poison under his tongue, and made him an enemy to men; and suggested to them that they should direct their strokes against his head, that being the place wherein lay his mischievous designs toward men, and it being easiest to take vengeance of him in that way. And when he had deprived him of the use of his feet, he made him go rolling along; and dragging himself upon the ground. And when God had appointed these penalties for them he removed Adam and Eve out of the garden into another place.

MOSES AS A LEGISLATOR.

(From the Preface to the "Antiquities.")

One who will peruse this history may principally learn from it, that all events succeed well, even to an incredible degree, and the reward of felicity is proposed by God: but then it is to those that follow his will, and do not venture to break his excellent laws; and that so far as men any way apostatize from the accurate observation of them, what was practicable before becomes impracticable; and whatsoever they set about as a good thing is converted into an incurable calamity. And now I exhort all those who peruse these books, to apply their minds to God: and to examine the mind of our legislator, whether he hath not understood his nature in a manner worthy of him; and hath not ever ascribed to him such operations as become his power; and hath not preserved his own writings from those indecent fables which others have framed, although by the great distance of time when he lived he might have securely forged such lies, — for he lived two thousand years ago, at which vast distance of ages the poets themselves have not been so hardy as to fix even the generations of their gods, much less the actions of their men or their own laws. As I proceed, therefore, I shall accurately describe what is contained in our records, in the order of time that belongs to them, . . . without adding anything to what is therein contained, or taking away anything therefrom.

But because almost all our constitution depends on the wisdom of Moses our legislator, I cannot avoid saying somewhat concerning him beforehand, though I shall do it briefly; I mean, because otherwise those that read my books may wonder how it comes to pass that my discourse, which promises an account of laws and historical facts, contains so much of philosophy. The reader is therefore to know that Moses deemed it exceeding necessary that he who would conduct his own life well, and give laws to others, in the first place should consider the Divine nature; and upon the contemplation of God's operations, should thereby imitate the best of all patterns, so far as it is possible for human nature to do, and to endeavor to follow after it; neither could the legislator himself have a right mind without such a contemplation; nor would anything he should write tend to the promotion of virtue in his readers: I mean, unless they be taught first of all that God is the father and Lord of all things, and sees all things; and that hence he bestows a happy life upon those that follow him, but plunges such as do not walk in the paths of virtue into inevitable miseries. Now when Moses was desirous to teach this lesson to his countrymen, he did not begin the establishment of his laws after the same manner that other legislators did, — I mean, upon contracts and other rights between one man and another, but by raising their minds upwards to regard God and his creation of the world; and by persuading them that we men are the most excellent of the creatures of God upon earth. Now when once he had brought them to submit to religion, he easily persuaded them to submit in all other things; for as to other legislators, they followed fables, and by their discourses transferred the most reproachful of human vices unto the gods, and so afforded wicked men the most plausible excuses for their crimes; but as for our legislator, when he had once demonstrated that God was possessed of perfect virtue, he supposed men also ought to strive after the participation of it; and on those who did not so think and so believe, he inflicted the severest punishments. I exhort, therefore, my readers to examine this whole undertaking in that view; for thereby it will appear to them that there is nothing therein disagreeable either to the majesty of God, or to his love for mankind: for all things have here a reference to the nature of the universe; while our legislator speaks some things wisely but enigmatically, and others under a decent allegory, but still explains such things as required a direct explication, plainly and expressly.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.

(From the "Antiquities.")

Now the sagacity and wisdom which God had bestowed on Solomon was so great that he exceeded the ancients, insomuch that he was no way inferior to the Egyptians, who are said to have been beyond all men in understanding; nay, indeed, it is evident that their sagacity was very much inferior to that of the King's. He also excelled and distinguished himself in wisdom above those who were most eminent among the Hebrews at that time for shrewdness. . . . He also composed books of odes and songs a thousand and five, of parables and similitudes three thousand — for he spake a parable upon every sort of tree from the hyssop to the cedar, and in like manner also about beasts, about all sorts of living creatures, whether upon the earth, or in the seas, or in the air; for he was not unacquainted with any of their natures, nor omitted inquiries about them, but described them all like a philosopher, and demonstrated his exquisite knowledge of their several properties. God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful and sanative to him. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return: and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons and his captains and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return into him no more, — making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon was showed very manifestly.

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF PALESTINE.

ABOUT this time (333 B.C.) it was that Darius heard how Alexander had passed over the Hellespont, and had beaten his lieutenants in the battle of Granicum, and was proceeding farther; whereupon he gathered together an army of horse and foot, and determined that he would meet the Macedonians before they should assault and conquer all Asia. So he passed over the river Euphrates, and came over Taurus, the Cilician mountain; and at Isis of Cilicia he waited for the enemy, as ready there to give him battle. Upon which Sanballet was glad that Darius was come down; and told Manasseh that he would suddenly perform his promises to him, and this as soon as ever Darius should come back, after he had beaten his enemies; for not he only, but all those that were in Asia also, were persuaded that the Macedonians would not so much as come to a battle with the Persians, on account of their multitude. But the event proved otherwise than they expected, for the king joined battle with the Macedonians, and was beaten, and lost a great part of his army. His mother also, and his wife and children, were taken captives, and he fled into Persia. So Alexander came into Syria, and took Damascus; and when he had obtained Sidon, he besieged Tyre, when he sent an epistle to the Jewish high priest, "To send him some auxiliaries, and to supply his army with provisions; and that what presents he formerly sent to Darius he would now send to him, and choose the friendship of the Macedonians, and that he should never repent of so doing." But the high priest answered the messengers, that "he had given his oath to Darius not to bear arms against him;" and he said that "he would not transgress them while Darius was in the land of the living." Upon hearing this answer, Alexander was very angry; and though he determined not to leave Tyre, which was just ready to be taken, yet as soon as he had taken it he threatened that he would make an expedition against the Jewish high priest, and through him teach all men to whom they must keep their oaths. So when he had, with a great deal of pains during the siege, taken Tyre, and had settled his affairs, he came to the city of Gaza, and besieged both the city and him that was governor of the garrison, whose name was Babemeses. . . . Now Alexander, when he had taken Gaza, made haste to go up to Jerusalem; and Jaddaa the high priest, when he heard that, was in an agony and under terror, as not knowing how he should meet the Macedonians, since the King was displeased at his foregoing disobedience. He therefore ordained that the people should make supplications, and should join with him in offering sacrifices to God, whom he besought to protect that nation, and to deliver them from the perils that were coming upon them: whereupon God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that "he should take courage, and adorn the city, and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the King in the habits proper to their order, without the dread of any ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent." Upon which, when he rose from his sleep, he greatly rejoiced, and declared to all the warning he had received from God. According to which dream he acted entirely, and so waited for the coming of the King. . . . For Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance, in white garments, while the priests stood clothed with fine linen, and the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing, with his miter on his head, having the golden plate whereon the name of God was engraved, he approached by himself, and adored that name, and first saluted the high priest. The Jews also did altogether, with one voice, salute Alexander and encompass him about; whereupon the kings of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him "How it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the high priest of the Jews!" To whom he replied: — "I do not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with his high-priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians; whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind." And when he said this to Parmenio, and had given the high priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him, and he came into the city: and when he went up into the temple he offered sacrifice to God, according to the high priest's directions; and magnificently treated both the high priest and the priests. And when the book of Daniel was showed him, wherein Daniel declared that one of the Greeks should destroy the empire of the Persians, he supposed that himself was the person intended; and as he was then glad, he dismissed the multitude for the present, but the next day called them to him, and bade them ask what favors they pleased of him; whereupon the high priest desired that they might enjoy the laws of their forefathers, and might pay no tribute on the seventh year. He granted all they desired. And when they entreated him that he would permit the Jews in Babylon and Media to enjoy their own laws also, he willingly promised to do hereafter what they desired.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

(From the "Jewish Wars.")

WHILE the sanctuary [in Jerusalem] was in flames, everything that fell in their way became a prey to rapine, and prodigious was the slaughter of those found there. To no age was pity shown, to no rank respect; but children and old men, secular persons and priests, were overwhelmed in one common ruin. All ranks were inclosed in the embrace of war, and hunted down; as well those who sued for mercy, as those who made defense. . . .

Their destruction was caused by a false prophet, who had on that day proclaimed to those remaining in the city, that "God commanded them to go up to the Temple, there to receive the signs of their deliverance." . . . Thus it was that the impostors and pretended messengers of heaven at that time beguiled the wretched people, while the manifest portents that foreshowed the approaching desolation they neither heeded nor credited; but as if confounded and bereft alike of eyes and mind, they disregarded the immediate warnings of God. Thus it was when a star resembling a sword stood over the city, and a comet which continued for a year. Thus also it was when, prior to the revolt and the first movements of the war, at the time when the people were assembling for the feast of unleavened bread, on the eighth of the month Xanthicus, at the ninth hour of the night, so vivid a light shone round the altar and the sanctuary that it seemed to be bright day; and this lasted half an hour. By the inexperienced this was deemed favorable; but by the sacred scribes it was at once pronounced a prelude of that which afterwards happened. At the same festival also, a cow having been led by some one to the sacrifice, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the court of the Temple.

Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court — which was of brass and extremely massive, and when closed towards evening could scarcely be moved by twenty men, and which was fastened with bars shod with iron, and secured by bolts sunk to a great depth in a threshold which consisted of one stone throughout — was observed, about the sixth hour of the night, to have opened of its own accord. The guards of the Temple ran and informed the captain, who having repaired to the spot could scarcely succeed in shutting it. This again to the un-learned seemed a most auspicious omen; for God, they thought, had unfolded to them the gate of blessings: but the learned considered that the security of the Temple was dissolving of its own accord, and the gate opened for the advantage of the enemy; and explained it among themselves as a sign of impending desolation.

Not many days after the festival, on the twenty-first of the month Artemisius, there appeared a phenomenon so marvelous as to exceed credibility. What I am about to relate would, I conceive, be deemed a mere fable, had it not been related by eyewitnesses, and attended by calamities commensurate with such portents. Before sunset, were seen around the whole country chariots poised in the air, and armed battalions speeding through the clouds and investing the cities. And at the feast which is called Pentecost, the priests having entered the inner court of the Temple by night, as was their custom, for discharge of their ministrations, their attention was drawn at first, they said, by a movement and a clanging noise, and after this by a voice as of a multitude, "We are departing hence."

But a story more fearful still remains. Four years prior to the war, while the city was enjoying the utmost peace and prosperity, there came to the feast in which it is the custom for all to erect tabernacles to God, one Jesus, son of Ananus, a rustic of humble parentage, who, standing in the temple, suddenly began to call aloud, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem and the sanctuary, a voice against bridegrooms and brides, a voice against all the people!" Day and night he traversed all the streets with this cry. Some citizens, incensed at so ominous a voice, apprehended the man, and severely scourged him. But without uttering a word in his own behalf, nor anything privately to those who beat him, he continued his cry as before. At length the rulers — supposing, and justly so, that the man was under some supernatural impulse — conducted him to the presence of the Roman procurator, where, though lacerated with scourges to the very bone, he neither sued for mercy nor shed a tear; but modulating his voice to a tone the most mournful that was possible, repeated at every stroke, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." Albinus the procurator, demanding who he was, and whence, and why he uttered these words, he made no manner of reply; desisting not from his lamentation over the city, until Albinus concluding that he was a maniac, set him at

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

From a Painting by Wm. Kaulbach

liberty. Up to the breaking out of the war, he neither associated with any of the citizens, nor was he seen to speak to any one; but as if it were a prayer that he had been meditating upon, daily uttered his lament, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." He neither cursed those that beat him from day to day, nor gave his blessing to such as supplied him with food: to all, the melancholy presage was his one reply. His voice was loudest at the festivals; and though for seven years and five months he continued his wail, neither did his voice become feeble nor did he grow weary, until during the siege, after beholding his presages verified, he ceased. For as he was going his round on the wall, crying with a piercing voice, "Woe! woe! once more, to the city, to the people, and to the Temple," when at the last he had added, "Woe! woe! to myself also," he was struck by a stone shot from the ballista and killed upon the spot, still uttering with his dying lips the same portentous words.

If we reflect on these events, we shall find that God exercises care over men, in every way foreshowing to their race the means of safety; but that they perish through their own folly and self-incurred evils. Thus the Jews, after the demolition of the Antonia, reduced their Temple to a square, though they had it recorded in their oracles that "the city and the sanctuary would be taken when the Temple should become square." But what chiefly incited them to the war was an ambiguous prophecy, likewise found in their sacred writings, that "about this period some one from their country should obtain the empire of the world." This they received as applying to themselves, and many eminent for wisdom were deceived in the interpretation of it. The oracle, however, in reality indicated the elevation of Vespasian — he having been proclaimed emperor in Judæa. But it is not possible for men to avoid their fate, even though they foresee it. Some of these portents they interpreted according to their pleasure, others they treated with contempt, until their folly was exposed by the conquest of their country and their own destruction.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

Sylvester Judd, an American novelist, poet, and theologian, born in Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813; died at Augusta, Me., Jan. 20, 1853. His remarkable romance "Margaret" will always be remembered. "Richard Edney" is another romance; "Philo" is a striking poem; and his discourses on "The Church" were esteemed.

The Trial.

(From "Margaret.")

The magistral investigation resulted in the discharge of all the family but Chilion, who was committed to answer before the Supreme Court — a stated session of which was at hand. The testimony of the witnesses was varied and confused, as their observation had been uncertain and indistinct. What with the trepidation of the moment, and the clouded condition in which the catastrophe found the party, it took no small sagacity and patience in Esq. Beach, who seemed disposed to conduct the case with entire candor, to distinguish, resolve, and average the singular materials that were submitted to his attention. Chilion himself would make neither confession nor denial.

These points, however, were ascertained: that Solomon Smith came to his death by a wound in the jugular vein; that the wound was caused by some violent blow, as, say, of a file; that Chilion was seen to throw the file, and the deceased was heard to cry out the moment the instrument might have been supposed to strike him. Furthermore, it was sworn that Chilion and the deceased had had differences, and that Chilion had threatened vengeance for the mischief Solomon was doing to the family at the Pond.

The deceased was buried the next day, and at his funeral was exhibited every circumstance of solemn array and mournful impressiveness. The body was carried to the Church, where Parson Welles preached an appropriate sermon, and followed to the grave by a long train of people swayed by an alternate and mingled grief and indignation.

On the succeeding day, Mr. Smith, the father of Solomon, came to the Pond claiming the forfeiture of the conditions on which Pluck held the estate, and ordered the immediate removal of the family. Pluck went off with his kit on his back to seek employment wherever it should offer. Hash and his mother were invited to Sibyl Radney's. Of Nimrod and Rose nothing had been heard. Bull followed Hash. Margaret barely had time to turn her two birds and Dick, the squirrel, out of doors, and gather a bundle of clothes and Chilion's violin, ere Mr. Smith nailed up the house. She besought her mother and Hash to take the birds and squirrel, but the hurry, preoccupation, and irritation of the moment were too great to pamper wishes of that sort. Up the Via Salutaris she saw her father and mother, her brother and Sibyl filing along, drearily, with heavy packs on their shoulders. Her own course had been resolved upon; she was going to Esq. Beach's to seek occupation, be near Chilion, and fulfill her engagement as Governess. She paused a moment, looking up and down the road, and back to Mons Christi, then striking across the Mowing, buried herself in the thickets of the Via Dolorosa. Reaching the village, she turned into Grove Street, and went directly to the Squire's, Mrs. Beach received her at the door, and asked her into the parlor. She was barely seated, when the door opened, and in poured a parcel of children.

"Julia, William," said Mrs. Beach, "why do you behave so? How often have I told you not to come into the house with a noise? and those other boys haven't scraped their feet."

"I have got a tame squirrel here, ma," said William Beach.

"What are you doing with that dirty thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Beach.

"It's the ma'am's," said Julia Beach; "Arthur said it was."

"We found it trying to get in at the door," explained Arthur Morgridge.

"She isn't your ma'am now," denied Mrs. Beach.

"Isn't she going to live here and teach us?" asked Julia.

"Not as we know of," replied the mother. "You take away the squirrel, and run to your plays."

Dick, meanwhile, wrested himself from the hands of the boys and leaped into the lap of his mistress.

"Take the creature away," reiterated Mrs. Beach.

Margaret interceded in behalf of her pet. "I sha'n't touch it, if the ma'am wants to keep it," said Consider Gisborne. "Come, let us see if we can't get the kite up."

The children retreated with as much impetuosity as they entered.

"Did you expect to bring that animal with you?" asked Mrs. Beach.

"I know not how he came," replied Margaret; "I left him at home;" and she might have added, that delaying on her steps two or three hours in the woods, the squirrel, shut out of doors, and growing tired of silence and solitude, concluded to follow her, — a trick he had more than once in his life attempted.

"What have you in that green sack?" inquired the lady.

"It is my brother Chilion's fiddle," replied Margaret. "I thought it would be of some comfort to him in the jail, so I brought it down."

"Your brother, indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Beach. "I must inform you that the Squire and myself have concluded to dispense with your services. We thought it would be extremely bad to have one of your family a member of ours. Since the dreadful things that have happened at your house, it would be unsafe to our property, and perhaps to our lives, and certainly detrimental to the morals of the children, to have anything to do with you. And it would be wrong not to break a promise made with those who have proved themselves unworthy to keep it."

"What shall I do?" asked Margaret, passionately.

"It is no use to practice dissimulation, Miss Hart. A sorry crew of you! I quite wonder that you should have had the presumption to come at all. We were going to send word that we did not want you. But your anxiety for your brother, it seems, has brought you down even sooner than was anticipated. If worse comes to worst, you can go to the poorhouse; you may be able to find employment with that class of people to whom you properly belong. I am not unreasonable — for the time has arrived we must no longer tamper with low-bred and mischief-making characters."

The appearance of the lady discouraged parley and silenced protestation, and Margaret withdrew. She stood on the door-steps, with her bundle and squirrel in her arms, disordered in purpose, palsied in feeling, and almost blind in vision, from this unforeseen turn of affairs. The children, who were trying to fly a kite on the grounds in front of the house, came around her.

"Are you not going to stay?" asked Julia Beach.

"No," replied Margaret.

"Won't the ma'am help us get up the kite?" said Consider Gisborne.

"Yes," replied Margaret.

"The string is all in a snarl," said Arthur Morgridge. Margaret, most mechanically, most mournfully, fell to getting out the knot, and then, dropping her luggage, ran with the string, and when the kite was fairly afloat, she handed it back to the boys.

"She's crying," said Julia Beach. "She is crying!" was whispered from one to another. The kite was at once abandoned, and the children huddled about their disconsolate Mistress.

"What makes you cry?" said Julia.

"I cannot tell," said Margaret; "I have no home, no friends, no place to go to."

"Never mind the kite," said Consider. "I'll carry this," he added, seizing the sack containing the violin; "I don't care if she did put me on the girl's side, she is the best Schoolma'am I ever went to."

"I will carry this," said Arthur, taking the clothes bundle from her hand.

"I want to have the squirrel," said Julia.

"Let me take hold with you, Arthur," said Mabel Weeks.

"Where are you going?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know," said Consider; "we wanted to help the Schoolma'am."

"I am going to take the violin to my brother, who is in the jail; he loves to play on it. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go there."

"Deacon Ramsdill was at our house, and said he didn't believe he *meant* to kill Solomon Smith," said Consider.

"I remember what you said when you kept the school, that we mustn't hate anybody," said Arthur.

"Ma said people wasn't always wicked that was put in jail," said Mabel.

Preceded by the children with their several loads, Margaret went towards the Green. Approaching the precincts of the jail she found her way impeded by large numbers of people, who were loitering about the spot, of all ages and sexes. She was greeted with sundry exclamations of dislike, and the aspect of things was not the most inviting. Even threatening words were bestowed upon her, and some went so far as to jostle her steps. She stopped while the children gathered closer to her, and they all proceeded in a solid body together.

"I can see the devil in her eye," said one. "The whole family ought to be hung," said another. "Poor Mr. Smith's heart is 'most broke," said Mistress Joy. "I always knew Chil would come to a bad end," said Mistress Hatch; "there were spots on his back when he was born, and his mother cut his finger-nails before he was a month old." "There was a looking-glass broke at our house, the week before," said Mistress Tuck. "I had a curious itching in my left eye," said Mistress Tapley, "and our Dorothy dropped three drops of blood from her nose." "There was a great noise of drums and rattling of arms in the air, just before the Spanish war broke out," said old Mr. Ravel. "The Saco River run blood when the last war begun," said Captain Hoag; "I was down in the Province and saw it." "He beat his head all to smash with a froe," said one boy. "They are the most dangerous wretches that ever walked God's earth," said Mr. Cutts.

Coming to the porch of the jail-house, Margaret took the baggage into her own hands, dismissed her guard, and sought of Mr. Shooks admission to Chilion's cell. The reply of that gentleman was brief and explicit. "Troop! gump," said he, "don't hang sogering about here, you saucebox. Haven't you smelt of these premises enough? It will be your turn next. Pack and be off." She turned from the door. A hundred people stood before her; she encountered the gaze of a hundred pairs of eyes, dark and frowning; Mr. Shooks, by the application of his hand to her shoulder, helped her from the steps to the ground, where she seemed almost to lose the power of motion. "What do you ax for that ar beast?" inquired one. "That's Chil's fiddle she's got there in that bag," said Zenas Joy. "That'll help pay for what the dum Injins owe daddy," said Seth Penrose. "Come, you may as well give it up."

"You sha'n't touch it," outspoke Judah Weeks. "I'll stand here, and if anybody wants to put his tricks on her, he'll have to play rough and tumble with me awhile first. She ain't to blame for what her brother did." While he was speaking, Sibyl Radney, stout as an Amazon, brawny as Vulcan, elbowed herself into the midst, and seizing the bundle under one arm and Margaret under the other, bore her off through the crowd. Sundry boys still saw fit to follow, who again closed about Sibyl when she stopped with her load. "There is Deacon Ramsdill," shouted one. "We'll have some fun out of him if we can't out of the Injin," cried another.

"Well, my lads," said the Deacon, limping in among them with his insenescible smile, "what have we here? You must truss up a cow's tail if you don't want to be switched when you're milking; if there is any mischief here we must attend to it. Come, Molly, you must go with me. Out of the way, children; a cat may look upon a king; I guess you will let a squirrel look at you. There, Molly," continued the Deacon, leading her across the Green into the East Street, "we have got through the worst of it, and we praise a bridge that carries us safe, even if it is a poor one."

"I thank you, Sir, I thank you," said Margaret; "but oh! let me die; let the boys kill me"

"Dogs that bark arter a wagon," replied the Deacon, "keep out of the way of the whip. I guess the boys wouldn't hurt you much. The people are a good deal up, and when the grain is weedy we must reap high, we must do the best we can. I have seen Judge Morgridge, and he thinks you will be safest at my house; Squire Beach says he can't employ you, and I think you had better go home with me. The Judge says his Susan wants to see you, and it wouldn't be best for you to go to his house now, because he *is* Judge. Freelove will be glad to see you. When you was at our house before, you was gone so much you didn't hardly give her a taste."

"There is nothing left to me," said Margaret; "I am blank despair."

"The finer the curd, the better the cheese," replied the Deacon. "They are cutting you up considerably smart, but it may be as well in the end. What you are going through is nothing to what I saw down to Arcady, when we went to bring off the French under Col. Winslow. We dragged them out of their houses, tore children from their mothers, wives from their husbands, and piled them helter-skelter in the boats. Then we set fire to everything that would kindle; burnt up houses, barns, crops, meeting-houses. They stuck to their old homes like good fellows. One boy we saw running off with his mother on his back, into the woods, and we had to bring him down with a bullet before he would stop. We took off nigh eighteen thousand of them. When we weighed anchor, their homes were in ashes, their woods all a-fire, and the black smoke hung over the whole so funeral-like — they set up such a dismal yell as if the whole airth was going to a butchery — yours an't a feather to it, Molly."

"How could you do such things!" exclaimed Margaret.

"O, they were Papists and French. It was political, I believe; I don't know much about it. Here is our house, and the fifty acres of land I got for that job. It has lain powerful hard on my conscience; I have struggled agin it. I don't know as I should ever have got the better of it, if the Lord hadn't a come and forgiven me."

"Freelove," he said, as he entered his house, "I have found the gal. She will pine away like a sick sheep if we don't nuss and cosset her up a little."

The Deacon's, to which Margaret was not altogether a stranger, was a small, one-story, brown house, having a garden on one side, a grass lot on the other, and a cornfield in the rear. Over the front door trained a luxuriant woodbine, now dyed by the frosts into a dark claret. What with the grant of land, a small pension continued until the Revolution, the Deacon, mauger his lameness, had secured a comfortable livelihood for himself and wife, which was the extent of his family. The usual garnish of pewter appeared in one corner of the room into which Margaret was led; in the other stood a circular snap-table; between the two hung a black-framed looking-glass supported on brass knobs, blazoned with miniature portraits; underneath the glass was a japanned comb-case, and a cushion bristling with pins and needles. On one wall ticked a clock without a case, its weights dangling to the floor. Against the opposite wall was a turn-up bed; over the fireplace were pipes suspended by their throats, and iron candlesticks hanging by their ears. There was a settle in the room, an oval-back arm-chair which the Deacon occupied, while his wife in mob-cap and iron-rimmed bridge spectacles, sat knitting in a low flag-bottomed chair by the chimney corner. The Deacon brought from the parlor, or rather spare bedroom, a stuffed easy-chair that he gave to Margaret. For dinner, Mistress Ramsdill prepared tea for their sorrowful visitor, which she poured from a small, bluish, gold-flowered, swan-shaped china pot, into cups of similar material, and the Deacon roasted her apples with his own hands, both insisting that she should eat *something*, to which she seemed no way inclined.

"Why do you treat me so much more kindly than other people?" said Margaret, resuming her seat by the fire.

"I don't know," replied the Deacon, "except it's nater. By the grace of God I yielded to nater. I fought agin it till I was past forty; when what Christ says, in what they call his Sarmon on the Mount, and a colt brought me to. I will tell you about the colt. Mr. Stillwater, at the Crown and Bowl, had one, and he wouldn't budge an inch; and they banged him, and barnacled him, and starved him, and the more they did, the more he wouldn't stir, only bob, and fling, and snort. He was an ear-brisk and high-necked critter, out of Old Delancy. It kinder seemed to me that something could be done, and they let me take the colt. I kept him here in the mow-lot, made considerable of him, groomed him, stroked him, and at last I got him so he would round and caracol, and follow me like a spoon-fed lamb; he was as handy as the Judge's bayard; just like your squirrel there; he is do*cile* as a kitten. I had this nater when I was arter the Hurons under General Webb, and it shook my firelock so when I was pulling the trigger upon a sleeping redskin, I let him go. And when we were in the ships coming away from Arcady, it made me give up my bed to a sick French gal, about as old as you, Molly, and nigh as well-favored; yes, it made me take her up in my arms, rough, soldier-like as I was, and lay her down in my hammock, and she thanked me so with her eyes; she couldn't speak English."

"What became of her?"

"She had a lover, I believe, in the other vessel, and when we got to the Bay, it wasn't political to have them put in one place; he was sent away, and they put her in a poorhouse, where she fell off in a decline. One of them old French priests that I helped tear away from the blazing altar of his church, used to come round hereabouts peddling wooden spoons, and I declare it made the tears jump in these eyes to see him, and nater got the upper hands; so I gave him lodgings a whole month. I fought agin nater, I tell you, and a tough spell I had of it. I read in the good book what Christ said about the blessed ones, and it wan't me, and Freelove said it wan't her. It went through us like a bagonet. I was struck under the conviction here alone one night, when our little Jessie lay in the crib there by the fire. I looked into her sweet white face as she was asleep, and knew Christ would have blessed her, and that she belonged to the kingdom, and it all came over me how I had slided off from what I was when I was a boy, and that I had been abusing nater all my life. When Freelove came in I told her, and she said she felt just so too. I tried to pray, but nater stood right up before me, and prayed louder than I did, and I couldn't be heard. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. We lay one night on the floor, fighting, sweating, groaning. We were not quite ready to give in. We tried to brace up on the notions and politicals, but nater kept knocking them down. Then the colt came, then I saw it in old brindle, our cow, and then I saw it in the sheep, then I remembered the French gal and the Indian; and at last we gave in, and it was all as plain as a pipe-stem. When I went out in the morning, I saw it in the hens and chickens, the calves, the bees, in the rocks, and in all Creation. There is nater in everybody, only if it was not for their notions and politicals. The Papists, the Negroes, and the Indians have it. Like father, like child. I believe we all have the same nater. I have heard Freelove's grandfather tell — his father told him, he was cousin of Captain Church, and sarved in the expedition — how, when they went out after the Pequods, and had killed the men, and burned the women and boys and gals in their wigwams, they found one woman who had covered her baby with the mats and skins, and then spread herself over to keep off the blazing barks and boughs; and when they raked open the brands, there was the roasted body of the woman, and under her the little innocent all alive, and it stretched up its baby hands, — but the soldiers clubbed their firelocks" —

"O, these are dreadful stories; I cannot bear them now."

"There is nater agin, Freelove, just as we always told one another. What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh; it is only kicking agin the pricks, wrastle with it as hard as you will."

"I can never think of myself again," said Margaret; "but my poor brother and Mr. Smith's family" —

"I stuttered up to No. 4 yesterday after the funeral, but they are so grown over with rum there, you can hardly tell what is nater, and what is not. I read out of the Bible to Mr. Smith's folk, and tried to pray with them, but they couldn't bear it. That agin is part rum and part nater. You know, Freelove, how we felt when our Jessie died, we didn't want to see anyone; all their words couldn't put life into her sweet dead body. I would have gone up to see you at the Pond, but I can't get round as I used to before I was hamstrung on the Plains of Abr'am under General Wolfe. It's dreadful business, this killing people, it's agin nater; I followed it up a purpose, and have killed a good many in my day. Christ have marcy! If I had my desarts, I should have been hung long ago. Rum, too, is dreadful business, Molly; and I guess it had a good deal to do with that matter up to your house."

The Deacon was a great talker, and in modern parlance might have proved a bore, if his wife had not jogged him and said, "The gal has not had any sleep for three nights, and I guess she had better try and see if she can't get some." The bed was lowered, and Margaret laid upon it, where she was quiet, if she did not sleep, most of the afternoon. In the evening, Susan Morgridge came to see her. Susan's manner was calm, but her heart was warm and her sentiments generous. She told Margaret that nothing had been heard from Mr. Evelyn since his departure for Europe, and that Isabel Weeks was still at the Hospital, slowly recovering from a long fever that had succeeded the smallpox. But the absorbing topic was Chilion and the death of young Smith. Susan told Margaret there were some who would do all that could be done in the case, but that her father apprehended her brother could not be saved from the extremest penalty of the law. Margaret replied that the whole affair was to her own mind enveloped in mystery, that Chilion would reveal nothing to her, and that she had hardly equanimity enough to give the subject any cool reflection. Finally, for this seemed to be a part of her errand, Miss Morgridge proposed that Margaret should see Esq. Bowker, who she said was a valued friend of hers, and that he would be happy to do her any service in his power in the approaching crisis, and that gratuitously.

The moment the nine o'clock bell spent its last note, Deacon Ramsdill spread open a large book on his lap, put glasses on his nose, while his wife deliberately pulled off her glasses, drew out her needle from the sheath, and laid her knitting carefully aside. "I have got the Bible here," said the Deacon, "and we want to pray, — that is, if you can stand it. When you was here in the summer, you staid out so much we couldn't bring it about. I saw you once laughing at what was in the Book, and I took it away, because I knew you wasn't prepared for it, and hadn't got hold of the right end. Freelove and I have talked this matter over; and we know how it is with you; we know how you feel about these things up to the Pond. A hen frightened from her nest is hard to get back, and you was handled pretty roughly down here to meeting once. We mustn't give a babe strong meat, the Book says, and nater says so too; and folks that tend babies mustn't have pins about them. Then agin you can't wean babies in a day; it takes some time to get them from milk to meat. Praying, arter all, isn't a hard thing; it's nater. I used to pray when I was a boy, but I left it off in the Wars, and didn't begin agin till nater got the upper hands once more. I have seen the Indians pray up among the Hurons, and they couldn't speak a word of English. It is speaking out what is inside here, it is sort o' feeling up. It comes easier as you go along, just as it is with the cows, the more they are milked the more they give. I hope, Molly, you won't feel bad about it. 'Tis time to reap when the grain is shrunk and yellow, and I think you ar'n't much out of the way of that; and it seems time to pray."

"I shall not feel bad," replied Margaret; "you are so good to me, and I love Christ now, and should be glad to hear anything he says."

The Deacon read from the Gospels, then with his wife knelt in prayer. Margaret, also, by some sympathetic or other impulse bowed herself down,—and for the first time in her life united in a prayer to the Supreme Being; and we cannot doubt the effect was salutary on her feelings. She slept that night in the other front room, where was the spare bed, with red and blue chintz curtains over square testers, and a floor neatly bespread with rag mats. The next morning she expressed great anxiety about her brother, said she wished either to see him, or have his violin conveyed to him.

"Things are a good deal stived up," answered the Deacon. "People's minds are sour, and I don't know, Molly, what we can do. It's nater you see, one doesn't like to have a son killed. Then the politicals are all out of kelter, one doesn't hardly know his own mind, and all are afraid of what is in another's. I suppose they won't allow you to go into the jail, they think you and your brother would brew mischief together, and perhaps he would break out. The building is old and slimsy. I am going to the barber's to be dressed, and I will take the fiddle along with me, and see how things look. But don't you stir out of the house; I am scrupulous about what might happen. It is no use reasoning with the people, any more than with a horse that is running away."

The Deacon took the instrument under his surcoat, and went to the barber's, where the bi-weekly operation of shaving and powdering was performed. When he was alone with Tony, he propounded the wish of Margaret; to which the negro replied that he would do what he could. The same evening, Tony, with his own and the instrument of Chilion, presented himself to Mr. Shooks. "You know," said he, "that at the last ball, I couldn't play because my strings were broke, and the Indian is the very best man this side of York to fix them. And then this gentleman is learning a new jig, and he wants the Indian to try it with him."

"You can't go in," said Mr. Shooks. "We have got the rascal chained, and mean to keep him down. There is no trusting anybody nowadays. All the vagabonds in the country will rise, and have the government into their hands the next we know!"

"If Mister Shooks would permit this gentleman to bestow so much honor on him as to go into the prison, and take the Indian's fiddle, he would shave Mr. Shooks and powder him with the most patent new violet, crape and roll Miss Runy in the most fashionable etiquette, and give her an Anodyne Necklace, all for nothing, all for the honor of the thing."

"You may go in once," replied Mr. Shooks, "but don't come again; and Tony," whispered the vigilant warden, "see if you can't find out if the villain means to break jail. I would not lose having him hung for a thousand pounds."

Tony being admitted, remained a short time with Chilion, left the violin and was summoned away.

The next day Esquire Bowker called on Margaret, informed her of the usages of Courts, and while he tendered his professional services in behalf of her brother as Counselor, he urged the necessity of a more complete acquaintance with the case than he then possessed; but Margaret replied that on all points she was as ignorant as himself.

That night, impatient of delay, anxious to approach nearer her brother, at a late hour when the streets were empty, she sallied out, and crossed the Green to the jail. Presently she heard the familiar voice of Chilion's music, proceeding from a low and remote corner of the building. Climbing a fence, and reaching a spot as near the cell of her brother as the defenses of the place would permit, she again listened; then in the intervals she made sounds which she thought might be heard by her brother; but no token was returned; only she continued to hear low, sad, anguish notes that pierced her heart with lively distress. Dick, it appeared, had again followed her; perhaps in the midst of strangers he could abide her absence with less composure than ever; and soon she had him in her arms. He too heard the sound from the prison, the familiar tones of his Master; it required little urging on the part of Margaret to send him clambering over the palisade — up the logs of the building he went, and into the cell of Chilion; presently Margaret heard a changed note, one of recognition and gladness; soon also the creature came leaping back to her shoulder. Glad would she have been to leave him with her brother, but it would be unsafe for him to be found there; glad was she thus to communicate with the imprisoned one at all.

A new thought struck her; hastening back to the Deacon's, on a slip of paper she wrote to her brother, then returning to the jail, and fastening her billet to the body of Dick, she renewed her former experiment with success; she also sent in a pencil and paper for her brother. The next night pursuing this device, she had the satisfaction not only of transmitting solace to Chilion, but of receiving messages from him. This novel species of Independent Mail she employed the few nights that remained before the trial. On one point she could draw nothing from her brother — that of his relation to the homicide. She kept within doors most of the day, and only ventured abroad under cover of midnight; she saw little or nothing of her own family; and heard nothing of Rose and Nimrod.

The day of the dreaded trial came at last. A true bill had been found against Chilion, and he stood arraigned on the charge of murder. Margaret heard the Court-bell ring, and her own heart vibrated with a more painful emphasis. Leaving her at the Deacon's, we will go to the Courthouse. The tribunal was organized with Judge Morgridge at the head of the bench. Chilion was brought in, his face never boasting great color or breadth, still paler and thinner from his confinement, and darkly shaded by a full head of long black hair. The right of challenge he showed no inclination to employ, and the panel was formed without delay.

To the indictment, charging, that "not having the fear of

God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, feloniously, willfully, and of his malice aforethought, he did assault, strike, and stab, Solomon Smith, thereby inflicting a mortal wound," etc., the prisoner arose and pleaded not guilty; then sat down and threw his head forward on the front of the box; a position from which neither the attentions of his Counsel nor any interest of the trial could arouse him. The building was thronged with curious and anxious spectators from Livingston and the towns about. The examination of witnesses went on. The substance of the testimony was similar to that given before the Justice. It bore increasing proofs of a general belief in the guilt of the prisoner; first impressions had been corrected by subsequent reflection, doubts molded into conviction, and whatever was obscure rendered distinct and intelligible.

The counsel for the defense had but little to reply. Sibyl Radney believed the wound was inflicted by a piece of broken glass that fell with the table. This could not be. Esq. Bowker had applied the cross-examination; it seemed to elicit nothing. There was a question as to the intent of the accused, but the more this matter was pursued the darker it grew. There were plenty to testify to the utter malignity of the mind of the prisoner. Was the file thrown with purpose to kill, or only to injure? That made no difference; the Court ruling that death in either case was the same in the eye of the law. In addition to causes operating in the immediate neighborhood, the newspapers of the country came in filled with details of a "Shocking and Brutal Murder in Livingston," and in one instance it was pertinently hinted that "the present afforded *another* opportunity for the exercise of Executive Clemency." Obviously there was a clear conviction of the guilt of the prisoner in the public mind, and the testimony before the Court went far towards establishing the soundness of that feeling. Night closed the scenes and nearly finished the results of the trial.

After dark, Margaret, whose sensations during the day can as well be imagined as described, sought a breathing-place in the open air; she walked towards the Green; but the shadows of men moving quickly to and fro, and echo of excited voices, drove her back. As she retreated, she was stopped by the sound of her own name; Pluck called after her, evidently moved by other than his ordinary stimulus.

"It is all over with Chilion," said he, "unless we can get Judge Morgridge to help us; he can set the Jury right in his charge, or do something; you must go right up and see him."

Margaret, by a cross path, sped her way to the Judge's; she met Susan at the door, to whom she stated her errand. Susan sought her father in the library. "No," replied the Judge, "let me not see the girl. There are points in the case I do not understand, but the evidence against the prisoner is overwhelming." "O father," replied Susan, "what if she were me, or her brother our Arthur!" "Speak not, my child, our duties are imperious, our private feelings are borne away by a higher subserviency. The public mind is much excited; God knows where it will end, or how many shall be its victims." "But, if my dear, dead mother were her mother, or you were his father!" "Let the girl not come near me, let me not hear her voice, let not her agony reach me, leave me to compose myself for the awful task before me. Go out, go out, my child."

Stung by this repulse, terrified at the prospect before her, Margaret passed a sleepless night, and before daybreak she left the house, and directed her course towards Sibyl Radney's. She had not gone far when she met people thronging to the closing scenes of the trial. This diverted her into the woods, and so delayed her that when she reached Sibyl's all were gone from there, excepting Bull, who ran fondly towards her and was caressed with tears. She went down to the Widow Wright's, whose house was likewise deserted; and she continued on the Via Salutaris to her own home. Here were only silence and desolation; one of her birds she found frozen to death on the door-stone.

Restless, anxious, she returned towards the village by the Via Dolorosa. She hung on the skirts of the Green with an indeterminate feeling of inquisitiveness, awe, and terror; seating herself on a rock in the pasture, a chilling desperation of heart seized her, and with an agitating sense of the extinguishment of hope her eye became riveted on the Courthouse. Presently she saw persons running towards that building, which was now an object of public as well as individual interest. She knew the hour of final decision had arrived. With a rapid step she descended the West Street, turned the corner of the Crown and Bowl, and soon became involved in a crowd of men who were urging their way into the Court-room.

"The Judge is pulling on the black cap," was reported from within. "Tight squeezing," said one, "but your brother will soon be thankful for as much room to breathe in, I guess." "Won't you let me pass?" said Margaret. "We can't get in ourselves," was the reply. "The Injin's dog has bit me, I'm killed, I'm murdered," was an alarm raised in the rear. "Drub him, knock him in the head," was the response; and while the stress relaxed, by numbers breaking away in pursuit of Bull, who had followed his Mistress, Margaret pressed herself into the porch; wimble-like, she pierced the stacks of men and women that filled the hall. "What, are you here, Margery?" exclaimed Judah Weeks, with an undertone of surprise. "Do help me if you can," was the reply. She sprang upon the back of the prisoner's box, seized with her hand the balustrade, and resting her feet on the casement, was supported in her position by Judah, who folded himself about her. Her bonnet was torn off, her dress and hair disordered, her face and eye burned with a preternatural fire. This movement, done in less time than it can be told, had not the effect to divert the dense and packed assemblage, who were bending forward, form, eye, and ear, to catch the words of the sentence, then dropping from the lips of the Judge. Chilion, who was standing directly before her, with his head bent down, remained unmoved by what transpired behind him.

The Judge himself seemed the first to be disturbed by this vision of affection, anguish, and despair, that arose like a suddenly evoked Phantom before his eye. He halted, he trembled, he proceeded with a stammering voice — "You have violated the laws of the land, you have broken the commands of the Most High God; you have assailed the person and taken the life of a fellow-being. With malice aforethought, and wicked passions rife in your breast" — "No! No!" outshrieked Margaret. "He never intended to kill him, he never did a wicked thing, he was always good to us, my dear brother." She leaned forwards, grasped her brother's head and turned his face up to full view. "Look at him, there is no malice in him; his eye is gentle as a lamb's; speak, Chilion, and let them hear your voice, how sweet it is. — Stop, Judge Morgridge, stop!" — "Order in Court!" cried the Sheriff. "Down with that girl!" "It's nater, it's sheer nater; just so when I was down in Arcady," exclaimed Deacon Ramsdill, leaping from his seat with a burst of feeling that carried away all sense of propriety. The Judge faltered; there was confusion among the people; but the jam was so great it was impossible for any one to stir, and those in the vicinity of Margaret, who attempted to put into effect the commands of the Sheriff, were resisted by the stubborn and almost reckless firmness of Judah. But Margaret, throwing herself forward with her arms about the neck of her brother, became still, as frozen, unearthly despair can be still.

The popular feeling, only for a moment arrested, again flowed towards the Judge, who, in the midst of a silence, stark and deep as the grave, went on to finish his address, and pronounce the final doom of the prisoner. He came to the closing words — "be carried to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck till you are dead, dead, dead," — when with a sudden convulsive wail, Margaret raised herself aloft, extended her arms, and with a startling intonation cried out, "O God, if there be a God! Jesus Christ! Mother sanctissima! am I on Earth or in Hell? My poor, murdered brother! Fades the cloud-girt, star-flowering Universe to my eye! I hear the screaming of Hope, in wild merganser flight to the regions of endless cold! Love, on Bacchantal drum, beats the march of the Ages down to eternal perdition! Alecto, Tisiphone, Furies! Judges bear your flaming Torches; the Beautiful One brandishes an ax; Serpents hiss on the Green Cross-tree; the Banners of Redemption float over the woe-resounding, smoke-ingulfed realms of Tartarus!" — she relapsed into incoherent ravings, and fell back in the arms of Judah, who bore her senseless body out through the gaping and awe-stricken crowd.

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